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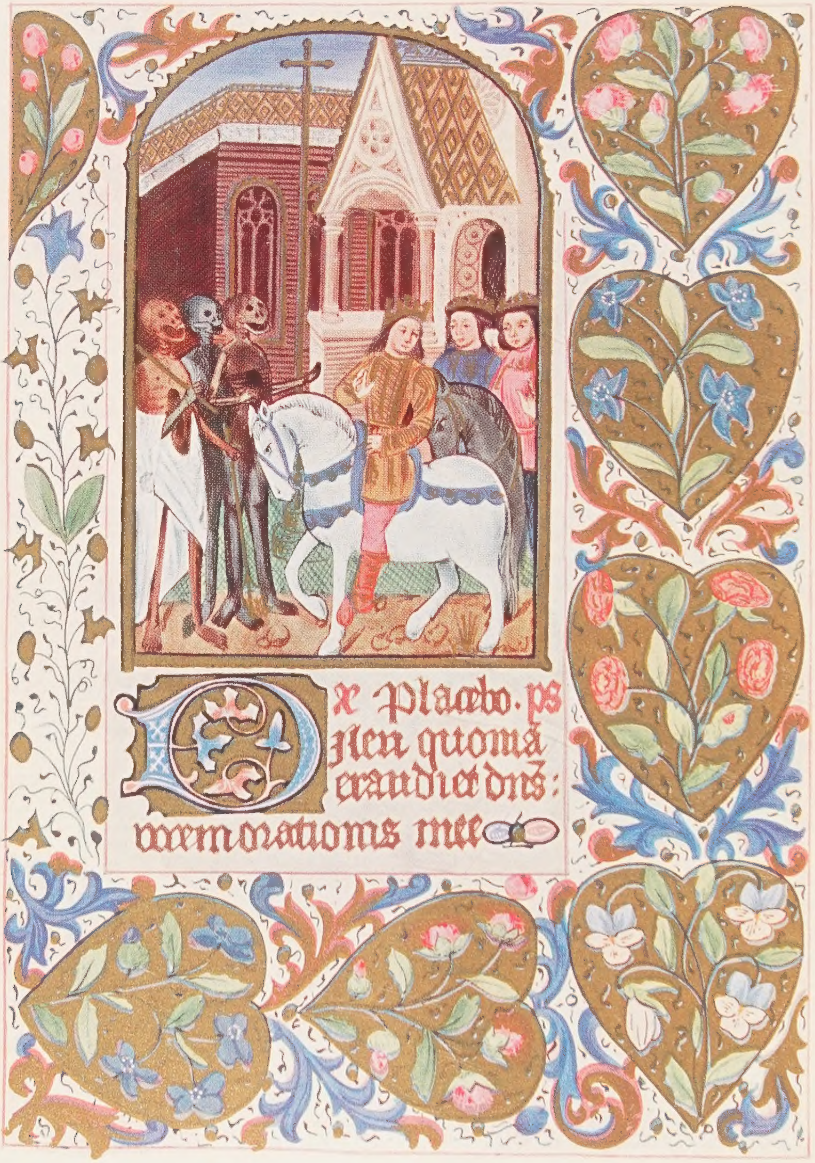

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THE THREE KINGS

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THIS was made by a French scribe in the latter part of the fourteenth century when a style in borders differing from the early part of the century is noted. The miniature work might almost be taken for a recent picture from the style of architecture represented, although the gay caparison of the horses and the crowns and dress of the Kings would destroy such a delusion. Evidently the idea of the artist was to teach the lesson of humility on much the same plan as the nobles of ancient days set the skeleton at the banquet table. For full description of illuminated missals see Part IX, page 101.

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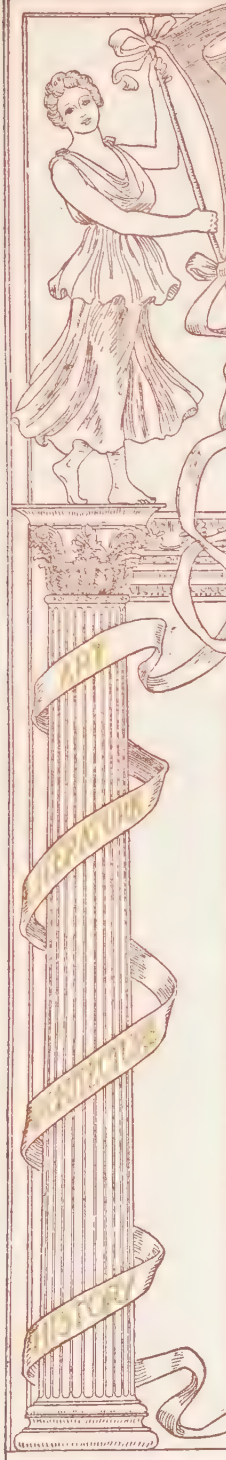

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THE RENAISSANCE

PREFATORY CHAPTER.

HOWEVER convenient it may be to divide the progress of the world into accurately dated periods, every student knows that history is not made up of a series of abrupt changes, but of long processes of gradual development. Each period of history, while deriving its character from the ages that have preceded, lays the foundations of the ages that are to follow. Thus it is impossible to fix an exact date when the Middle Ages began after the fall of ancient civilization, or ended with the dawn of the Renaissance. The supremacy of the Greeks was gradually superseded by that of the Romans; and they in turn were overwhelmed by Germanic invasions from the north, and by influences from the Orient. Europe became Christianized; the men of the Middle Ages were very different from their classical ancestors. Then in the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the period which we call Renaissance, "rebirth," a renewed and more intelligent interest in antiquity begins, which leads by gradual steps to the civilization of the twentieth century. It is a fascinating study to compare the culture of the past with that of our own day; to realize the point of view of men in other ages; and to see how most of our modern ideas on all subjects—political, social, ethical, literary, artistic—are inherited by a slow process of development from remote antiquity.

For centuries after the beginning of the Renaissance, the literature, the art, and the social usages of the preceding period were regarded as barbarous. "Gothic" was used as a term of reproach, and the only standards of taste were those derived from a study of ancient Greece and Rome. In this respect a decided change has come. We moderns pride ourselves on being able to appreciate the good features of all the different ages. The once despised Gothic architecture of the Middle Ages is now assigned to the same position of supreme perfection that the ancient Greeks attained in sculpture, and the Renaissance Italians in painting. Likewise in literature, the period often called "Dark Ages" has a distinct and most interesting character of its own, and is not merely a period of transition from ancient to modern times. Investigation reveals the fact that in spite of the tremendous changes that went on, ancient civilization never entirely died out. Through the conquests of her armies, Rome had impressed her culture and her language on most of the known world; the tribes which in turn conquered the Roman empire settled down in Italy, France and Spain; and today nearly all the inhabitants of these countries, together with many in Switzerland, Belgium, Austria and Roumania, to say nothing of millions in North and South America, speak languages descended through the modifications of centuries from Latin. Even English, through the coming of the Normans, combined Latin with its Teutonic elements. Moreover, there never was a time when the Latin literature was not studied, and when original works were not produced in Latin. The Greek language was, to be sure, practically forgotten in Western Europe; but Greek literature was known to a considerable extent through the Roman writers. Much concerning the mediæval period is still obscure to us; but the more we learn about it, the more we realize that the torch of civilization was never entirely extinguished.

With these facts in mind, we see that it would be incorrect to say that the Renaissance was a time when a former civilization, having ceased to live for centuries, came back to life. In the first place, an exact reproduction of a former state of society would be quite impossible. Strive as they might, the men of the Renaissance could not overcome the profound and permanent changes wrought in society during the Middle Ages; it was their highest ambition to be Greeks and Romans, and they based their efforts in this direction on an intelligent and sympathetic appreciation of antiquity; but after all, they differed more widely from the ancients than they did from their immediate ancestors. Yet the Renaissance accomplished great things, both by its eager pressing on to what was new, and by its indefatigable revival of the past. While human nature through the ages remains essentially the same, the elements that make up human life are arranged in an endless variety of combinations. The change from one age to another is to a great extent merely a readjustment of the old material. In fact, the most important difference between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance is a change in the point of view.

The periods which we are considering may be distinguished from each other by their respective attitudes toward the literature of pagan Rome. There never was a time in the Middle Ages when the Latin writers were not read and admired; but the Church, as the power and influence of Christianity increased, assumed the exclusive right of interpreting literature in the interest of religion. That is to say, instead of condemning a writer like Vergil, whom the common people believed to have been a magician, and whom the more enlightened regarded as a supreme poet, the Church applied to his writings the same system of allegorical, symbolic and moral interpretation that was applied to the Scriptures. In the case of fundamentally pagan poets like Ovid, this system naturally involved a complete misconception of the essential character of ancient literature; nevertheless, it did keep literature alive. The mediæval Italians, however, were conscious of no break in their history. The Latin language was used by all who were sufficiently educated to read and write. The supremacy of Rome was maintained through the authority of the Papacy, and the mediæval emperors, even though in some cases they never came to Italy at all, were regarded as continuing the ancient Roman empire. The "spell of Rome," as it has been called, was naturally strongest in Italy. Hency Italy strove for centuries to reconcile with Christianity on the one hand and with the new Germanic and Celtic elements on the other, what had survived of ancient culture. Literature began to be produced in the two languages spoken in France—French and Provençal—long before the Italians thought of writing in any language except Latin. Italian literature dates from the beginning of the thirteenth century. For several centuries Latin continued, of course, to be a living language. But the first great step in the development of modern civilization—the first dawn of the Renaissance—was the beginning of the literary use of the modern languages; for with this came a new view of life.

While the men of the Middle Ages studied and admired, as we have seen, the masterpieces of Latin literature, they read to a great extent for the purpose of deriving moral benefit rather than for literary enjoyment. In education as in religion, emphasis was laid on the future life; the actual, present life in this world was regarded as corrupt, and not worthy of consideration except as a preparation for Heaven. So in interpreting literature, the literal meaning of the words was secondary in importance, being merely a veil which hid the allegorical, or true meaning. These characteristics prevailed over all civilized Europe. Indeed, one striking thing about the Middle Ages is the uniformity of all countries. Even the most learned writers had no idea of criticism or of historical perspective; any statement was accepted as true, so that knowledge became a matter of tradition. Submission to intellectual and religious authority was absolute and unquestioning. Society was organized under the feudal system. It was a time of unbounded enthusiasm for ideals, of faith in the unseen. The Middle Ages culminate in the thirteenth century with St. Thomas Aquinas the scholastic theologian, St. Francis of Assisi the friend of the poor, St. Dominic the preacher, and Dante the poet of justice, love and righteousness.

The fundamental change from mediæval to modern times is, then, a change in the point of view. When men realized that human life is intensely interesting, and is worthy of attention for its own sake and not merely as a preparation for life hereafter in an unseen world, they had taken the first step toward intellectual freedom, and the Renaissance began. In its first stages, the movement is called Humanism, a name which indicates the development of humanity for its own sake. "Renaissance" does not properly mean, as is sometimes said, the revival of classic literature. The revival of Greek was, to be sure, a part of it; but the development of literature in the various modern languages spoken in different parts of Europe was of infinitely greater moment than the perpetuation of Greek and Latin. Religious freedom comes later, with the Reformation. The feudal system gives way to strong nations like England and France, or to democratic communities like those of Italy; but political and social freedom, the goal of the contests of the revolutionary period, has not yet been completely achieved. With these facts in mind, we can see how gradual and how complicated have been the movements leading up to our modern age. Considered from this broad point of view, the Renaissance offers numberless opportunities for study that are not only enlightening, but of fascinating interest.

The best way to gain acquaintance with an epoch is to study its representative men. In the following pages the reader will find an account of many writers and artists who are truly representative; a few general words here will perhaps help to show their relation to one another and to the ages in which they lived. For instance, the greatest writer of the Middle Ages was unquestionably Dante. He was, in fact, so supremely great that he often seems startlingly modern, and in a sense he belongs to the world and to all ages; yet his habits of mind and his methods of writing belong essentially to mediæval Italy. His education embraced practically everything that was known, and the power of his imagination was unlimited; his ideas on personal integrity, on the folly of war, and on the desirability of peace, are abreast of the best ideas of today. On the other hand, he was intellectually entirely submissive to authority and unquestioning in his faith; he believed that the world should be subject to the Pope in spiritual matters, and to the Roman Emperor in secular affairs; he used literature and philosophy and science primarily for moral edification. His attitude on various questions is liable to be misunderstood unless we realize the mediæval point of view; and this is particularly true in regard to his idea of love.

Chivalric love arose from the social conditions of feudalism, and was systematized by the troubadours in Southern France. In being entirely unconnected with marriage, it was something like what we now call Platonic love, which in reality is not Platonic at all. The typical troubadours were professional poets, who supported themselves by singing love-songs to the feudal ladies of the time; the troubadours who were of noble birth adopted the style of the professionals, and all of them humbly adored married ladies who were above them in social rank. In Italy the feudal system with its social distinctions did not prevail. Having delayed in freeing themselves from Latin, the Italians, when they began to write in their own language, imitated the style of the troubadours, who had already attained a high degree of technical excellence. Within less than a century after its beginning, Italian poetry had reached, in Dante, its highest point. The attitude of the poet toward his lady was still that of the troubadours, but the lady was now adored for her noble and angelic character, for her beneficent influence, rather than for her social rank. If due weight is given to these facts, it becomes evident that Dante's love for Beatrice in no way resembled modern romantic affection, and that even when she was married to another there was no incongruity in her being the inspiration of a poet. In his youth Dante timidly adored the gentle Florentine maiden, whose influence gave him only virtuous thoughts. At this time he believed that love was the only subject suitable for Italian poetry—an opinion, by the way, which explains why philosophical and even scientific subjects, when treated in Italian, were put in the form of love-poetry. Later in life, after a temporary unfaithfulness, he had a wonderful vision which led him to make Beatrice the central figure of the Divine Comedy. His attitude toward her remains the same; but his love for her—evidently much more than mere personal affection—has revealed to him the splendors and the mysteries of Paradise. This magnificent development of the ideas expressed first in the lyric poems of the troubadours is the culminating point of the Middle Ages.

Seventeen years before Dante's death Petrarch was born. He, too, was influenced by mediæval culture in general and by the troubadour idea of chivalric love in particular; but his point of view is radically different and far more modern. During the life-time of Laura his sonnets continually complain of her coldness; after her death he is for a time heartbroken, but in the end he decides that love was only a hindrance, and he turns away from the memory of Laura to console himself with religion. What a contrast to the case of

Dante, who felt that in adoring Beatrice he was actually devoting himself to his highest spiritual interests! However, both these men were something more than writers of superb love-poetry. While both were intensely patriotic, Petrarch conceived of Italy as an independent and united nation—a conception which has finally been realized after centuries of striving. Both were sincere churchmen, but with Petrarch religion no longer regulated all the affairs of life. On the contrary, it seemed to him that the most effectual way of making this earthly life interesting, beautiful and profitable, was to revive or to keep alive the culture of the past. He was the first and one of the greatest of modern scholars. Ransacking the libraries of Europe, he brought to light the forgotten works of many ancient writers, and paved the way for a revival of interest in the Greek language. Through his lifelong friend Boccaccio—known today chiefly as a writer of Italian prose and poetry—and through many followers in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, he performed incalculable services to scholarship and civilization. In studying the classics he emphasized the historic significance and the literary style of the writers, rather than the moral lessons to be drawn from their words. Furthermore, it must be remembered that through his Italian lyrics, which he deemed of less value than his Latin epic "Africa" and his Latin prose works, he exercised a tremendous influence, far greater than that of Dante, on the style of innumerable later poets in Italy, France and England. His psychological analysis of the feelings of a lover seems closer to us, as well as being easier to imitate, than the mystical adoration of Dante for his Beatrice. For many years Petrarch was looked up to by his contemporaries as the most striking personality and the most powerful intellectual force in Europe. He was the first of the great Humanists.

Many definitions of the Renaissance could be given, all of which, though containing a part of the truth, would be incomplete. In Italy, as is evident from what has been said, it was no mere imitation and study of a remote past, indeed, no mere change in the work of writers, painters and builders, from one style to another; rather it was a slow evolution in the minds of several successive generations of men, accompanied with many different manifestations of the changing spirit. The Renaissance, properly speaking, came to an end when the evolution was completed, and development was temporarily arrested by classicism; but this did not occur until after many of the most striking personalities in the world's history had appeared, and many masterpieces of art had been produced. We must remember that Italy is classic soil, and that classic art was not an imported art as it was in France or England. The Humanists did not reject any part of their inheritance: the national, popular, traditional foundation and subject-matter is as important an element in their work as the classic sense of form. Poets like Politian and Lorenzo the Magnificent were great scholars, but they also raised to the plane of the highest literary art the common love-songs of the people. Just so Botticelli and Leonardo drew inspiration for their pictures not only from their study of the principles of painting, but from the life around them. When the traditional and popular element ceased to be used, art was reduced to a series of formulas. The useful accomplishment of the Renaissance was the application of a sense of order and form which the Middle Ages lacked; but when form and order became the end and aim of literature and painting, a new revival was needed—and this came in the nineteenth century. One of the artistic defects of the Middle Ages was a similar uniformity and conventionality. When men's minds began to awake, they turned to the infinite variety of nature and life; but, being Italians, the Humanists approached nature and life through a study of those classic writers and artists who had such a clear perception of nature. The result, in the arts as in society, was a more intelligent understanding of themselves than the mediævals had had, together with a most charming enthusiasm for beauty in all its forms. It was not until later, when the classic rules were worshipped for their own sake, that barbarous mutilations of mediæval masterpieces were committed in the name of classicism. The men of the Renaissance were distinguished by broad-minded toleration and by great practical sense. It was an exciting period in which to live, when not only the ancient world but the world about them and new worlds beyond the seas were being discovered through the spirit of eager inquiry that led men ever on and on. And the new spirit developed in the communities of bankers and merchants that made up Italy in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Classic art in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, though formally perfect, is cold and lifeless because it is a mere conscious imitation of the past. The art of the Renaissance, on the contrary, is full of vitality, because it is the complete expression of the life of the age.

From Italy at the beginning of the sixteenth century the Renaissance spread to France. There the Middle Ages lacked the substratum of ancient civilization that was always a potent force in Italy, and moreover France was a centralized nation with strong national feeling. In France we find mediæval civilization in its most characteristic form. By the time of Francis I. the mediæval ideals had lost much of their power, but the force of Humanism had scarcely been felt. Thus the Renaissance came almost without preparation, when already highly developed and took possession of France. There were great French scholars in the sixteenth century, and poets like Marot and Ronsard, prose-writers like Rabelais and Montaigne, who had world-wide fame and influence. But the strict classical rules harmonized more perfectly with the French love of clearness and order than with the Italian artistic feeling; so that the seventeenth century, an age of dreary formalism in Italy, is the supreme period of French literature.

Germany and Spain felt the influence, and borrowed and copied much from the Italian Renaissance. England, too, was profoundly influenced, both through the French and by direct study of Italian models. Petrarch and Boccaccio, as well as the great writers of the two following centuries, and others who were not great but who reflected the life of their day, were familiar all over civilized Europe. If the Renaissance had not come when and where it did, it would certainly have come somewhere and in some way. Such periods of readjustment mark the world's progress, and even this very incomplete survey has perhaps made plain the necessity of the reawakening, for mankind cannot stand still.

CHAPTER I.

THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.

The word *renaissance* means literally "rebirth." By the Italian Renaissance we refer to that period—approximately from 1300 to 1550—when art, letters, and other forms of mental activity awoke from their lethargy of the Middle Ages and quickly attained a remarkable development. Although tendencies had long been working in this direction, artists now broke loose from restraints which had hampered them for centuries. Untrammeled by either the spirit or the rulings of Church Fathers, men laid bare the conceptions of their souls on canvas with such marvelous skill that the world has since wondered and never again witnessed the like. Poets and prophets poured forth their messages in the language of the people, and the masses, to whom Latin—the language of books—was unknown, were roused to some vague sense of their possibilities. Geographers and astronomers felt the impulse and set about their searchings with a zeal which opened the way for discovery. All manifestations of intellectual life were stimulated and intensified.

From Italy the so-called new thought spread into France, thence to England and northwestern Europe. Scholars abandoned the barren methods of scholasticism and set themselves to mastering the difficulties of the Greek language and the content of Greek philosophy. Sculptors caught a fleeting glimpse of the spirit which had actuated old Greek sculptors and added the vigor of their own age. Everywhere in place of stupor there was activity; in place of imitation, originality; in place of blind faith, investigation.

It is not difficult to account for the fact that the Renaissance had its beginnings in Italy of the fourteenth century rather than in some other European country. Here the spirit of political unity had thus far failed to develop. Italy was still a mere geographical expression and was composed of many little states and communes. For centuries the struggle carried on intermittently between Emperor and Pope had here been most intense. Questions that had elsewhere been deliberated upon had in Italy been fought out. The Emperor had sought to reduce Italy to submission and to establish some degree of unity there; the interests of the Pope had led him to oppose this plan, to repulse so far as possible the Emperor's claims, and to keep Italy divided. Two parties, or factions, early developed in consequence of this struggle: the Ghibillines, or supporters of the imperial policy; and the Guelfs, the adherents of the Pope. The first party was naturally composed of those whose personal interests made them dependent upon the Emperor; the Guelf was, generally speaking, the people's party. It included artisans, craftsmen, members of the guilds, besides some nobles whose advantage lay in checking the power of the Emperor. This party invariably resented and repelled the efforts of the Emperor to interfere in Italian affairs or to settle the differences of Italian states. To be sure, as time went on these party distinctions were lost sight of; indeed, we may find instances of Ghibillines rushing to the support of some papal action or of the Guelfs temporarily espousing the cause of the Emperor. From age to age the early significances of either party were forgotten while others took their place. The very meaning of the names Guelf and Ghibilline finally became obscure.

It is difficult for us today, living in a land where order is almost uniformly maintained, to understand the lengths to which party feeling went in Mediaeval Italy. Strife was the rule rather than the exception, and frequently the streets of the Italian communes were filled with bloody combats between Guelf and Ghibilline. Often the Guelfs were successful in exiling the Ghibilline leaders, and any attempt on their part to re-establish themselves was accompanied by riots and civil disorder. Hatreds were intense and little toleration was shown.

This political discord, so fatal to the development of national feeling and unity, was nevertheless favorable to intellectual expansion. Men were unaccustomed to yielding submission, whether willing or sullen; they were schooled in thinking out problems for themselves and grew bold in standing out upon their rights. This alertness toward political issues extended to other fields of mental activity and resulted in a remarkable literature expressed in the vernacular—long held unworthy of dignified writing.

"As regards literature, the subdivision of Italy into numerous small States and the energetic self-assertion of the individual, were distinctly favorable. Though the want of a great public, such as can alone be found in the capital of a free, united nation, may be reckoned among the many reasons which prevented the Italians from developing the drama, yet the rivalry of town with town and of burgher with burgher, court life with its varied opportunities for the display of talent, and municipal life with its restless competition in commerce and public affairs, encouraged the activity of students, historians, statisticians, critics, and poets. . . . It was the highly perfected individuality of the Italians that made them first emerge from mediaeval bondage and become the apostles of humanism for the modern world. . . .

"In proportion as Italy lost year by year the hope of becoming a united nation, in proportion as the military instincts were extinguished by despotism, in precisely the same ratio did she evermore acquire a deeper sense of her intellectual vocation."[1]

Varied were the forms of mental grasp and wide was the scope for executive ability. Commerce was the leading industry in many Italian cities, and instead of abandoning commercial interests when his fortune had been made, and of disclaiming the humble rounds of trade by which he had ascended, the Italian retained his hold upon mercantile concerns and was proud of his galleys and far-reaching caravans. The craftsmen and artisans were proud of their callings and were honored in being chosen to prominent positions in their guilds for a brief term of office. The daring and venturesome found room for their particular genius as leaders of military bands. As commerce grew, men of affairs became more and more reluctant to abandon their own interests to go to fight for Duke, Pope or Emperor—even to fight for freedom of their own city. Consequently a system of mercenary troops arose led by daring men known as *condottieri*. These made a profession of fighting and were at the service of the highest bidder.

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[1] Symonds: Renaissance in Italy, v. II, 8.

Not alone do the political conditions then existing or the varied expression of life explain why the Renaissance began in Italy. The Crusades brought marked results to Europe generally, but nowhere was their influence more strongly felt than in the cities of northern Italy. Such centers as lay in the direct path of the crusading bands were taxed to their utmost to meet the demands suddenly laid upon them. Vessels were in great demand to transport the human freight. Captains who carried crusaders thither returned with shiploads of Syrian goods. Trade throve mightily and Italian ports acquired vast riches. Thus they were able to purchase freedom from annoying feudal dues or oppressive taxes, and we find such centers early becoming practically independent. Towns of this kind as a natural consequence became favorable spots for the fostering of free thought, free life and free activity.

Again, the crusaders came in touch with a civilization and culture in the East far transcending any they had known before. Much ancient learning that had disappeared in Italy had survived in Constantinople. Greek thought had lived on in the East, although it had largely died out in the West. Many who returned brought copies of Greek masterpieces with them. Men began to delve into the wisdom of the ancients. Scholars who had found the learning of the Middle Ages barren plunged into Greek philosophy and metaphysics. Greek became the passion of men, and many, like Petrarch, who scarcely understood the language, treasured volumes unintelligible to them with a veneration which our age could not understand.

No longer could the Church hold thought bound; investigation in one direction led to inquiry in another. Abelard's maxim had become trite: "By doubting we are led to inquire; by inquiry we perceive the truth."

"The intellect, after lying spellbound during a long night, when thoughts were as dreams and movement as somnambulism, resumed its activity, interrogated nature, and enjoyed the pleasures of unimpeded energy. Without ceasing to be Christians, the men of the Revival dared once again to exercise their thought as boldly as the Greeks and Romans had done before them. More than this, they were now able, as it were, by the resuscitation of a lost faculty, to do so freely and clear-sightedly. The touch upon them of the classic spirit was like the finger of a deity giving life to the dead."[2]

The art of printing contributed largely to the diffusion of learning and stimulated the desire for it. As early as 1465 a printing press was set up in Italy and in a comparatively short time the number of volumes printed proved surprisingly large. This, together with the use of the vernacular, made it possible for new ideas to be quickly transmitted from one center to another.

As has been said, the revival of learning and the rapid progress it made penetrated beyond the borders of Italy to regions quite remote. Scholars in France, England, Flanders, and the Netherlands were infatuated with it. Poems and prose, already abundant in France, appeared now in various languages of the people; painting was for a while largely confined to Italy, but gradually spread into Flanders, the Netherlands and elsewhere; in science we find Roger Bacon first applying modern methods of investigation in England; Spain espoused the cause of the first great Italian navigator and aided him to open a new world to human vision. In religion alone the revival was slowest, and the religious Renaissance belongs properly to the Protestant Reformation.

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[2] Ibid., 47.

CHAPTER II.

FLORENCE.

Florence is an inland city, surrounded by hills, lying in the valley of the Arno. Tuscany, the province in which it lies, was the old home of the Etruscans, and was earlier known as Etruria. It has been recently suggested that the people of Florence may have inherited some of their artistic skill from the early inhabitants of this region, but that is a theory which it would be difficult to substantiate now.

It appears that on the site of the present Florence there was once an Etruscan trading post, known by the name of *Campo Martis*. This may have later been destroyed, for there are evidences that the Romans rebuilt this town not earlier than 200 B. C. By 15 A. D. it had grown to sufficient importance to take some share in affairs.

The origin of the name Florence is uncertain. For years the legend has been perpetuated that it came from *flores liliorum*—due to the profusion of lilies which grew in the surrounding meadows. However, it is more reasonable to assume that *Florentia*—as it was long called—came from *Fluentia*—a name given because of the junction of the Arno and the Mugnone at this point.

Few facts survive concerning Florence prior to 1000 A. D. Since the town lay on the direct route to Rome as one approached from the north, it gradually grew in size and importance. From early times the people of Florence were torn by internal troubles. These increased in intensity and bitterness as years went by.

Matilda, Countess of Tuscany, ruled the city from 1076 to 1115. She was a staunch supporter of the Pope, and in the investiture struggle rendered material assistance to the papal cause.

We know that Fiesole was conquered and added to Florentine territory in 1125. Ten years later, a republic was practically established. The conditions obtaining under the rule of the Countess Matilda were such as to foster a spirit of independence; another great school for developing administrative ability was to be found in the trade guilds. Since these guilds were intimately bound up with the history of Florence, we may do well to touch upon them briefly.

The *Arti Maggiori,* or the Greater Guilds, comprised seven of the most influential and wealthy trades and crafts: the Guild of Judges and Notaries; Dressers and Dyers of Foreign Cloth; Cloth Manufacturers; Silk Manufacturers; Bankers and Money Changers; Doctors and Druggists; and Furriers. At the head of these stood the *Calimala,* or Dressers and Dyers of Foreign Cloth. They were known as the Calimala from the street in which their shops were located. Their origin is especially interesting and indicates how skillful were the workmen of this time.

"The manufacture of woolen stuffs had been carried on in Italy from an early date, but the Tuscan hillsides being more suitable for vineyards and olive groves than pasture, the supply of home wool was unequal to the demand. To supplement the deficiency the enterprising Florentine merchants brought large quantities of cloth from foreign countries, especially from France, Flanders, Holland, and England. But these purchased goods were coarse and ill-finished, and neither in make nor colour did they satisfy the refined Florentine taste. Accordingly workshops were established in which they were carded, shaved, milled, pressed, and dyed afresh, and as the wool of which they were made was finer than any that Italy could produce, when thus finished they were superior to home-made materials. This was the nature of the work done by the members of the great Calimala guild. And to such a pitch of perfection did they carry the art of 'finishing', that cloth bearing the Calimala trade-mark commanded a high price all over Europe, and was often sold at a profit in the country where it had been made. They were also noted for their skill as dyers, and among their finest products was the crimson cloth of which the *lucco* (a hooded cloak worn by Florentine magistrates and legislators), was made. . . . The Calimala guild required a label to be placed on every piece of cloth put on the market, on which its exact measurement and any imperfections had to be specified."[1]

These guilds elected officers bi-annually, and to these was given considerable responsibility in supervising matters of trade. They also caused the enactment of statutes relative to protection of their guild.

The *Arti Minori* finally comprised fourteen guilds: Mercers and Linen-drapers; Butchers; Shoemakers; Master Masons and Carpenters; Blacksmiths; Ironmongers; Tanners; Oil-merchants; Locksmiths; Armourers; Saddlers; Innkeepers; Wine-merchants, and Bakers. These gained gradually the political importance which they originally lacked.

The trade guilds not only possessed representative government, but they had each its standard and arms for its members, so each could muster a sort of militia. No understanding of the history of Florence would be possible without taking the history of these guilds, their achievements and strifes, into account.

The Florentines early gave indication of their independent spirit. Both Pope and Emperor claimed over-lordship, but their claims were rarely substantiated. We find the haughty citizens refusing to receive messengers from the Emperor, saying: "The Emperor is nothing to us!" We also find them ignoring the counsel of the Pope unless it coincided with the wishes of the majority. Two political parties, the Guelfs and the Ghibillines, came into existence here, as elsewhere in Italy.

As has previously been explained, the Guelfs were long the supporters of the Pope against the Emperor; the Ghibillines, the imperial adherents. However, the time came when the Pope entered into alliance with the Ghibillines against the Guelfs.

In early years the feudal lords and their followers espoused the cause of the Ghibillines, and fierce was the struggle between the two parties within the city. Now one side triumphed; now the other. Street brawls were too ordinary to excite comment; men were killed and injured constantly. Houses were invaded and the inmates slain. One who writes of the conditions says: "Men who lived through these times used to tell how at every hour of the night and day life was equally insecure; how it was doubtful whether it were more necessary to guard your door or your windows and roof; how every man suspected an enemy to be hidden behind the curtains of his bed or even in it."

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[1] Florence, F. A. Hyett, 33.

While there were plenty of exceptions, the people's party, or the Guelfs, gradually gained ground. They forced the feudal lords out of the city into strongholds in the hills and mountains. To offset the guilds the nobles had their Societies of Towers. Nevertheless, citizenship was finally conditional upon membership in one or another of the guilds—which the feudal lords were compelled to join if they would share in municipal affairs. We may judge of the triumph of the Guelfs when in 1293 A. D. we find Giano della Bella bringing forward the famous Ordinances of Justice. These provided that one must practise the trade or craft to which he belonged. Not only did this exclude the nobles from office, but certain restrictions were placed upon them: for example, in times of disorder they were obliged to remain at home on pain of being exiled.

By 1323 the organization of the government was well defined. The constitution provided for a pure democracy; however, the wealthy usually exercised great influence. The Signory stood at the head of the government: it was a kind of superior council made up of a Gonfalonier of Justice and six priors. The Signory had chief control of affairs and the right of initiating legislation. There was also a body made up of twelve members which constituted a privy council to the Signory. A Podesta was added, he being an executive officer chosen for one year, from some outside state. The Florentines regarded it necessary to have a foreigner in their midst to mediate between conflicting elements. Broils and riots continued until 1346, after which time they were less frequent and sometimes for years together peace was maintained in the city.

Two calamities shortly overtook Florence. The first was the famine caused by the total failure of a harvest. Prices rose above the possibilities of the majority. The municipal authorities set to work to relieve the extreme need; public ovens were provided, and men worked day and night to provide bread, which was sold at a nominal price. Quite a considerable debt was contracted.

We are told that 90,000 people were helped by the city before normal conditions returned. Two years later the Great Plague was brought into Italy from the East. Florence again was stricken. There were not enough living to bury the dead, and the sick had none to care for them. When the terrible scourge at last abated, three-fifths of the population had been wiped out. Yet it is marvelous to find how quickly the city recovered herself, and how soon she was once more warring with her neighbors.

Reference has already been made to the Condottieri system which grew up in Italy, replacing the earlier militia service. There were several reasons for this. In mediaeval times the feudal lords constituted the important part of the army. Then, as always, the rank and file were essential in winning victories, yet the knights took the lead, and the result depended largely upon their numbers and courage. During the protracted struggles between nobles and the people, the number of the feudal lords had been greatly reduced. They were not only forced to seek protection in their mountain castles, but often their property was confiscated and used to reimburse the Guelfs for losses they sustained when the nobles were in the ascendency.

Again, the Emperor not infrequently made incursions into Italy with the intention of reducing various portions of the peninsula to submission, or perhaps to replenish his empty treasury. It was not uncommon for detachments of his army to desert to the enemy, or to fall away from his command. Adventurers found it not a difficult matter to gather around them men who loved fighting for its own sake—men whose trade was war. They were in frequent demand, for men much preferred to pay soldiers to fight for them than to leave their own business and go to war. The system was accompanied with many evils. These bands were mere companies of plunderers in time of peace. Cities paid them large prices rather than have them swoop down upon their lands for support. Naturally when a large number of men whose trade was war existed in a country —foreigners, with no patriotism whatever—they did what they could to induce others to make war. One year a company would be fighting in the service of the Pope; the following year might find the same soldiers aiding the Emperor. One year they might serve one duke, the following, his enemy.

Since a condottiere's wealth consisted of his soldiers, he wished to keep them from being killed. Moreover, it was more advantageous to take prisoners and hold them for ransom than to kill them. The result of this was that "bloodless battles" became the order of the day. The battles were mere shams. Only a dozen men might be killed during a long engagement.

There could be little loyalty expected of soldiers such as these, yet there were certain codes to which even they were expected to conform. They were not supposed to desert upon the eve of battle nor to stop in the midst of battle to demand their pay; yet both were done occasionally. They developed war tactics; many modern methods of fighting originated with the condottieri. Each town or province that needed their help was glad to hurry them away as soon as possible. Florence, like her neighbors, found occasional need of them; sometimes, too, we find sums paid them to remain away from her territory.

From earliest times the Florentines had been jealous of Pisa—a seaport that shut Florence off from maritime trade. It is evident as we follow her beginnings that she would never rest until Pisa was subdued. This was brought about in 1406.

It was largely due to an excellent banking system that Florence became powerful in Italy. Our present system of banking can be traced back to mediaeval Florence. Not only were there plenty of exchanges in Florence itself, but wherever her commerce led, there agencies were established. To avoid transmission of specie, local clearing-houses were maintained. The Florentines were the papal bankers, and owing to their honesty and integrity, families like the Bardi, Pitti and Medici held places corresponding to that held today by the Rothschilds. Dukes borrowed of them, kings obtained large loans, and from their position as heavy money loaners, banking families of Florence grew into world importance.

In connection with the matter of finance, it is interesting to note that Florence was the first commonwealth to incur a national debt. Finding themselves heavily involved, her citizens funded their several debts into one bearing interest at 5 per cent, secured on the revenue, salable above or below par, according to the credit of the state.

In 1420 Giovanni de Medici was elected Gonfalonier—not without strong opposition, however. The Medici family had long been bankers and were already wealthy. They had been steadfastly prevented from becoming office-holders, for Florentines justly felt that it was a dangerous practice to allow rich men to gain great political power. Giovanni held to a very conservative policy. He uniformly refused to take advantage of his position and shortly gained the confidence of all. Holding himself strictly to the letter of the law, he refused office after office, and discharged such duties as were put upon him in a most becoming manner. Those who always see in the Medici men whose sole thought was the promotion of personal interest interpret this very policy of Giovanni as the acme of shrewd statesmanship. It was not so regarded by his contemporaries. They found Giovanni de Medici a conservative man whose charity was proverbial, who refused to use his wealth as a stepping-stone to political aggrandizement, and who, when he died, was mourned by all.

Tradition says that as he lay dying he gave his sons his parting admonition, which had they followed, Florence would have fared better. Historians today differ as to their acceptance of the story, but Machiavelli preserved it in this fashion:

"Nothing makes my death so easy and quiet to me as the thought that I have been so far from injuring or disobliging any person that I have done them all the good offices I was able. The same course I recommend to you. For matters of office and government, if you would live happy and secure, my advice is that you only accept what the laws and the people confer upon you: that will create you neither envy nor danger; for, 'tis not what is given that makes men odious, but what is usurped, and you will always find a greater number of those who, encroaching upon other people's interests, ruin their own at last, and in the meantime live in perpetual disquiet. By these arts, among so many factions and enemies, I have not only preserved, but augmented my reputation in the city. If you follow my example you may maintain and increase yours. But if neither my example nor persuasion can keep you from other ways your ends will be no happier than several others who in my memory have destroyed both themselves and their families."[2]

The conservative policy of this first great Medici was by no means adhered to by his successors. Cosimo at once filled the place left vacant by his father's death. He proved in the long run more ambitious and less cautious. Political treachery soon led to his temporary imprisonment and exile. Much of the period of exile was spent in Venice, where he lived like a foreign prince. Reverses of fortune, so frequent in Florence, made possible his recall, after which he remained at the head of affairs in his native city throughout his life.

While Giovanni de Medici had not opposed the new learning and had given his sons every advantage, nevertheless he belonged to the age just passing away and was not himself imbued with the spirit of the Renaissance. His son Cosimo was keenly alive to all the various phases of the Revival. No scholar appealed to him in vain for aid to carry on his studies; artists were encouraged and their paintings eagerly bought; libraries were founded and to a great extent the Medici wealth was lavished in beautifying Florence and bringing cultural advantages to her citizens.

Giovanni's other son, Lorenzo, died early. The great banking system built up by the steady industry and prudent investments of this family, together with its accompanying responsibilities, fell to Cosimo's son, Piero—nicknamed the Gouty. Poor health allowed him to hold his position but a few years, and small popular favor attended him. His pride was in his son Lorenzo, often called the Magnificent. Even Cosimo had been comforted and gratified by the promise of his grandson, whose versatile qualities early manifested themselves. At the age of sixteen he was ready for diplomatic service, and was sent on several embassies to neighboring cities. Gifted to a remarkable degree, Lorenzo commanded wide popularity throughout his life. Writer, poet, keenly appreciative of the artistic, generous and open-handed, he encouraged learning and lent a strong influence in the cause of Renaissance movements.

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[2] Machiavelli, Hist. of Florence, IV.

Because of the financial power of the Medici family, holding as they did kings and kingdoms under obligation, Lorenzo was able to muster sufficient strength to direct public affairs in Florence and to wield wide influence outside his small but important state. The forms of the republic were preserved, but the democratic spirit was all but gone.

Two opposing attitudes have been taken by modern historians who have written concerning the life of Lorenzo de Medici and his times: some have seen in him only the despot who robbed the people of their rights and Florence of her liberty. Others have been lost in admiration of the man and the far-sighted plans of his family and have passed over the relative position held by Lorenzo, in beholding a family of merchants who by prudent investments were able at last to control the state and intermarry with many of the nobles of neighboring courts.

There is much to be said in support of the idea that at this time Florence had reached a stage of development when a one-man rule was bound to come, and if so, fortunate it was for that city if the one in power was possessed of sufficient mental grasp and divining qualities to understand the controlling forces of his generation and to use his influence for the furtherance of learning—then at its height.

During Lorenzo's life the forms of the republic were preserved. After his death his weak son betrayed the city to the foreigner, incurring the just hatred of his fellow-townsmen. For several generations the Medici continued in power and the republic ceased to exist even in the semblance of former days.

CHAPTER III.

VENICE.

The waters of the Po and of several other streams hurrying through the plains of Lombardy on their way to the sea have for ages carried with them quantities of soil, rocks and shells. Part of the load has been dropped before the mouths of the rivers were reached; much has been carried out beyond the shore line, forming a kind of sand bar, or better, a chain of islands. Lagoons separate the sandy islands from the mainland, and canals or narrow waterways divide island from island.

The Veniti dwelt at an early time in that part of Italy which lies at the head of the Adriatic Sea. When Rome conquered the peninsula they were added to her dominions, but their commerce was little interfered with. Padua was the greatest of their cities, although numerous were the towns and villages around the Adriatic.

When Attila and his Huns spread into Europe, leaving desolation and despair in their train, terrified ones from various towns of Venetia took refuge on this chain of islands, beaching their boats and dwelling in them until danger was past. The settlement thus brought into being was never again abandoned, but grew eventually into the city of Venice.

"A few in fear
Flying away from him, whose boast it was
That the grass grew not where his horse had trod,
Gave birth to Venice. Like the water-fowl,
They built their nests among the ocean waves;
And where the sands were shifting, as the wind
Blew from the north or south—where they that came
Had to make sure the ground they stood upon,
Rose, like an exhalation from the deep,
A vast metropolis."

Those who came thither represented various conditions of life, but all assiduously set themselves to the task of making homes where nature's curious formations had insured safety. Fish were abundant and had long supplied a commodity of trade. Salt, too, was obtainable in the vicinity. Seamen for generations and instinctively traders, it was not long before these sturdy men controlled the trade up and down the rivers, from islands to mainland and from port to port along the sea. A letter survives written about 523 A. D., by Cassiodorus, in which he characterized their industry and thrift:

"To your other advantages it is added that you can always travel a safe and tranquil course; for when through the angriness of the winds the sea is closed to you, there opens another way through the pleasantest rivers. Your ships fear not the harsh gusts. . . . With pleasure I recall how I have seen your habitations situated. The noble Venetian towns, already filled with nobles, border on the south Ravenna and the Po; toward the east they enjoy the smiling Ionian shore, where the alternating tide now covers and now bares the surface of the fields. There are your houses like aquatic birds, now on sea and now on shore; and when the aspect changes suddenly, these dwellings scattered far and wide, not produced by nature, but founded by the industry of men, are like the Cyclades. The solid earth is there held together by woven willow boughs, and you have no doubts in opposing so frail a barrier to the waves, when the shore does not suffice, on account of its lowness, to hold back the mass of waters. Your inhabitants have abundance only of fish; rich and poor live together in equality. The same food and similar houses are shared by all; wherefore they cannot envy each other's hearths, and so they are free from the vice that rules the world. All your emulation centers on the salt works; instead of ploughs and scythes, you turn cylinders, whence comes all your gain. Upon your industry all other products depend; for though there may be somebody who does not seek gold, there never yet lived the man who desires not salt, which makes every food more savory. Therefore, repair your ships, which you keep ditched like animals to your walls."

The dogged independence of these island citizens was from the first apparent. In turn Eastern Emperor, Lombards, Franks and the Pope all strove to establish over-lordship, but to little or no purpose. The Venetians, being a commercial people, were very politic and would give ear to any who brought a request, but brooked no commands. Yielding submission to none, attentive to the will of the Church only when it pleased her own interests, Venice became unique among the nations.

Holding aloof from outside entanglements, she had her share of internal strife. Twelve little settlements united to form the future city. Great rivalry existed between these various hamlets. Some burned with the desire for equality; others brought thither strong aristocratic tendencies. The government, so far as it concerned the whole, was at first vested in twelve tribunes, chosen one from each settlement. So keen were the jealousies arising, it shortly appeared that unity would come only as a result of welding the community together under one executive and a *Doge*—from *dux*—or duke—was elected in 697 A. D.

To the Doge was given wide authority over the administration of the state, the army and ecclesiastical appointments. The tribunes remained, but their duties now were local, corresponding in a general way to ward officers in a modern city. The *arrengo,* or popular assembly, convened for matters of importance, elected the Doge in the beginning and later gave approval to the Doge already chosen by a council. The first Doge continued in office for twenty years, and considerable progress toward unity was made under his administration. At his death the Venetian Republic was firmly established.

In 828 the body of St. Mark was stealthily brought into Venice from Alexandria. In the Middle Ages to possess the body of a saint brought coveted fame, and St. Mark was by many regarded as important as St. Peter. The fortunate citizens directly relegated St. Theodore, their former patron, to a secondary position and eventually built for the glory and honor of St. Mark a splendid cathedral. St. Mark's is inseparably connected with the city's vicissitudes and successes. However formal and meaningless worship in the Middle Ages may now and then have become, such was never the case in

Venice. St. Mark was dearly loved and venerated by all faithful worshippers.

"Be thou unique!" was the message the Fates were believed to have given this Sea-city, and there were many particulars in which it would be impossible to parallel Venice. Feudalism never developed in this state, for feudalism is a system of land tenure and in Venice there was no land. Even as the State reached out territorially, commerce was the predominating feature. Argosies were the means to wealth, and wealthy princes were the aristocrats. A large proportion of the citizens was always away on the sea—not at home in the islands.

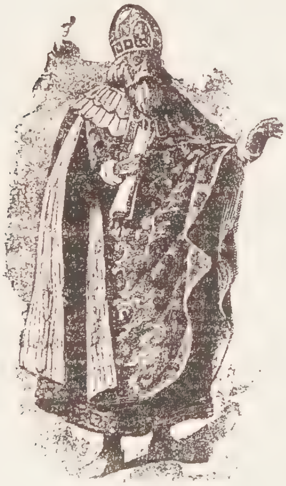
From the first there was a tendency to make the Doge a hereditary ruler, but the people long successfully opposed this. Some serious combats arose on several occasions when a Doge, more ambitious than ordinary, tried to establish his line. In 1171 the aristocratic party was strong enough to limit the power of the people in electing the Doge. Rather, the city was divided into six wards: from each two tribunes were chosen; each submitted a list of forty nobles in his ward; these 480 so chosen elected the Doge and submitted their choice for ratification to the arrengo, or assembly. In 1297 a measure was brought forward and passed to the effect that only one whose father or grandfather had served on the Great Council was eligible for membership in it. This made the Council electing the Doge practically a closed body, and the names of such as were eligible were contained in a record known as the Golden Book. In time, even the form of offering the name of the chosen Doge to the popular assembly for ratification was dropped.

We must not infer that as Venice merged from a Republic into an oligarchy the gradual change was necessarily harmful to the people at large. On the contrary, it would be difficult in all history to discover a state where government was more wisely or more justly administered than in Venice. Each who served the State was responsible for any act committed during his term. Upon the death of a Doge, a special commission, known as the Inquisitors of the Doge, examined his acts, and if in any particular he was found blameworthy, his heirs could be fined. There is one case at least on record where the surviving heirs were heavily fined because a Doge had not lived so magnificently as became his exalted position.

Very famous became the so-called Council of Ten. The council came into being in this way: In 1310 a plot was made to overthrow the government. The State had been carrying on a losing war on the mainland. The plague had taken off many of her troops. Two nobles planned to seize control of affairs and convert the government into a despotism. The plot was discovered, but so great was the consternation occasioned by the bold design that a Council of Ten was appointed to apprehend those whose evil plots might endanger public safety. Very sinister indeed became the reputation of this council. As we read Venetian stories we can imagine the Ten to be at their detective work if but a shadow falls over the canal or a quiet splash of an oar is heard in the darkness. Undoubtedly the Ten over-reached their authority now and then, and in their eagerness to fulfil their duties, or perhaps taking advantage of their office, worked the undoing of some who in reality were innocent. Nevertheless, the Doge and his councillors sat with them and had they become too forbidding it is safe to conclude they would not indefinitely have been tolerated.

A few facts in the history of Venice's story do little or nothing to explain to us her one-time splendor. It was the wondrous beauty of the city that infatuated and held men. "The Queen of the Adriatic" she was called, and men loved and cherished her. Individuals were as nought compared to the welfare of that city of loveliness. Her superb position offered every advantage in an age when water routes were preferable by far to routes by land. Venice lay in the path of the longest sea-route and the shortest land-route in traveling to the East—land of spices, silks and treasures. The Crusades, affecting all the northern ports of Italy, greatly enhanced her prosperity. Indeed, the Fourth Crusade was actually diverted from its purpose and became a struggle for extending Venetian commerce. Nor in this age was there anything sordid nor repulsive in the idea of promoting trade by religious undertakings.

He who would appreciate the Venice of the Renaissance must become acquainted with her art, her architecture, her marvelous frescoes in public and private hall; he must travel in spirit, at least, up and down the lagoons, in their ever-changing lights and colors, and repeople the city with those in whose hands the fortunes and pride of the city once lay. In the glory of her sunsets, in the mellow light of her moonlit lagoons a realization of the charm of Venice will finally overpower him.



COSTUME OF A DOGE.

CHAPTER IV.

DANTE.

"Guido, I would that Lapo, thou and I,
Led by some strong enchantment, might ascend
A magic ship, whose charmed sails should fly
With winds at will where'er our thoughts might wend,
And that no change, nor any evil chance
Should mar our joyous voyage; but it might be,
That even satiety should still enhance
Between our hearts their strict community;
And that the bounteous wizard then would place
Vanna and Bice and my gentle love,
Companions of our wandering, and would grace
With passionate talk, wherever we might rove,
Our time, and each were as content and free
As I believe that thou and I should be."

This sonnet, rendered into beautiful English verse by Shelley, is one of many exquisite gems written centuries ago by Dante. First of the great Italian poets, he stands on the borderland between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. In so far as he looked eagerly for the establishment of a world empire with Rome as its center, he belonged to the old order already passing away. So, too, in many of his ideals and conceptions Dante held to the past. In so far as he clearly saw that no nation could become great until it had a literature in its spoken language, he heralded the Renaissance in Italy. In his romantic and chivalrous vision of love he looked forward and not back.

Dante's life proved most unhappy. Were one to compare it with another, probably Michael Angelo's career offers several parallels. Exiled by the fickle Florentines from his beloved city for political reasons, he became a wanderer on the face of the earth, bereft of family, country and fortune. Honors that other cities would gladly have bestowed upon him he uniformly declined, valuing only those that Florence failed to show to him while he lived.

Nevertheless, this very sorrow gave occasion for the strength, fortitude and genius of the man to manifest itself. Homeless and without a country, he turned from the temporal and material to the realm of the soul. His possessions confiscated, friendless and almost penniless, Dante rose above physical comforts and lost himself in a poet's world, finding there his comfort and satisfaction.

Dante Alighieri was born in 1265 of the lesser nobility. When nine years old he first saw Beatrice Portinari, whose winsome beauty made a deep impression upon him. Nine years later he saw her again, and he has told us the story of his passionate love in the Vita Nuova—or New Life. Only a few times did Dante see Beatrice, but the effect upon him was tremendous, almost shattering his health. Sometimes he was transported with joy; at other times he was overcome with sorrow. Of her delicate beauty we learn vaguely through sonnets such as the one which opens with the lines:

"So gentle and so noble doth appear
  My lady when she passes through the street,
  That none her salutation dare repeat
And all eyes turn from her as if in fear.
She goes her way, and cannot help but hear
  The praise of all,—yet modest still and sweet."

One so good and fair soon faded and died, and after the shock of her death Dante grew much calmer in mind and spirit. Beyond the reach of earthly power, he could dream about her to his heart's content and in time she became a shadowy vision, the embodiment of his ideal. After her death the poet vowed to glorify her as never woman had been glorified by man, and this was the object with which he undertook his immortal poem, the *Divine Comedy.*

Like the *Vita Nuova,* the *Divine Comedy* was written in Italian. Its plan was not original with Dante. Others before had taken imaginary journeys through heaven and hell. His work was remarkable for its treatment and for the fact that it included much of the learning common to the Middle Ages.

The poem falls into three parts: Hell, Purgatory and Paradise. Each contains thirty-three cantos; the general theme is the salvation of the human soul. The poet dreams that he is led by Virgil through Hell and Purgatory. In these realms he sees the dire result of sin and the agonies through which the soul must pass ere it purifies itself for Paradise. Into Paradise Virgil is powerless to lead him; Beatrice alone can guide her lover into this blissful realm.

Continual references to people and events long since forgotten make it difficult for the modern reader to appreciate the full content of the poem. One must either devote himself assiduously to the task of ferreting out such references as may now be understood, or he must glide over many of the allusions and seek the general development of the poem. Many of the descriptions are beautiful indeed and clear to all at first sight. Take for example Dante's approach to the Earthly Paradise, led thither by Virgil. Ere he enters, night overtakes him and he sleeps:

"And ere in all its parts immeasurable
  The horizon of one aspect had become,
  And Night her boundless dispensation held,
Each of us of a stair had made his bed;
  Because the nature of the mount took from us
  The power of climbing, more than the delight.
Even as in ruminating, passive grow
  The goats, who have been swift and venturesome
  Upon the mountain-tops ere they were fed,
Hushed in the shadow, while the sun is hot,
  Watched the herdsman, who upon his staff
  Is leaning, and in leaning tendeth them;
And as the shepherd, lodging out of doors,
  Passes the night beside his quiet flock,
  Watching that no wild beast may scatter it,
Such at that hour were we, all three of us,
  I like the goat, and like the herdsmen they,
  Begirt on this side and on that by rocks.
Little could there be seen of things without;
  But through that little I beheld the stars
  More luminous and larger than their wont.

Thus ruminating, and beholding these,
Sleep seized upon me,—sleep that oftentimes
Before a deed is done has tidings of it."

So many passages might be cited that it is necessary to refer the reader to the complete poem—it being impossible by brief quotations to give any conception of Dante's style or mastery of description. It is not enough to say that these two productions were written in the vernacular. It would be quite as true to say that before Dante there was no complete Italian language. Just as Chaucer aided greatly in formulating the English language, so Dante in a more complete sense created from the Tuscan tongue an Italian language.

POETRY AND PROSE.

Dante was the first great writer of Italian in both prose and poetry. In his Latin treatise, *De Vulgari Eloquio*, he urged the claims of the people's speech to be used as a literary language, but it was only his great example and incontrovertible success that overcame the conservatism of learning and inaugurated the modern era. His *Vita Nuova* is a curious but charming record of his love-life, containing prose narrative with sonnets and canzoni; so again his *Convito* or Banquet, adds prose comments to certain poems. The *Canzoniere* is a collection of sonnets and canzoni, such as some of friends also composed. But the *Divina Commedia*, that vast treasure-house of the beliefs and feelings of the Middle Ages, elaborated with the consummate art of the greatest Catholic poet, stands forever unrivalled in the literature of the world. While its form is allegorical, according to the ideas then prevalent, the personages are real, though intermingled with a few abstract or collective ideas, as the Church, the Empire, and the Virtues. The characters are mostly persons recently deceased, whose names and reputations were still fresh among men. Their several fates might serve as examples of warning or encouragement to those still living. To redress the wrongs of the visible world the homeless exile wields a superhuman power and sets forth the realities of the spiritual and eternal world.

Notwithstanding many expressions of bitter hate, the reader's chief wonder is that the poet could so rise above the wrongs done to himself to the serenity of spirit necessary to reveal the joys of the blessed and the supreme glory of the Beatific Vision.

FIRST SIGHT OF BEATRICE.

(From the Vita Nuova. Translated by D. G. Rossetti.)

NINE times already since my birth had the heaven of light returned to the self-same point almost, as concerns its own revolution, when first the glorious Lady of my mind was made manifest to mine eyes; even she who was called Beatrice by many who knew not wherefore. She had already been in this life for so long as that, within her time, the starry heaven had moved towards the Eastern quarter one of the twelve parts of a degree; so that she appeared to me at the beginning of her ninth year almost, and I saw her almost at the end of my ninth year. Her dress, on that day, was of a most noble color, a subdued and goodly crimson, girdled and adorned in such sort as best suited with her very tender age. At that moment, I say most truly that the spirit of life, which hath its dwelling in the secretest chamber of the heart, began to tremble so violently that the least pulses of my body shook therewith; and in trembling it said these words: *Ecce deus fortior me, qui veniens dominabitur mihi* (Here is a deity stronger than I; who, coming, shall rule over me). At that moment the animate spirit, which dwelleth in the lofty chamber whither all the senses carry their perceptions, was filled with wonder, and speaking more especially unto the spirits of the eyes, said these words: *Apparuit jam beatitudo vestra* (Your beatitude hath now been made manifest unto you). At that moment the natural spirit, which dwelleth there where our nourishment is administered, began to weep, and in weeping said these words: *Heu miser! quia frequenter impeditus ero deinceps* (Woe is me! for that often I shall be disturbed from this time forth!).

I say that, from that time forward, Love quite governed my soul; which was immediately espoused to him, and with so safe and undisputed a lordship (by virtue of strong imagination) that I had nothing left for it but to do all his bidding continually. He oftentimes commanded me to seek if I might see this youngest of the Angels: wherefore I in my boyhood often went in search of her, and found her so noble and praiseworthy that certainly of her might have been said those words of the poet Homer, "She seemed not to be the daughter of a mortal man, but of God." And albeit her image, that was with me always, was an exultation of Love to subdue me, it was yet of so perfect a quality that it never allowed me to be overruled by Love without the faithful counsel of reason, whensoever such counsel was useful to be heard. But seeing that were I to dwell overmuch on the passions and doings of such early youth, my words might be counted something fabulous, I will therefore put them aside; and passing many things that may be conceived by the pattern of these, I will come to such as are writ in my memory with a better distinctness.

After the lapse of so many days that nine years exactly were completed since the above-written appearance of this most gracious being, on the last of those days it happened that the same wonderful lady appeared to me dressed all in pure white, between two gentle ladies elder than she. And passing through a street, she turned her eyes thither where I stood sorely abashed; and by her unspeakable courtesy, which is now guerdoned in the Great Cycle, she saluted me with so virtuous a bearing that I seemed then and there to behold the very limits of blessedness. The hour of her most sweet salutation was exactly the ninth of that day; and because it was the first time that any words from her reached mine ears, I came into such sweetness that I parted thence as one intoxicated. And betaking me to the loneliness of mine own room, I fell to thinking of this most courteous lady, thinking of whom I was overtaken by a pleasant slumber, wherein a marvellous vision was presented to me: for there appeared to be in my room a mist of the color of fire, within the which I discerned the figure of a lord of terrible aspect to such as should gaze upon him, but who seemed therewithal to rejoice inwardly that it was a marvel to see. Speaking he said many things, among the which I could understand but few; and of these, this:

Ego dominus tuus (I am thy lord). In his arms it seemed to me that a person was sleeping, covered only with a blood-colored cloth; upon whom looking very attentively, I knew that it was the lady of the salutation who had deigned the day before to salute me. And he who held her held also in his hand a thing that was burning in flames; and he said to me, *Vide cor tuum* (Behold thy heart). But when he had remained with me a little while, I thought that he set himself to awaken her that slept; after the which he made her eat that thing which flamed in his hand; and she ate as one fearing. Then, having waited again a space, all his joy was turned into most bitter weeping; and as he wept he gathered the lady into his arms, and it seemed to me that he went with her up toward heaven: whereby such a great anguish came upon me that my light slumber could not endure through it, but was suddenly broken. And immediately having considered, I knew that the hour wherein this vision had been made manifest to me was the fourth hour (which is to say, the first of the nine last hours) of the night.

Then, musing on what I had seen, I proposed to relate the same to many poets who were famous in that day: and for that I had myself in some sort the art of discoursing with rhyme, I resolved on making a sonnet, in the which, having saluted all such as are subject unto Love, and entreated them to expound my vision, I should write unto them those things which I had seen in my sleep. And the sonnet I made was this:

To every heart which the sweet pain doth move,
And unto which these words may now be brought
For true interpretation and kind thought,
Be greeting in our Lord's name, which is Love.
Of those long hours wherein the stars above
Wake and keep watch, the third was almost nought,
When Love was shown me with such terrors fraught
As may not carelessly be spoken of.
He seemed like one who is full of joy, and had
My heart within his hand, and on his arm
My lady, with a mantle round her, slept;
Whom (having wakened her) anon he made
To eat that heart: she ate, as fearing harm.
Then he went out; and as he went, he wept.

To this sonnet I received many answers, conveying many different opinions; of the which one was sent by him whom I now call the first among my friends, and it began thus, "Unto my thinking thou beheld'st all worth."* And, indeed, it was when he learned that I was he who had sent those rhymes to him, that our friendship commenced. But the true meaning of that vision was not then perceived by any one, though it be now evident to the least skillful.

From that night forth, the natural functions of my body began to be vexed and impeded, for I was given up wholly to thinking of this most gracious creature: whereby in short space I became so weak and so reduced that it was irksome to many of my friends to look upon me; while others, being moved by spite, went about to discover what it was my wish should be concealed. Wherefore I (perceiving the drift of their unkindly questions), by Love's will, who directed me according to the counsels of reason, told them how it was Love himself who had thus dealt with me; and I said so, because the thing was so plainly to be discerned in my countenance that there was no longer any means of concealing it. But when they went on to ask, "And by whose help hath Love done this?" I looked in their faces smiling, and spake no word in return.

BEATRICE'S DEATH.

A LADY, young, compassionate, and fair,
Richly adorned with every human grace,
Watched o'er my couch, where oft I called on death;
And noticing the eyes with sorrow swollen,
And listening to the folly of my words,
Fear seized upon her, and she wept aloud.
Attracted by her moaning, other dames
Gave heed unto my pitiable state,
And from my view removed her.
They then approached to rouse me by their voice,
And one cried, "Sleep no more!"
And one, "Why thus discomfort thee?"
With that the strange, delirious fancy fled,
And, calling on my Lady's name, I awoke.
So indistinct and mournful was my voice,
By anguish interrupted so, and tears,
That I alone the name heard in my heart:

Then with a countenance abashed, through shame,
Which to my face had mounted visibly,
Prompted by Love, I turned towards my friends,
And features showed so pale and wan,
It made beholders turn their thoughts on death.
"Alas! our comfort he must have,"
Said every one, with kind humility.
Then oft they questioned me,
"What hast thou seen, that has unmanned thee thus?"
  And when I was in part restored, I said,
"Ladies, to you the vision I'll relate.
Whilst I lay pondering on my ebbing life,
And saw how brief its tenure, and how frail,
Love wept within my heart, where he abides;
For my sad soul was wandering so, and lost,
That, sighing deeply at the thought, it said,
'Inevitable death attends Madonna too.'
Such consternation then my senses seized,
The eyes weighed down with fear were closed;
And scattered far and wide
The spirits fled, and each in error strayed;
And then imagination's powers,
Of recollection and of truth bereft,
Showed me the fleeting forms of wretched dames,
Who shouted, 'Death!' still crying, 'Thou shalt die!'
Many the doubtful things which next I saw,
Wandering in vain imagination's maze.
I seemed to be I know not in what place,
And ladies loosely robed saw fleet along,
Some weeping, and some uttering loud laments
Which darted burning griefs into the soul.
And then methought I saw a gradual veil
Obscure the sun; the star of Love appeared,
And sun and star seemed both to weep;
Birds flying through the dusky air dropped down;
Trembled the earth:
And then appeared a man, feeble and pale,
Who cried to me, 'What! here? Heard'st not the news?
Dead is thy Lady,—she who was so fair.'
I raised the eyes then, moistened with my tears,
And, softly as the shower of manna fell,
Angels I saw returning up to heaven:

Before them was a slender cloud extended,
And from behind I heard them shout, 'Hosanna!'
What more was sung I know not, or would tell.
  Then Love thus spoke: 'Concealment here shall end;
Come now, and see our Lady who lies dead.'
Imagination's fallacy
Then led me where in death Madonna lay;
And after I had gazed upon her form,
Ladies I saw conceal it with a veil;
And such true meekness from its features beamed,
It seemed to say to me, 'I dwell in peace.'
So meek in my affliction I became,
Seeing such meekness on her brow expressed,
That I exclaimed, 'O Death, I hold thee sweet,
Noble and kind henceforth thou must be deemed,
Since thou hast been united to Madonna;
Piteous, not cruel, must thy nature be.
Behold desire so strong to be enrolled
Thy follower, my faith and thine seem one!
Come, for the heart solicits thee!'
I then departed, all sad rites complete;
And when I found myself alone,
With eyes upraised to the realms above I said,
'Blessed is he beholds thee, beauteous soul!'
That instant, through your kindness, I awoke."

SONNET TO BRUNETTO LATINI.

(This sonnet was sent with a copy of the Vita Nuova.)

MASTER BRUNETTO, this my little maid
  Is come to spend her Easter-tide with you;
  Not that she reckons feasting as her due,—
Whose need is hardly to be fed, but read.
Not in a hurry can her sense be weigh'd,
  Nor mid the jests of any noisy crew;
  Ah! and she wants a little coaxing too
Before she'll get into another's head.
But if you do not find her meaning clear,
  You've many Brother Alberts* hard at hand,

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*Referring to Albertus Magnus (1193–1280), the eminent Dominican and scholastic philosopher.

Whose wisdom will respond to any call.
Consult with them and do not laugh at her;
And if she still is hard to understand,
Apply to Master Janus* last of all.

THE DIVINE COMEDY.

The genesis of the Divine Comedy is found in Dante's life-long devotion to the ideal he saw in Beatrice, the daughter of Folco Portinari. After the composition of the Vita Nuova, and the appearance of a heavenly vision which he records he was constrained to speak no more of the "Blessed One," until he could treat of her more worthily, and say of her what had never yet been said of woman. This was done at last in this great mystical, yet realistic poem, in which the Unseen World is described in exact detail as it appeared to the glorified imagination of the explorer.

Readers are puzzled to understand why this solemn poem should be called a comedy; but the explanation is that, to Dante, the essential notion of comedy was the "happy ending." The style also is characteristic of comedy, being lax, unpretending, and in the common tongue, in which women and children speak. The name "Comedy" was given by Dante himself; the epithet "Divine" was attached by later writers. The mystical numbers, three, nine, and ten, occur repeatedly. The whole poem contains one hundred cantos—ten tens. Each of the three divisions, the Inferno, or Hell, Purgatory and Paradise, has thirty-three cantos. To Hell is prefixed an introductory one, completing the hundred. The number thirty-three alludes to the years of our Saviour's life. Hell is divided into nine circles, each occupied by a different class of sinners, and ends in the abyss where Satan is confined; Purgatory into seven, ending with the earthly Paradise; and Heaven again into nine spheres beyond which is the Throne of God. Dante tells us that the work is to be interpreted literally, allegorically, morally and spiritually. It is in the form of a vision, and thus permits not only a literal description of the invisible world, but also infinite shadowings of all kinds of truth.

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* Perhaps referring to the Franciscan John of Parma, who popularized the mystical doctrines and predictions of Joachim, Abbot of Floris (1145–1202).

The poet represents himself as conducted through the various realms of the unseen world in order to be saved from sin and error; through Hell, to which those who knew not or rejected Christ are condemned; through Purgatory, where sin not mortal may be purified; through Paradise, in which the righteous reap the fruit of earthly endeavor, and enjoy through all eternity the light and love of God. Human reason, as seen in Virgil, the poet's master, is sufficient to conduct him through Hell and Purgatory; but for Paradise, faith and grace divine are necessary; and these are ever displayed in Beatrice, who conducts him through the abodes of the blessed, till she at last resumes her seat in the glorious assembly. The poet finds a new guide in St. Bernard, whose devotion to the Blessed Virgin, had made him the fittest to demonstrate the final absorption of the redeemed into the life and thought of God.

The work abounds with mystical and difficult allusions. For instance, the three beasts which barred Dante's progress, described in the opening canto of Hell, may represent sensuality, pride, and greed of gain; the Mount Delectable is the ideal polity for the salvation of his country, as well as the ideal righteousness for the salvation of his soul. The four stars are the cardinal virtues of Plato's ethics: the other three which make up the seven, are Faith, Hope and Love. Geryon is the type of fraud and counterfeit, while the centaurs represent the brute and spiritual forces in human life. But in the midst of these allegorical figures the traveler finds the great personages of the world's history and the men and women whom he had encountered in his stormy life. For their deeds they are assigned a fitting retribution whether of happiness or woe eternal. All, from popes and emperors to humble saints and reckless sinners, are judged as by Divine Wisdom and Justice. The poem ends triumphantly and gloriously with the Beatific Vision.

Virgil, the Poet's Guide.

(From the Inferno, Canto I. Translated by Dean Plumptre.)

Then he made answer: "Man no more am I:
Man I was once; my parents Lombards were,
And both to Mantua traced their ancestry;
Sub Julio was I born, though late the year,
And lived at Rome beneath Augustus good,
While false and lying gods men worshiped there.
A poet I, and sang the righteous mood
Of great Anchises' son, who came from Troy,
When haughty Ilion was by fire subdued.
But thou, why turn'st thou back to such annoy?
Why climb'st thou not yon Mount Delectable,
Which is the source and spring of every joy?"
"What! art thou Virgil, thou that springing well
Which pours of clear full eloquence the tide?"
I answered him with looks that reverence tell.

"O of all other bards the light and pride,
Let the long study and the love avail
Which I to that thy volume have applied.
Thou art my Master, Guide that dost not fail,
And thou alone art he from whom I drew
The goodly style whence comes of praise full tale.
Thou see'st the beast that back my footsteps threw;
Give me thine aid against her, famous seer,
For she with fear doth vein and pulse imbue."
"'Tis meet thy steps to other course should veer,"
He answered when he saw me weeping sore,
"If thou wilt 'scape this region waste and drear;
For that fell beast, whose spite thou wailest o'er,
Lets no man onward pass along her way,
But so doth hinder that he lives no more,
And is of mood so evil, fierce to slay,
That never doth she sate her hunger dread,
But when full-gorged still hungers most for prey.
Many the creatures are that with her wed,
And will be more until the Greyhound come
Who with sharp agony shall smite her dead.
He shall not crave broad lands or pelf at home,
But wisdom, virtue, charity shall love,
And 'twixt two Feltros shall his subjects roam.
Of low Italia shall he saviour prove,
For which of old the maid Camilla died,
Nisus, Euryalus, and Turnus strove.
He through each town shall chase her far and wide,
Until he drive her back to deepest Hell,
From whence at envy's primal hest she hied.
Wherefore for thee I think and judge 'tis well
That thou should'st follow, I thy leader be,
And guide thee hence to that eternal cell,
Where thou shalt hear sharp wails of misery,
Shalt see the ancient spirits in their pain,
For which, as being the second death, men cry:
Those thou shalt see who in the hope to gain,
When the hour comes, the blest ones' happier clime,
Can bear the torturing fire nor yet complain.
To these would'st thou with eager footsteps climb,
A soul shall guide thee worthier far than I:
With her I'll leave thee when to part 'tis time.

For that great Emperor who reigns on high,
Because I lived a rebel to his will,
Wills that through me none come His city nigh.
Through all the world He rules, yet there reigns still;
There is His city, there his lofty throne.
Thrice blest whom He doth choose those courts to fill!"
Then spake I, "By the God thou didst not own,
O Poet, I of thee a boon desire,
That I may 'scape this woe, or worse unknown,
That whither thou hast said thou lead me higher,
So that St. Peter's gate in sight I find,
And those thou tell'st of in their torments dire."
Then he moved onward and I trod behind.

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI.

(From the Inferno, Canto V. Translated by C. B. Cayley.)

The second circle of Hell was the first place of torment, and to it were consigned those who had transgressed the law of marriage. Here winds buffeted the guilty souls forever, whirling them about and dashing them against each other. Among these Virgil pointed out Semiramis, Dido, Cleopatra, Helen, and others, but Dante sought to speak to a particular couple who whirled more quickly than the rest. These he found to be Paolo and Francesca, whose story he had heard in his youth. Francesca was the daughter of the lord of Ravenna, and was married to Giovanni Malatesta, the lord of Rimini. But the husband was lame and morose, and Francesca preferred the company of his handsome brother Paolo, who had free access to the castle. The intrigue was brought to a crisis when the lovers were reading the story of Sir Galahad, who connived at the guilty love of Lancelot and Queen Guinevere. Paolo and Francesca were slain by her husband and buried in the same grave.

Of ghosts a thousand more he showed and told,
Whom love had sundered from our living state.
Now, when the ladies and the knights of old
I heard my teacher name, almost my brain
Was 'wildered, ruth upon me took such hold.
And I began, "Poet, with yonder twain
I crave to speak, who move in company,
And seem so light upon the hurricane."
Then he replied, "Await, until they be
More nigh, and thou shalt pray them by the love
Which them controls, and they will come to thee."
As soon as toward us on the blast they move,
I lift my voice, "O spirits harassed,
Come and speak with us here, if none reprove."
As doves that, by affection called, with spread
And moveless wings to their sweet nest repair,
Through the air gliding, by volition sped;
Thus from the troop, which Dido holds, they fare,
Approaching us across the air malign,
So strong the loving call had reached them there.
"O thou quick spirit, gracious and benign,
That, seeking us, the tawny air dost pierce,
Even us, who did the ground encarnadine;
Had we the Monarch of the universe
Our friend, his peace for thee should be our quest,
As thou hast pity on our pain perverse.
Whatever thou to speak and hear may list,
We will give ear to, and will speak to thee,
So long as yet the blast remaineth whist.
The land where I was born is by the sea,
Upon the margin, where descendeth Po,
With all his followers, at peace to be.
Love, whom the gentle heart is quick to know,
Seized him by that fair person, which, it grieves

Me still to think, I was despoiled of so.
Love, who from loving none beloved reprieves,
  So kindled me to work his will again,
That still, thou seest, my side he never leaves.
Love led us to one death; the place of Cain
  Awaiteth him, by whom in life we bled."

These words proceeded to us from the twain.
When I the wounded spirits heard, my head
  I hung adown, and sometime kept it low,
Until, "What thinkest thou?" the poet said.
Then I began, when I made answer, "Oh,
  What dear desire, what many thoughts and sooth
Have led them both unto this bourne of woe?"
I turned to them and spoke myself, "In truth,
  Francesca," I began, "thine agonies
So pierce me, I can weep for woe and ruth;
But tell me, at the time of your sweet sighs,
  How love, and, by what token, did concede
That you the dubious passions might surprise?"
And she replied, "There is no pain indeed
  Like the remembering of happy state
In grief, nor will thy guide to learn it need;
But if such eagerness to penetrate
  The first root of our love thy mind incite,

As one that speaks and weeps I shall relate.
One day we had been reading for delight
  Of Lancelot, how love had him compelled;
We were alone together, dreadless quite.
This reading many a time our eyes had held
  Upon each other, and our cheeks made pale;
One only passage our endurance quelled;
For when the smile desired, in our tale,
  Was kissed by such a great and loving one,
This man, who never from my side can fail,
Kissed me, all quivering, my mouth upon.
  The book, the author, Pandar's trade was plying;
That evening we could read no further on."
As in that guise one spirit was replying,
  The other wept so sore, my senses fled
Through pity, as if I had been a-dying;
I dropped upon the ground as drop the dead.

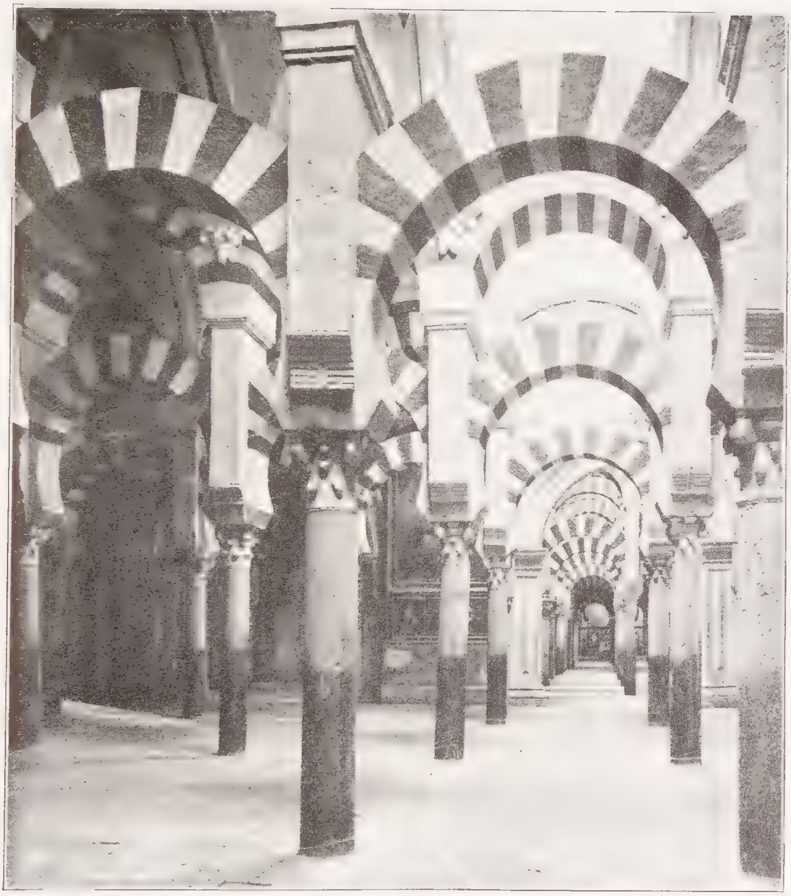
COUNT UGOLINO.

(From the Inferno, Canto XXXII. Translated by Dean Plumptre.)

COUNT UGOLINO DELLA GHERARDESCA, by a series of treasons, made himself absolute master of Pisa. But afterwards his rivals, and especially, according to Dante, the Archbishop Ruggieri de' Ubaldini, by equally criminal methods, succeeded in overthrowing the tyrant. The count, with his four children, was committed to prison and left to perish by starvation. Dante declares that in the last circle of Hell those who have betrayed their native country are punished by being entombed in a sea of everlasting ice. When exploring this region, he beheld two heads above the surface, and shuddered to see one of them gnawing the skull of the other. Approaching, he recognized Count Ugolino, and inquired the cause of this cannibalism. The count then rehearsed his dreadful story.

  ALREADY we had left him and withdrew,
When in one pit I saw two frozen thrust,
So that one head as hood to the other grew;
  And as a famished man devours a crust,
So there the topmost one his teeth set fast,
Where skull with neck the juncture doth adjust;
  Not otherwise did Tydeus make repast
Of Menalippus's skull in his disdain,
Than he on scalp and what it held broke fast.

"O thou whose hate in bestial sign is plain,
Thy hate for him whom thou dost thus devour,
Do thou, these terms agreed, the 'why' explain;
That if of right thy rage on him doth pour,
I, knowing who ye are and what his sin,
May pay thee when I reach the world once more,
Unless my tongue lie stiff my lips within."
His mouth that sinner from his fierce repast
Uplifted then, and wiped it on the hair
Of that same head that he behind laid waste,
And then began: "Anew thou biddest me bear
The desperate sorrows on my heart that weigh,
Even in thought while I from speech forbear;
But, if my words as seed their part shall play
To bear the fruit of shame to him I eat,
My tears and words shall mingled find their way.
I know not who thou art, nor how thy feet
Are led below, but, as thy speech I hear,
Thou seem'st to me a Florentine complete.
Know, then, thou see'st Count Ugolino here,
And this the Archbishop Ruggieri is;
Now list why such a neighbor I appear,
That I by work of evil thoughts of his,
Trusting to him was first a prisoner made,
And after killed—no need to tell thee this;
But what before thee cannot have been laid,
That is, how sharp and dread my death hath been,
Thou now shalt hear; then let my wrongs be weighed.
A little window, that hawk's cage within,
Which now through me as Hunger's Tower is known
(And others too its gates shall enter in),
Through its small aperture to me had shown
Full many a moon, when I dreamt ill dream true,
In which the future's veil aside was thrown.
I saw this lord and chief his prey pursue,
Chasing the wolf and wolf-cubs on the hill
Which hideth Lucca from the Pisans' view,
With hungry hounds, well trained, of eager will;
Guarlandi and Lanfranchi and Sismond,
He had there set the foremost place to fill.
A little while and sire and sons were found,
So seemed it, wearied out; fangs sharp and dread



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FOREST OF COLUMNS.—MOSQUE OF CORDOVA.

Upon their flanks made many a horrid wound.
When I awoke, ere yet the night had fled,
Still in their sleep I heard my children wail,
Who there were with me, crying out for bread.
Full hard art thou, if grief shall not prevail
To touch thee, thinking what my heart did cry;
When canst thou weep, if now to weep thou fail?
Already they had waked; the hour drew nigh
Till which they had been wont for food to wait,
And each one's dream brought sore perplexity.
I heard the locking of the lower gate
Of that dread tower, and then awhile I stared
In my sons' faces—speechless, desolate.
I wept not; all within as stone grew hard.
They wept, and then my Anselmuccio said,
'What ails thee, father? Why this fixed regard?'
And still I shed no tear, nor answer made
All that long day, nor yet the following night,
Till the next sun was o'er the world displayed;
And when there came a little ray of light
Into the dolorous prison, and I knew
My own face by four faces' piteous plight,
Then both my hands in anguish I gnawed through.
And they, who deemed that hunger did constrain
To eat, rose up with one accord to sue,
And said, 'O father, less will be our pain
If thou eat us; thou didst these frames array
With this poor flesh, now strip it off again.'
I calmed me then, their anguish to allay;
That day, and then the next, we all were dumb;
Hard earth, why opened not thy depths that day?
And when unto the fourth day we had come,
Gaddo lay stretched before my feet and cried,
'Why, father, helpest thou not?' and there, in sum,
He died; and as thou see'st me, so I eyed
The three fall down, and perish one by one,
The fifth day and the sixth, and then I tried,
Already blind, to grope o'er them alone,
And three days called them after they were dead;
Then even grief by hunger was outdone."
Then with his eyes askance, as this he said,
On that poor skull he gripped his teeth full well,

Which, like a dog's, upon the bare bone fed.
Ah! Pisa, shame and blot of all that dwell
In that fair country where the Si* doth sound;
Since neighbor states work not their vengeance fell,
Let Caprai and Gorgona shift their ground,
And make a dam for Arno's issuing tide,
So that each living soul in thee be drowned!
For e'en if Ugolino rumor wide
Did charge with guilt of citadels betrayed,
Not by such torture should his sons have died.
Guiltless of crime their tender age them made,
(O thou new Thebes!) Brigat, Uguccion,
And those whose names my song above hath said.

BUONCONTE DA MONTEFELTRO.

(From the Purgatorio, Canto V. Translated by Dean Plumptre.)

IN 1289 Dante, then a boy of fourteen, was an eye-witness of the notable battle of Campaldino between the Florentines and the people of Arezzo. The former were endeavoring to restore the Guelf faction, recently expelled from that city. They were successful, and Buonconte da Montefeltro, an ardent Ghibelline, was supposed to be slain in the fight. But his body was not found, and Dante accounts for this disappearance by the heavy storm which followed the battle. The body was swept down stream into the Arno and there covered from view. Buonconte complains that his wife and other relatives were neglecting to secure his deliverance from the pains of Purgatory, and entreats the poet's aid.

NE'ER in my sight have fiery vapors sped
In early eve to cleave the blue serene,
Or clouds of August in the sunset red,
More quick than they anon to turn were seen,
And turning so, when they the others met,
They wheeled on us like squadron without rein.
"The folk that press us form a throng close set,"
The Poet said, "and they imploring come;
So still go onward, onward, listening yet."
"O soul that tak'st thy way to blessed home,
With limbs the same as those thy mother bore,"
Shouting they came, "stay here, and look if some
Among us thou hast ever seen before;

---

* The Italian word for "Yes."

That news of him to yon world thou may'st bear;
Ah! why dost go? Why haltest thou no more?
  We all a death of violence did share,
And sinners were, e'en to our latest hour;
Then light from Heaven made our vision clear;
  So by repentance and love's pardoning power
We passed from life as reconciled to God,
On whom to gaze strong yearnings us devour."
  And I, "Though every face to me is showed,
Yet recognize I none; but if aught please
That I can do, O spirits born for good,
  Tell me, and I will do it, by that peace,
Which makes me, following such a Guide as this,
Seek it from world to world and never cease."
  And one began: "Each one full certain is
Of thy good-will, though oaths of thine were none,
Unless thy will through want of power shall miss,
  Whence I, who speak before the rest alone,
Pray thee, if ever thou that land dost see
'Twixt Charles's kingdom and Romagna thrown,
  That thou wouldst ask of thy great courtesy
That Fano's prayers may be on me bestowed,
That I may purge my grave iniquity.
  Thence sprang I, but the deep wounds, whence there flowed
The blood wherein of old I dwelt secure,
Were given in land by Antenori trod,
  There where I dreamed my safety was most sure:
'Twas he of Este had it done, whose spite
Went far beyond what justice could endure.
  But had I towards Mira taken flight,
When I o'erta'en at Oriaco stood,
I still had breathed in yonder world of light.
  I to the marshes ran, where reeds and mud
So tangled me that I fell there, and saw
Upon the ground a pool of mine own blood."
  Then said another, "That which thee doth draw
Be thine, the wish to mount this lofty hill,
So thou help mine by love's all-pitying law!
  Of Montefeltro once, Buonconte still:
Nor others, nor Giovanna, for me care.
Hence as I walk sad looks tell tale of ill."

And I to him: "What force or chance did bear
Thee so far off from Campaldino's plain,
That thou wast buried, no man knowing where?"
"At Casentino's foot," said he again
There flows a stream, as Archiano known,
Which from the Apennine convent seeks the main.
There, where it drops the name it once did own,
I came, my throat with many a wound pierced through,
On foot, and all the plain was blood-bestrown.
There my sight failed, and with it utterance too
Ceased with the name of Mary; and I fell,
And my corpse lifeless lay exposed to view.
Truth will I speak; do thou the living tell;
God's angel took me, and Hell's loudly cried,
'Why robb'st thou me, thou, who in Heaven dost dwell?
Thou bear'st the part that ever shall abide,
For one poor tear that cheats me of my prize;
The rest shall by another doom be tried.'
Thou knowest well how in the air doth rise
That humid vapor which in rain-drops breaks,
Soon as it mounts where cold pervades the skies.
Then came that Evil Will who evil seeks,
That only, with his mind, and with the power
His nature gives him, moves the windy reeks;
And so the valley at day's closing hour,
From Pratomagno to the mountain-chain,
He veiled with cloud, and made the heaven to lower,
So that the pregnant air condensed to rain.
The showers fell fast, and to the gullies came
So much of them as earth could not contain;
And as with torrents strong they one became,
Towards the kingly river on they passed
So quickly that no force their strength could tame.
My frozen body near its mouth at last
The raging Archian found and drove amain
I' the Arno, and set loose the cross which fast
I o'er my breast made when I bowed to pain:
It rolled me on its banks and in its bed;
Then girt and hid me with its stolen gain."

MATILDA GATHERING FLOWERS.

(From the Purgatorio, Canto XXVIII. Translated by P. B. Shelley and Dean Plumptre.)

COMMENTATORS are not agreed who is meant by Matilda. She can hardly be the famous Countess of Tuscany, who befriended Pope Gregory VII. When the poet had passed through the seven circles of Purgatory, he reached the stream of Lethe (Forgetfulness), and on its farther bank saw this lady in flowery fields, which she explained to be the earthly Paradise. Here Virgil disappeared, but his place was taken by Beatrice, who was to conduct the poet through Heaven.

  And, earnest to explore within—around—
That divine wood whose thick green living woof
Tempered the young day to the sight, I wound
  Up the green slope, beneath the forest's roof,
With slow soft steps leaving the mountain's steep;
And sought those inmost labyrinths, motion-proof
  Against the air that, in that stillness deep
And solemn, struck upon my forehead bare
The slow soft stroke of a continuous sleep;
  In which the light leaves tremblingly were
All bent towards that part where earliest
The sacred hill obscures the morning air.
  Yet were they not so shaken from their rest
But that the birds, perched on the utmost spray,
Incessantly renewing their blithe quest,
  With perfect joy received the early day,
Singing within the glancing leaves, whose sound
Kept a low burden to their roundelay,
  Such as from bough to bough gathers around
The pine-forest on bleak Chiassi's shore,
When Æolus Sirocco has unbound.
  My slow steps had already borne me o'er
Such space within the antique wood that I
Perceived not where I entered any more,
  When lo! a stream whose little waves went by,
Bending towards the left through grass that grew
Upon its bank, impeded suddenly
  My going on. Water of purest hue
On earth would appear turbid and impure
Compared with this, whose unconcealing dew,

Dark, dark, yet clear, moved under the obscure
Eternal shades, whose interwoven looms
No ray of moon or sunshine will endure.
I moved not with my feet, but mid the glooms
Pierced with my charméd eye, contemplating
The mighty multitude of fresh May-blooms
Which starred that night; when (even as a thing
That suddenly, for blank astonishment,
Charms every sense, and makes all thought take wing)
I saw a solitary woman! and she went
Singing, and gathering flower after flower,
With which her way was painted and besprent.
"Bright lady, who if looks had ever power
To bear true witness of the heart within,
Dost bask under the beams of love, come lower
Towards this bank! I prithee let me win
This much of thee, to come, that I may hear
Thy song. Like Proserpine in Enna's glen
Thou seemest to my fancy; singing here
And gathering flowers, as that fair maiden when
She lost the Spring, and Ceres her more dear."

Then, as fair lady moving in the dance,
Turns with her soles just lifted from the ground,
And scarcely one foot forward doth advance,
She among red and golden flowers turned round
To me, and with no other look she went
Than downcast eyes of maid with meekness crowned.
And now she gave my prayers their full content,
So drawing near me, that her song's sweet tune
Came to me, and I gathered what it meant.
Soon as she came where o'er the bank had grown
Plants with the waves of that fair river wet,
By special boon her eyes on me were thrown.
I do not deem such glorious light was set
Beneath the lids of Venus, when her son
Transfixed her, as he never had done yet.
Erect, she smiled the other bank upon,
Those fair flowers culling with her hands' sweet art,
Which without seed that region high had won.
By just three paces did the stream us part,

But Hellespont, where Xerxes crossed its wave,
Still, even now, a curb for man's proud heart,
  Ne'er from Leander suffered hate more grave,
'Twixt Sestos and Abydos flowing strong,
Than that from me, because no ford it gave.
  "Ye are new come," so she began ere long,
"And maybe seeing I in this place smile,
Chosen as home to which man's race may throng,
  This wondering springs from some distrust awhile;
But the psalm '*Delectasti*' pours its ray
To free thy mind from clouds that thee beguile.
  And thou, who art in front, and me didst pray,
Speak if thou more would'st hear, for I came nigh
Ready for every question, doubt to stay."
  "This stream," I said, "and forest's melody,
Clash in my mind with that my new-born faith
In what I heard of this the contrary."
  Then "I will tell thee how is wrought," she saith,
"By its fit cause what doth thy wonder move,
And clear the cloud that thee embarrasseth.
  The Good Supreme, self-centred in its love,
Made man as good, and gave this place of bliss
As earnest of eternal peace above:
  On this side it descends, with power endued,
Which takes from men the memory of their sin,
On that, recalls to men each deed of good.
  So here it doth the name of Lethe win,
And Eunoe there, and till men both shall taste,
Will not to do its wondrous work begin,
  All other savors are by this surpassed.

. . . .

  Those who of old indulged in poet's theme
Of golden age and its high happiness,
Of this land had, perchance, Parnassian dream.
  Here innocence man's primal root did bless,
Here ever spring and every fruit abound;
The nectar this which they to know profess."
  And then I turned me, face and body round
Upon my Bards,* and saw that with a smile
They of those last words well had heard the sound;
  Then to that lady fair I turned awhile.

* Virgil and Statius.

BEATRICE LEAVES DANTE.

(From the Paradiso, Canto XXXI. Translated by J. W. Thomas.)

WITH what amazement must such scene sublime
 And my great joy thereat have fill'd my mind!
 Certes, my thoughts unbreathed with silence chime.
And as a pilgrim his content will find,
 Looking around the temple of his vow,
 And hopes one day to tell what's there enshrined,
So through the living light that bathed my brow,
 Mine eyes glanced o'er the seats in each degree,
 Now up, now down, and sweeping round them now.
Persuasive looks I saw, to charity,
 Adorn'd with heavenly light and their own smile.
 And gestures full of grace and dignity.
The general plan of Paradise, meanwhile,
 My view already fully comprehended,
 But fix'd on no part yet, so volatile;
And with new longing that my doubts were ended,
 Of certain things I turn'd to ask my guide,
 On which my judgment had remain'd suspended.
Another than the one I sought replied:
 I look'd for Beatrice, but in her stead
 Saw an old man robed like the glorified.
Over his eyes and in his aspect spread
 Kindness and joy, by pious action shown,
 As of a tender father, might be read.
And "Where is she?" I ask, with eager tone.
 Then he: "Thy wishes fully to expound,
 By Beatrice moved, I from my place have flown.
If thou wilt upward look to the third round
 Of the chief grade, her form thou wilt descry
 Upon the throne which her desert has found."
Raising my eyes above, without reply,
 Her, circled with a crown, I saw with wonder,
 Reflecting the eternal beams on high.
From the most lofty sphere whence rolls the thunder,
 A mortal eye were not so distant, sure,
 If in the ocean's lowest depth placed under,
As mine from Beatrice; yet there to view her

It hinder'd not: her image visible
To me descended through that medium pure.
"O Lady, who my hope hast prosper'd well,
And didst for my salvation enterprise
To leave the traces of thy feet in Hell,
By all the ways and all the modes most fit,
Both of thy power and generosity
The virtue and the grace I recognize:
Thou, of a slave, hast set me fully free.
By all the ways and all the modes most fit,
Which for that purpose were employ'd by thee,
Me let not thy munificence e'er quit,
So that my soul, which health from thee did gain,
Pleasing to thee may from the body flit."
Such was my prayer, and she, as it was plain,
Though so far distant, smiled, and look'd on me,
Then to the Eternal Fountain turn'd again.
And that old Saint said then, "To wait on thee
By prayer and holy love enjoin'd am I,
That thou thy way mayst finish perfectly:
Now let thine eyes around this garden fly;
Because the sight thy faculties will raise
To mount where shines the ray Divine on high.
And she, the Queen of Heaven, for whom I blaze
With love entire, will grant us every aid,
For me, her faithful Bernard, still she sways."

CHAPTER V.

PETRARCH.

Petrarch was born nearly forty years after Dante. His father had been exiled at the same time as the earlier poet, and had taken his residence at Avignon, whither the papacy had recently removed. His father intended Petrarch for the legal profession, and was greatly enraged when he discovered that his son was spending more time with the classics than with legal lore. In a passion he tossed his books into the fire—sparing only Virgil and Cicero at Petrarch's earnest entreaty.

Somewhat later Petrarch took orders in the Church. It does not appear that he ever became a full priest, but he advanced sufficiently to receive benefices.

On April 6th, 1327, Petrarch, entering the church of St. Claire, saw Laura kneeling in prayer. In a rather more human way, she seems to have inspired him as Dante had previously been inspired by Beatrice. Laura, it is true, treated Petrarch with coldness, but she supplied the subject for many of his sonnets and for the development of his sentiment. That he loved her is unquestionable, but however fond one becomes of Petrarch's writings, the conviction grows upon him that Petrarch's love of self exceeded any regard he may have experienced for another. Someone has suggested that when Petrarch talked of Laura he was occasionally thinking of *laurel.* Yet unquestionably Petrarch deeply loved Laura and he was continually torn between his passionate regard for her and his ever-reverting thought that such feelings were sinful for one of his vows. As for the subject of his devotion, she was already married and paid not the slightest heed to the sonnets in which Petrarch sang her praises. Her beauty, cruelty and coldness, together with his distress and sufferings, supply the burden of his songs.

In the following sonnet, rendered into English by Macgregor, Petrarch tells of his infatuation when he first saw Laura:

"Sun never rose so beautiful and bright
When skies above most clear and cloudless showed,
Nor, after rain, the bow of heaven e'en glowed
With tints so varied, delicate and light,
As in rare beauty flashed upon my sight,
The day I first took up this am'rous load,
That face whose fellow ne'er on earth abode—
Even my praise to paint it seemed a slight!
Then saw I Love, who did her fine eyes bend
So sweetly, every other face obscure
Has from that hour till now appeared to me.
The boy-god and his bow, I saw them, friend,
From whom life since has never been secure,
Whom still I madly yearn again to see."

Many a poem tells of his anguish by day and night. Note, for example, the following:

"O'er earth and sky her lone watch silence keeps,
And bird and beast in stirless slumber lie,
Her starry chariot Night conducts on high,
And in its bed the waveless ocean sleeps.
I wake, muse, burn, and weep; of all my pain
The one sweet cause appears before me still;
War is my lot, which grief and anger fill,
And thinking but of her some rest I gain.
Thus from one bright and living fountain flows
The bitter and the sweet on which I feed;
One hand alone can harm me or can heal;
And thus my martyrdom no limit knows,
A thousand deaths and lives each day I feel,
So distant are the paths to peace which lead."

In 1348 Laura died and some of the poet's most beautiful sonnets were written after death had removed her. Like Dante, he found a certain relief from suffering, but returning spring long brought a recurrence of his first associations concerning her.

> "The spring returns, with all her smiling train:
> The wanton Zephyrs breathe along the bowers,
> The glistening dewdrops hang on bending flowers,
> And tender green light-shadows o'er the plain;
> And thou, sweet Philomel, renew'st thy strain,
> Breathing thy wild notes to the midnight grove;
> All nature feels the kindling fire of Love,
> The vital force of spring's returning reign.
> But not to me returns the cheerful spring!
> O heart! that know'st no period to thy grief,
> Nor nature's smiles to thee impart relief,
> Nor change of mind the varying seasons bring:
> She, she is gone! All that e'er pleased before,
> Adieu! ye birds, ye flowers, ye fields, that charm no more!"

Petrarch wrote more than three hundred sonnets, ballads and songs, all of which were expressed in the vernacular. For this reason he felt that they would not long survive, while his fame he expected to rest upon his Latin writings. The reverse has proven true. Today only the student reads Petrarch's prose writings, either in Latin or in modern translations, while his poems have wide popularity.

The ancients delighted in life, and were satisfied to trust to nature and her promptings. One of the strong charms the Greeks still hold for us is their utter naturalism, free and unrestrained. The Middle Ages witnessed a complete reaction in this regard. Early Christianity brought in new ideals and for centuries the natural life was largely crushed out. Human passions were regarded as sinful and natural enjoyment as abhorrent. The ancients were distinctly *human* and those who during the Renaissance sought to bring back their spirit and a love for their writings were called *humanists*. Petrarch has often been called the Father of the Humanists, and rightly, for he probably did more than any one other man to revive the classics and to create a veneration for them. He was a master of Latin, but did not know Greek. Some even go so far as to say that this inability of Petrarch to understand Greek writings accounts for the fact that Greek thought and writings have had a slighter hold upon modern thought than Latin. Such a theory can easily be carried too far. Undoubtedly the fact that Latin survived throughout the Middle Ages when Greek was, generally speaking, forgotten in the West, explains the matter much more truly.

Petrarch was very sensitive and vain. He never read Dante, supposedly because he resented a rival, dead or living. His genius won him many friends among the influential and gifted of his age. Kings, Princes and Popes did him honor. Cities vied with each other in offering him distinguishing attention. In exchange for his library—some two hundred volumes, which he spent many years collecting—Venice gave him a palace. Paris and Rome both offered him the poet's laurel. He accepted the invitation of Rome, and on Easter Sunday, 1340, "in the presence of an immense company of people, he was crowned at the capitol, amid the blare of trumpets and the acclamations of the assembled multitudes. This scene may be considered as the climax of Petrarch's victorious career."

Among his prose writings, his letters deserve considerable attention. Petrarch was a profuse letter writer. He wrote to many distinguished men of his age, and when these were exhausted, wrote to dead men of antiquity. Some of the letters to ancient philosophers and sages convey very fair impressions of Petrarch's limitations and abilities. Some were addressed to Cicero, whom he dearly loved.

To Marcus Tullius Cicero.

"Your letters I sought for long and diligently, and finally, where I least expected it, I found them. At once I read them over and over, with the utmost eagerness. And as I read I seemed to hear your bodily voice, O Marcus Tullius, saying many things, uttering many lamentations, ranging through many phases of thought and feeling. I long had known how excellent a guide you have proved for others; at last I was to learn what sort of guidance you gave yourself.

Now it is your turn to be the listener. Hearken, wherever you are, to the words of advice, or rather of sorrow and regret, that fall, not unaccompanied by tears, from the lips of one of your successors, who loves you faithfully and cherishes your name. O spirit ever restless and perturbed! in old age—I am but using your own words—self-involved in calamities and ruin! what good could you think would come from your incessant wrangling, from all this wasteful strife and enmity? Where were the peace and quiet that befitted your years, your profession, your station in life? What Will-o'-the-wisp tempted you away, with a delusive hope of glory; involved you, in your declining years, in the wars of younger men; and after exposing you to every form of misfortune, hurled you down to a death that it was unseemly for a philosopher to die? . . .

These shortcomings fill me with pity and shame. Like Brutus, I feel no confidence in the arts in which you are so proficient. What, pray, does it profit a man to teach others, and to be prating always about virtue, in high-sounding words, if he fails to give heed to his own instructions? Ah! how much better it would have been, how much more fitting for a philosopher, to have grown old peacefully in the country, meditating, as you yourself have somewhere said, upon the life that endures forever, and not upon this poor fragment of life; to have known no fasces, yearned for no triumphs, found no Catilines to fill the soul with ambitious longings! All this, however, is vain. Farewell, forever, my Cicero.

Written in the land of the living; on the right bank of the Adige, in Verona, a city of Transpadane Italy, on the 16th of June, and in the year of that God whom you never knew the 1345th."

Again note the opening lines in his letter to Homer:

To Homer.

"Long before your letter reached me I had formed an intention of writing to you, and I should really have done it if it had not been for the lack of a common language. I am not so fortunate as to have learned Greek, and the Latin tongue, which you once spoke, by the aid of our writers, you seem of late, through the negligence of their successors, to have quite forgotten. From both avenues of communication, consequently, I have been debarred, and so have kept silent. But now there comes a man who restores you to us, single-handed, and makes you a Latin again.

Your Penelope cannot have waited longer nor with more eager expectations for her Ulysses than I did for you. At last, though, my hope was fading gradually away. . . . This friend of ours, however, if he lives, will restore you to us in your entirety. He is now at work, and we are beginning to enjoy not only the treasures of wisdom that are stored away in your divine poems, but also the sweetness and charm of your speech. One fragment has come to my hands already, Grecian precious ointment in Latin vessels. . . . "

For the age in which he lived, Petrarch was quite a traveler. His descriptions of France, Italy and the Low Countries are full of interest for the modern reader.

The "Canzoniere" are composed with an exquisite art. On them Symonds pronounces the verdict: "They cannot become obsolete, for perfect metrical form has been married to language of the choicest and purest." Shelley exclaimed that these lyrics "are as spells which unseal the inmost enchanted fountains of the delight which is the grief of love." Petrarch thus came between the old metaphysical lyrists of Tuscany and the more realistic amorists of succeeding generations. Of his classical labors it is sufficient to record here that he was "the hero, the founder of Humanism, the inaugurator of the Renaissance in Italy."

THE SONNET.

THE sonnet is a notable form of verse, originating in Italy, but transferred into other languages. It was born in the Sicilian school, the earliest being attributed to Piero della Vigne. Its length is fixed at fourteen lines, but considerable variety has been exercised in regard to the arrangement of the rhymes. The inventor's sonnet consisted of two quatrains (*abababab*) and two terzets (*cdecde*). Petrarch improved and polished this new form, making it an octave with two rhymes and a sestet of two or three. This is the normal Italian form, but poets in other languages have taken greater liberty.

Shakespeare's variation is three quatrains of alternate rhymes with a concluding couplet. The sonnet is properly intended to mirror one single wave of cumulative emotion. Chastely beautiful as it was in the hands of its great master Petrarch, it became a plaything with some of his compatriots. Although sonnet-writing has been a favorite exercise with some of the greatest English poets, the form is still regarded as exotic by readers. Great skill in the poetic art is requisite for success in its production.

SONNETS TO LAURA.

ALL ye who list, in wildly warbled strain,
  Those sighs with which my youthful heart was fed,
  Erewhile fond passion's maze I wont to tread,
Erewhile I lived estrang'd to manlier pain;
For all those vain desires, and griefs as vain,
  Those tears, those plaints, by am'rous fancy bred,
  If ye by love's strong power have e'er been led,
Pity, nay, haply pardon, I may gain.
Oft on my check the conscious crimson glows,
  And sad reflection tells—ungrateful thought!—
How jeering crowds have mock'd my love-lorn woes:
But folly's fruits are penitence and shame,
  With this just maxim, I've too dearly bought,
That man's applause is but a transient dream.

Poor, solitary bird, that pour'st thy lay,
  Or haply mournest the sweet season gone,
  As chilly night and winter hurry on,
And daylight fades, and summer flies away!
If, as the cares that swell thy little throat,
  Thou knew'st alike the woes that wound my rest,
  Oh, thou wouldst house thee in this kindred breast,
And mix with mine thy melancholy note!
Yet little know I ours are kindred ills:
  She still may live the object of thy song:
Not so for me stern Death or Heaven wills!
  But the sad season, and less grateful hour,
And of past joy and sorrow thoughts that throng,
  Prompt my full heart this idle lay to pour.

Translated by LADY DACRE.

Alone and pensive, the deserted strand
  I wander o'er with slow and measured pace,
  And shun with eager eye the lightest trace
Of human foot imprinted on the sand.
I find, alas! no other resting-place
  From the keen eye of man; for, in the show
  Of joys gone by, it reads upon my face
The traces of the flame that burns below.
And thus, at length, each leafy mount and plain,
  Each wandering stream and shady forest, know,
What others know not, all my life of pain.
  And e'en as through the wildest tracts I go,
Love whispers in my ear his tender strain,
Which I with trembling lip repeat to him again.

Translated by G. W. GREENE.

Swift current, that from rocky Alpine vein,
  Gathering the tribute to thy waters free,
  Mov'st joyous onward night and day with me,
Where nature leads thee, me love's tyrant chain!
Roll freely on; nor toil nor rest restrain
  Thine arrowy course; but ere thou yieldest in
The tribute of thy waters to the main,
  Seek out heaven's purest sky, earth's deepest green;
There wilt thou find the bright and living beam
  That o'er thy left bank sheds its heavenly rays:
If unto her too slow my footsteps seem,—
  While by her feet thy lingering current strays,
Forming to words the murmurs of its stream,—
  Say that the weary flesh the willing soul delays.

Translated by G. W. GREENE.

In what ideal world or part of heaven
  Did Nature find the model of that face
  And form, so fraught with loveliness and grace,
In which to our creation she has given
Her prime proof of creative power above?
What fountain nymph or goddess ever let
  Such lovely tresses float of gold refined
  Upon the breeze, or in a single mind

Where have so many virtues ever met,
E'en though those charms have slain my bosom's weal?
  He knows not love, who has not seen her eyes
  Turn when she sweetly speaks, or smiles, or sighs,
Or how the power of love can hurt or heal.

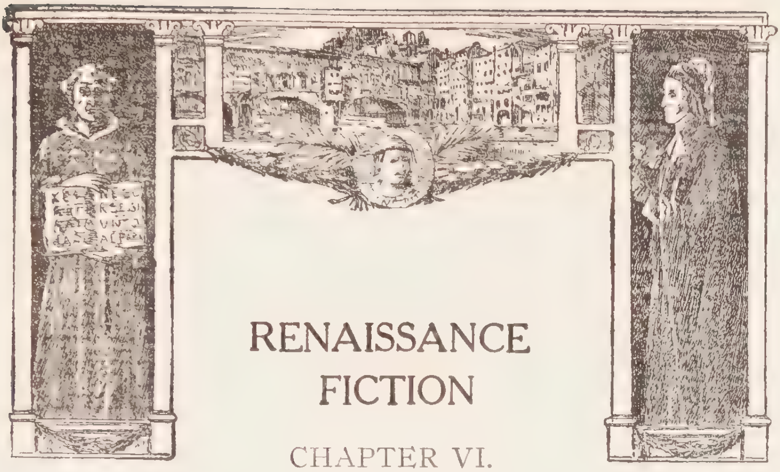
Translated by T. Roscoe.

Creatures there be, of sight so keen and high,
  That even on the sun they bend their gaze;
  Others, who, dazzled by too fierce a blaze,
Issue not forth till evening veils the sky;
Others, who, with insane desire, would try
  The bliss which dwells within the fire's bright rays,
  But, in their sport, find that its fervor slays.
Alas! of this last heedless band am I:
  Since strength I boast not, to support the light
Of that fair form, nor in obscure sojourn
  Am skilled to fence me, nor enshrouding night.
Wherefore, with eyes which ever weep and mourn,
  My fate compels me still to court her sight,
Conscious I follow flames which shine to burn.

Translated by T. Roscoe.

Waved to the winds were those long locks of gold
  Which in a thousand burnished ringlets flowed,
  And the sweet light beyond all measure glowed
Of those fair eyes which I no more behold,
Nor (so it seemed) that face aught harsh or cold
  To me (if true or false, I know not) showed;
  Me, in whose breast the amorous lure abode,
If flames consumed, what marvel to unfold?
That step of hers was of no mortal guise,
  But of angelic nature; and her tongue
Had other utterance than of human sounds.
A living sun, a spirit of the skies,
I saw her. Now, perhaps, not so. But wounds
  Heal not, for that the bow is since unstrung.

Translated by T. Roscoe.



RENAISSANCE FICTION

CHAPTER VI.

Boccaccio.

Dante belonged to the nobility; Petrarch to the middle class and Boccaccio to the lower social order. His mother appears to have been of gentle birth; his father was a merchant. Boccaccio was born near Florence—the city of all three writers—in 1313. His father attempted to associate his son with him in business; failing in this, he set him to studying law. One proved as distasteful as the other, and Boccaccio became interested, through scholars in the city of Naples, in literary pursuits. He became a profuse reader, but never displayed discrimination in the selection of authorities. Unlike Petrarch, he was devoted to Dante, to whose writings he himself was greatly indebted.

It had now become almost the necessary setting for a man of genius to have some fair lady to whom he might pour out the songs of his soul. Perhaps it would be too much to say he sought and found, but in any event, Marie, daughter of Robert, king of Naples, was she upon whom he bestowed his adoration. He called her Fiammetta. Rossetti has translated one of his sonnets to the Lady Marie:

"Love steered my course, while yet the sun rode high,
On Scylla's waters to a myrtle-grove:
The heaven was still and the sea did not move;
Yet now and then a little breeze went by
Stirring the tops of trees against the sky:
And then I heard a song as glad as love,
So sweet that never yet the like thereof
Was heard in any mortal company.
'A nymph, a goddess, or an angel sings
Unto herself, within this chosen place,
Of ancient loves;' so said I at that sound.
And there my lady, 'mid the shadowings
Of myrtle-trees, 'mid flowers and grassy space,
Singing I saw, with others who sat round."

In another sonnet both his love for Fiammetta and for Dante is immortalized.

"Dante, if thou within the sphere of Love,
As I believe, remain'st contemplating
Beautiful Beatrice, whom thou didst sing
Erewhile, and so wast drawn to her above;
Unless from false life true life thee remove
So far that Love's forgotten, let me bring
One prayer before thee: for an easy thing
This were, to thee whom I do ask of it.
I know that where all joy doth most abound
In the Third heaven, my own Fiammetta sees
The grief which I have borne since she is dead.
O pray her (if mine image be not drowned
In Lethe) that her prayers may never cease
Until I reach her and am comforted."

Boccaccio is noted as the first great writer of Italian prose; also, as perhaps the first to herald the birth of the novel. His Decameron—Ten Days—consists of a series of stories related for the entertainment and amusement of a company of young people. The circumstances were—according to the tale—that seven young ladies and three young men, dismayed by the terrible ravages of the Plague then infesting Italy, repair to a country home to pass the hours in songs and happy conversation, and thus dispel the gloom elsewhere so depressing on account of the alarming pestilence. Ten stories are told each day for ten succeeding days. Some are serious, some gay; many are satires on prevailing follies of the times, particularly on the vices and corruption of the monks and clergy. Before a division came in the Church, criticisms against the Church were not forbidden. Only after the Protestant Reformation was there any attempt made to prevent the circulation of this book. Several of the stories are so strongly tinctured with the gross immorality of the age that they are objectionable to modern taste, and it has been necessary to prepare a modern collection of such as are now readable. However, this work of Boccaccio's had a far-reaching effect on modern literature, and several writers borrowed the idea of the story-series as a basis of their writings. Most notable of these was Chaucer, whose *Canterbury Tales* were suggested by the *Decameron.* In American literature, Longfellow's *Tales of the Wayside Inn* might be similarly cited.

THE NOVELLE.

The novelle grew into great popularity in Italy. It will be remembered that Latin still remained the language of serious literature. During the Middle Ages, stories in the vernacular had been in favor everywhere, but poets and earnest writers confined themselves to the language of the Church. Dante gave the vernacular dignity in Italy by using it as the medium of his great poem; Chaucer similarly in England helped materially to crystallize the tongue of his countrymen; Petrarch used both Latin and Italian, and while he expected to be remembered by his Latin productions, the reverse has proved the case. It would be expected that tales related simply for diversion would be clothed in the language understood by all. The lords and ladies of Italy found diversion in gathering in some shady garden, appointing a captain or a queen to give them a theme, and vieing with one another in relating stories appropriate to it.

The publication of *Cento Novelle Antiche,* or One Hundred Ancient Stories, gave permanent form to many of the popular tales of the time. These had been widely gleaned from Greece, the Orient, France, and various legends of the Middle Ages. They were in the main short narratives, the interest centering in striking situations, or pithy anecdotes. Judged by present day standards, these are often immoral—an earlier age permitting the frank discussion of topics which have gradually been debarred from social intercourse.

Boccaccio was destined to immortalize the popular stories known to his generation. His father expected him to become a merchant, but his love for letters caused him, when a young man, to renounce commercial enterprise and devote himself to literary pursuits. His Decameron has had a far reaching effect upon the subsequent literature. Although appropriating tales available on every hand, Boccaccio gave them such a pleasing setting and finish that they are inseparably associated with him.

In 1348 the plague raged in Florence; the Decameron relates that seven ladies and three lords decide to withdraw to a country villa, to escape the danger and depression of the city. Here they pass the time in feasting and jollity, regaling one another with clever stories. These make up the collection of one hundred thus preserved. Present day opinion would consign twenty-eight of them to oblivion, or at least suppress them; the rest furnish a gratifying picture of Italy of those years—unique in vital interest, alert powers and unlimited ambitions. Symonds, in discussing the novelle, comments upon the wide range of its subjects:

"In their material the *novelle* embraced the whole of Italian society, furnishing pictures of its life and manners from the palaces of princes to the cottages of *contadini*. Every class is represented—the man of books, the soldier, the parish priest, the cardinal, the counter-jumper, the confessor, the peasant, the duke, the merchant, the noble lady, the village maiden, the serving man, the artisan, the actor, the beggar, the courtesan, the cutthroat, the astrologer, the lawyer, the physician, the midwife, the thief, the preacher, the nun, the pander, the fop, the witch, the saint, the galley-slave, the friar—they move before us in a motley multitude like the masquerade figures of carnival time, jostling one another in a whirl of merriment and passion, mixing together in the frank democracy of vice. . . . The student of contemporary Italian customs will glean abundant information from these pages; the student of human nature gathers little except reflections on the morals of sixteenth century society."

THE HUNDRED ANCIENT TALES.

These tales, the earliest prose fictions in Italian, are found in a work entitled "Il Novellino." The exact period of their production and the names of their respective authors are unknown; but many of them are referred by Italian critics to the middle of the thirteenth century, while others belong to the age of Dante.

THE LEARNED GREEK.

In a certain part of Greece there lived a king of great sway, of the name of Philip. This king, for some alleged crime or other, had imprisoned a Greek, a man of great learning, whose wisdom mounted to the skies. It happened one day that this monarch received from the King of Spain a present of a noble horse, of great size, and of a beautiful form. The king sent for his farrier to learn his opinion of the horse, but he was told that he had better apply to the learned Greek, who was reputed a man of universal knowledge. He therefore ordered the horse to be led into the field, and then commanded the Greek to be brought from his prison, and addressing him said: "Master, let me have your opinion of this horse, for I have heard a great report of your wisdom." The Greek inspected the horse, and replied: "Sire, this horse is indeed a beautiful courser, but in my opinion he has been nurtured on asses' milk." The king sent to Spain to inquire how the horse had been brought up, and found that the dam had died, and that the foal, as the Greek had asserted, had been reared on asses' milk. This circumstance astonished the king not a little, and, as a reward, he ordered half a loaf of bread a day to be given to the Greek at the expense of the court.

It fell out on another occasion, that as the king was inspecting his jewels he sent again for the Greek, and said to him: "Master mine, your knowledge is great, and it seems that you know all things. Tell me, I pray you, whether or not you understand the virtue of these stones, and which of them seems to you the most valuable." The Greek replied: "Sire, which of them do you yourself consider as the most precious one?" The king then took up one of the most beautiful amongst them and said: "This one, master, seems to me the most beautiful, and one of the highest value." The Greek examined it, and straining it closely in the palm of his hand, and placing it to his ear, said: "This stone, sire, appears to me to have a living worm in it." The king sent for his lapidary, and ordered him to break the stone, and to their surprise the animal was found within. The king now looked upon the Greek as a man of surprising wisdom, and ordered a whole loaf of bread to be given him daily at the expense of the court.

It happened not many days after this, that the king, entertaining some suspicions of his own legitimacy, again sent for the Greek, and taking him into his closet, said: "Master, I hold you for a man of great penetration, which indeed has been manifested in your answers to the questions I have proposed to you. I wish you now to inform me whose son I am." The Greek then replied: "Sire, how strange a request! You well know that you are the son of your honored predecessor." But the king, dissatisfied, said: "Do not evade my question, but tell me the truth implicitly: for if you hesitate, you shall instantly die the death of a traitor." "Then, sire," answered the Greek, "I must inform you that you are the son of a baker." Upon this, the king, being anxious to know the real truth, sent for the queen-mother, and by threats compelled her to confess that the words of the Greek were true.

The king then shut himself up in his chamber with the Greek, and said: "Master mine, I have received singular proofs of your wisdom, and I now entreat you to tell me how you have obtained a knowledge of these things." Then the Greek replied: "Sire, I will inform you. With respect to the horse, I knew that he had been nourished with asses' milk from his hanging his ears, which is not natural to a horse. And that there was a live worm in the stone I knew from the fact that stones are naturally cold, but this one I found to be warm, and it was therefore evident that the heat could only proceed from a living animal within." "And how," said the king, "did you discover that I was the son of a baker?" The Greek then replied: "Because when I told you of the wonderful circumstance of the horse, you ordered me a gift of half a loaf a day, and when I told you of the stone with the living worm in it, you ordered me a whole loaf. I then felt assured whose son you were; for if you had really been a king's son, you would have presented me with a city, as my merits deserved; whereas your origin then betrayed itself, and your natural disposition was satisfied in giving me a loaf, as your father the baker would have done." The king was then sensible of his own meanness, and immediately liberated the Greek from prison, and loaded him with gifts of value.

THE GOOD KING MELIADUS.

THE good King Meliadus and the Knight without Fear were mortal enemies to each other in the field. The cavalier, being upon one of his secret undertakings, happened to meet with some of his own squires, who, unable to recognize him, though they had the utmost regard for their master, thus accosted him: "Now, Sir Knight, tell us, on the faith of your chivalry, whether is the Knight without Fear or the good King Meliadus the better sword?" "Why, squires," replied the cavalier, "so may Heaven grant me fair adventure, the good king, I think, is the best knight that ever pressed a steed."

His squires, who bore the King Meliadus no good-will, out of the love they felt for their own lord, expressing at all times their abhorrence of the king, now fell unawares upon their master, and traitorously making him their prisoner, placed him, armed as he was, across the back of a poor palfrey, saying to each other that they would take him and have him hanged.

As they went along their way, however, they fell in with the King Meliadus, who was also proceeding in the disguise of a wandering knight to a certain tournament, in full equipment for the joust. As he passed, he thus addressed the squires: "And why do you wish to hang this cavalier, gentlemen? Who is he, that you should use him thus vilely?" To this they replied: "Because he has well deserved to die, and if you knew why as well as we, you would execute him at once. Convict him of his own fault out of his own mouth, if you please!" The king then approached the captive knight, saying: "What have you been guilty of, that these fellows should treat you thus ignominiously?" "I have done nothing," replied the cavalier, "nothing but telling them the simple truth." "How?" exclaimed the king, "that is hardly possible! Let me hear what you have really done:" "Most willingly, sir," replied the captive. "I was proceeding on my way, in the guise of a simple knight-errant, when I met with these squires, who inquired of me, on the faith of chivalry, whether the good King Meliadus or the Cavalier without Fear were the better knight. Always desirous that the truth should prevail, I declared that the King Meliadus was the best; in which I meant to speak the truth, although the same king is one of the bitterest enemies I have in the field. I bear him the deepest hatred and defiance, and yet I spoke the truth. This is the whole of my offence, and for this I am punished as you see." The King Meliadus directly fell upon the squires, and quickly dispersing them, unbound the captive cavalier, mounting him upon a rich charger, and presenting him with his coat of arms, which were, however, concealed, entreating him not to look upon them until he had reached his destination. They then each went their several ways, as well as the squires. The cavalier, when he dismounted at his quarters, raised the covering of his saddle and found the arms of King Meliadus, who had thus rescued him from his own squires, although his mortal enemy.

THE PLAGUE OF FLORENCE.

(This part of the Introduction is translated by **John Payne** in archaic style.)

[In the year 1348] into the notable city of Florence, fair over every other of Italy, there came the death-dealing pestilence, which, through the operation of the heavenly bodies or of our own iniquitous dealings, being sent down upon mankind for our correction by the just wrath of God, had some years before appeared in the parts of the East, and after having bereft these latter of an innumerable number of inhabitants, extending without cease from one place to another, had now unhappily spread towards the West. And there against no wisdom availing nor human foresight (whereby the city was purged of many impurities by officers deputed to that end, and it was forbidden unto any sick person to enter therein, and many were the counsels given for the preservation of health), nor yet humble supplications, not once, but many times, both in ordered processions and on other wise, made unto God by devout persons,—about the coming in of the Spring of the aforesaid year, it began on horrible and miraculous wise to show forth its dolorous effects. Yet not as it had done in the East, where, if any bled at the nose, it was a manifest sign of inevitable death; nay, but in men and women alike there appeared, at the beginning of the malady, certain swellings, either on the groin or under the armpits, whereof some waxed of the bigness of a common apple, others like unto an egg, some more and some less, and these the vulgar named plague-boils. From these two parts the aforesaid death-bearing plague-boils proceeded, in brief space, to appear and come indifferently in every part of the body; wherefrom, after awhile, the fashion of the contagion began to change into black or livid blotches, which showed themselves in many, first on the arms and about the thighs and after spread to every other part of the person, in some large and sparse, and in others small and thick-sown, and like as the plague-boils had been first (and yet were) a very certain token of coming death, even so were these for every one to whom they came.

To the cure of these maladies nor counsel of physician nor virtue of any medicine appeared to avail or profit aught; on the contrary,—whether it was that the nature of the infection suffered it not or that the ignorance of the physicians (of whom, over and above the men of art, the number, both men and women, who had never had any teaching of medicine, was become exceeding great), availed not to know whence it arose and consequently took not due measures thereagainst,—not only did few recover thereof, but well nigh all died within the third day from the appearance of the aforesaid signs, this sooner and that later, and for the most part without fever or other accident. And this pestilence was the more virulent for that, by communication with those who were sick thereof, it gat hold upon the sound, no otherwise than fire upon things dry or greasy, whereas they are brought very near thereunto. Nay, the mischief was yet greater; for that not only did converse and consortion with the sick give to the sound infection or cause of common death, but the mere touching of the clothes, or of whatsoever other thing had been touched or used of the sick appeared of itself to communicate the malady to the toucher. A marvelous thing to hear is that which I have to tell, and one which, had it not been seen of many men's eyes and of mine own, I had scarce dared credit, much less set down in writing, though I had heard it from one worthy of belief. I say, then, that of such efficience was the nature of the pestilence in question in communicating itself from one to another, that, not only did it pass from man to man, but this, which is much more, it many times visibly did;—to wit, a thing which had pertained to a man sick or dead of the aforesaid sickness, being touched by an animal foreign to the human species, not only infected this latter with the plague, but in a very brief space of time killed it. Of this mine own eyes (as hath a little before been said) had one day, among others, experience on this wise; to wit, that the rags of a poor man, who had died of the plague, being cast out into the public way, two hogs came up to them and having first, after their wont, rooted amain among them with their snouts, took them in their mouths and tossed them about their jaws; then, in a little while, after turning round and round, they both, as if they had taken poison, fell down dead upon the rags with which they had in an ill hour intermeddled.

From these things and many others like unto them or yet stranger divers fears and conceits were begotten in those who abode alive, which well nigh all tended to a very barbarous conclusion, namely, to shun and flee from the sick and all that pertained to them, and thus doing, each thought to secure immunity for himself. Some there were who conceived that to live moderately and keep oneself from all excess was the best defence against such a danger; wherefore, making up their company, they lived removed from every other and shut themselves up in those houses where none had been sick and where living was best, and there, using very temperately of the most delicate viands and the finest wines and eschewing all incontinence, they abode with music and such other diversions as they might have, never suffering themselves to speak with any, not choosing to hear any news from without of death or sick folk. Others, inclining to the contrary opinion, maintained that to carouse and make merry and go about singing and frolicking, and satisfy the appetite in everything possible and laugh and scoff at whatsoever befell, was a very certain remedy for such an ill. That which they said they put in practice as best they might, going about day and night, now to this tavern, now to that, drinking without stint or measure, and on this wise they did yet more freely in other folk's houses, so but they scented there aught that liked or tempted them, as they might lightly do, for that every one—as he were to live no longer—had abandoned all care of his possessions, as of himself, wherefore the most part of the houses were become common good, and strangers used them, when as they happened upon them, like as the very owner might have done, and with all this bestial preoccupation, they still shunned the sick to the best of their power.

In this sore affliction and misery of our city, the reverend authority of the laws, both human and divine, was all in a manner dissolved and fallen into decay, for lack of the ministers and executors thereof, who, like other men, were all either dead or sick, or else left so destitute of followers that they were unable to exercise any office, wherefore every one had license to do whatsoever pleased him. Many others held a middle course between the two aforesaid, not straitening themselves so exactly in the matter of diet as the first, neither allowing themselves such license in drinking and other debauchery as the second, but using things in sufficiency, according to their appetites; nor did they seclude themselves, but went about, carrying in their hands, some flowers, some odoriferous herbs, and other some divers kinds of spiceries, which they set often to their noses, accounting it an excellent thing to fortify the brain with such odors, more by token that the air seemed all heavy and attainted with the stench of the dead bodies, and that of the sick and of the remedies used.

Some were of a more barbarous, though, peradventure a surer way of thinking, avouching that there was no remedy against pestilences better than—no, nor any so good as—to flee before them; wherefore, moved by this reasoning and recking of nought but themselves, very many, both men and women, abandoned their own city, their own houses and homes, their kinsfolk and possessions, and sought the country seats of others, or, at the least, their own, as if the wrath of God, being moved to punish the iniquity of mankind, would not proceed to do so wheresoever they might be, but would content itself with afflicting those only who were found within the walls of their city, or as if they were persuaded that no person was to remain therein and that its last hour was come. And albeit these, who opined thus variously, died not all, yet neither did they all escape; nay, many of each way of thinking and in every place sickened of the plague and languished on all sides, well nigh abandoned, having themselves, what while they were whole, set the example to those who abode in health.

DECAMERON TALES.

MELCHIZEDEK THE JEW.

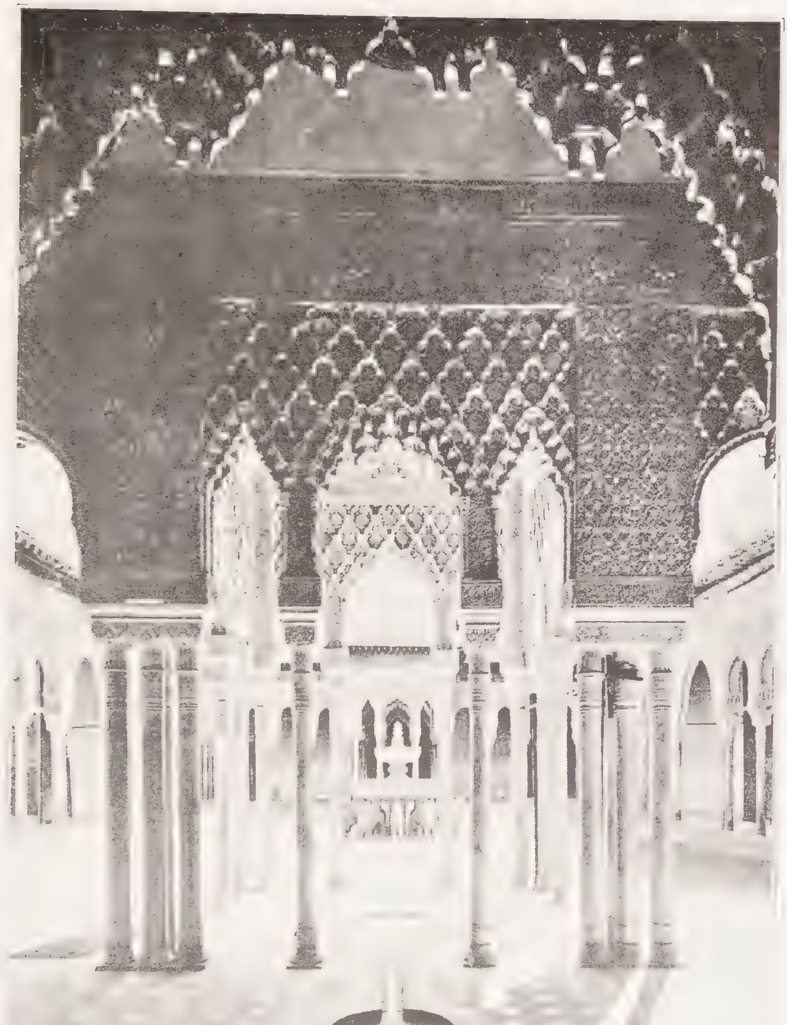
YOU must know, lovesome companions mine, that, like as folly ofttimes draweth folk forth of happy estate and casteth them into the utmost misery, even so doth good sense extricate the wise man from the greatest perils and place him in assurance and tranquillity. How true it is that folly bringeth many an one from fair estate unto misery is seen by a multitude of examples, with the recounting whereof we have no present concern, considering that a thousand instances thereof do every day manifestly appear to us; but that good sense is a cause of solacement I will, as I promised, briefly show you, by a little story.

Saladin—whose valor was such that not only from a man of little account it made him Soldan of Babylon, but gained him many victories over kings, Saracen and Christian—having in divers wars, and in the exercise of his extraordinary munificences, expended his whole treasure, and having an urgent occasion for a good sum of money, not seeing whence he might avail to have it as promptly as it behooved him, called to mind a rich Jew, by name Melchizedek, who lent at usance in Alexandria, and bethought himself that this latter had the wherewithal to oblige him, an he would; but he was so miserly that he would never have done it of his free will, and Saladin was loth to use force with him; wherefore, need constraining him, he set his every wit at work to find a means how the Jew might be brought to serve him in this, and presently concluded to do him a violence, colored by some show of reason.

Accordingly he sent for Melchizedek, and receiving him familiarly, seated him by himself, then said to him: "Honest man, I have understood from divers persons that thou art a very learned man, and deeply versed in matters of divinity; wherefore I would fain know of thee whether of the three Laws thou reputest the true—the Jewish, the Saracen, or the Christian?" The Jew, who was, in truth, a man of learning and understanding, perceiving but too well that Saladin looked to entrap him in words, so he might fasten a quarrel on him, bethought himself that he could not praise any of the three more than the others, without giving him the occasion he sought. Accordingly, sharpening his wits, as became one who felt himself in need of an answer by which he might not be taken at a vantage, there speedily occurred to him that which it behoved him reply, and he said:

"My lord, the question that you propound to me is a nice one, and to acquaint you with that which I think of the matter, it behoveth me to tell you a little story, which you shall hear. An I mistake not, I mind me to have many a time heard tell that there was once a great man and a rich, who, among other very precious jewels in his treasury, had a very goodly and costly ring, whereunto being minded, for its worth and beauty, to do honor, and wishing to leave it in perpetuity to his descendants, he declared that whichsoever of his sons should, at his death, be found in possession thereof, by his bequest unto him, should be recognized as his heir, and be held of all the others in honor and reverence as chief and head. He to whom the ring was left by him held a like course with his own descendants, and did even as his father had done. In brief, the ring passed from hand to hand, through many generations, and came at last into the possession of a man who had three goodly and virtuous sons, all very obedient to their father—wherefore he loved them all three alike. The young men, knowing the usance of the ring, each for himself desiring to be the most honored among his folk, as best he might, besought his father, who was now an old man, to leave him the ring, whenas he came to die. The worthy man, who loved them all alike, and knew not himself how to choose to which he had liefer leave the ring, bethought himself, having promised it to each, to seek to satisfy all three, and privily let make by a good craftsman other two rings, which were so like unto the first that he himself scarce knew which was the true. When he came to die, he secretly gave each one of his sons his ring, wherefore each of them, seeking, after their father's death to occupy the inheritance and the honor and denying it to the others, producing his ring in witness of his right, and the three rings being found so like unto one another that the true might not be known, the question which was the father's very heir abode pending and yet pendeth. And so say I to you, my lord; of the three Laws to the three peoples given of God the Father, whereof you question me, each people deemeth itself to have His inheritance, His true Law and His commandments; but of which in very deed hath them, even as of the rings, the question yet pendeth."

Saladin perceived that the Jew had excellently well contrived to escape the snare which he had spread before his feet; wherefore he concluded to discover to him his need, and see if he were willing to serve him; and so, accordingly, he did, confessing to him that which he had in mind to do, had he not answered him on such discreet wise. The Jew freely furnished him with all that he required, and the Soldan after satisfied him in full; moreover, he gave him very great gifts, and still had him to friend, and maintained him about his own person in high and honorable estate.



Lion Court.—Alhambra.

THE SCORNFUL LADY.

IN Ravenna, an ancient city of Romagna, dwelt formerly many persons of quality. Among the rest was a young gentleman, named Anastasio degli Onesti, who, by the deaths of his father and uncle, was left immensely rich, and, being a bachelor, fell in love with one of the daughters of Signor Paolo Traversaro (of a family much superior to his own), and was in hopes, by his assiduous courtship, to gain her affection. But though his endeavors were generous, noble and praiseworthy, so far were they from succeeding that, on the contrary, they rather turned out to his disadvantage; and so cruel and even savage was the beloved fair one, whom either her singular beauty or noble descent made thus haughty and scornful, that neither he, nor anything he did, could ever please her. This so afflicted Anastasio that he was going to lay violent hands upon himself; but thinking better of it, he frequently had a mind to leave her entirely, or else to hate her, if he could, as much as she had hated him. But this proved a vain design, for he constantly found that the less his hope, the greater always was his love.

The young man persevered then in his love and his extravagant way of life, till his friends all agreed that he was destroying his constitution, as well as wasting his substance. They therefore advised and entreated him to leave the place, and go and live somewhere else; for by that means he might lessen both his love and expense. For some time he made light of this advice, till being very much importuned, and not knowing how to refuse them, he promised to do so. Then making extraordinary preparations, as if he were going a long journey, either into France or Spain, he mounted his horse and left Ravenna, attended by many of his friends, and went to a place about three miles off, called Chiassi, where he ordered tents and pavilions to be brought, telling those who had accompanied him, that he meant to stay there, but that they might return to Ravenna. There he lived in the most splendid manner, inviting sometimes this company, and sometimes that, both to dine and sup, as he had used to do before.

Now it happened in the beginning of May, the season being extremely pleasant, that, thinking of his cruel mistress, he ordered all his attendants to retire and leave him to his own thoughts. Then he walked along, step by step, lost in reflection, until he came to a forest of pines. It being then the fifth hour of the day, he advanced more than half a mile into the grove, without thinking either of his dinner or anything else but his love. On a sudden he seemed to hear a most grievous lamentation, with the loud shrieks of a woman. This put an end to his meditation, when, looking round him to know what the matter was, he saw come out of a thicket full of briars and thorns, and run towards the place where he was, a most beautiful lady, quite naked, with her flesh all scratched and rent by the bushes, crying terribly and begging for mercy. In close pursuit came two fierce mastiffs, biting and tearing her wherever they could lay hold, and behind, upon a black steed, rode a gloomy knight, with a dagger in his hand, loading her with the bitterest imprecations. The sight struck him at once with wonder and consternation, as well as pity for the lady, whom he was desirous to rescue from such trouble and danger, if possible. Finding himself without arms, he tore off a branch of a tree, and went forward with it to oppose both the dogs and the knight. But the knight observing this, called out afar off, "Anastasio, do not concern yourself, but leave the dogs and me to do by this wicked woman as she has deserved." At these words the dogs seized her, and he, coming up to them, dismounted from his horse. Anastasio then stepped up to him, and said, "I know not who you are, that are thus acquainted with me; but I must tell you that it is a most villainous action for a man, armed as you are, to pursue a naked woman, and to set dogs upon her also, as if she were a wild beast. Be assured that I shall defend her to the utmost of my power."

The knight replied, "I was once your countryman, when you were but a child, and was called Guido degli Anastagi, at which time I was more enamored with this woman than ever you were with Traversaro's daughter. But she treated me so cruelly and with so much insolence that I killed myself with this dagger which you now see in my hand, for which I am doomed to eternal punishment. Soon afterwards she, who moreover was rejoiced at my death, died likewise, and for her cruelty as also for the joy which she expressed in my misery, she is condemned as well as myself. Our sentences are for her to flee before me, and for me, who loved her so well, to pursue her as a mortal enemy; and when I overtake her, with this dagger, with which I murdered myself, do I murder her; then I rip her open to the spine, and take out that hard and cold heart, which neither love nor pity could penetrate, with all her entrails, and throw them to the dogs.

In a little time (so wills the justice and power of Heaven) she rises, as though she had never been dead, and renews her miserable flight, whilst we pursue her over again. Every Friday in the year about this time do I sacrifice her here, as you see, and on other days in other places, wherever she has thought or done anything against me. And thus, being from a lover become her mortal enemy, I am to follow her for years as many as the months she was cruel to me. Let then Divine justice take its course, nor offer to oppose what you are no way able to withstand."

Anastasio drew back at these words, terrified to death, and waited to see what the other was going to do. The knight, having made an end of speaking, ran at her with the utmost fury, as she was seized by the dogs, and pulled down on her knees begging for mercy. Then with his dagger he pierced through her breast and tore out her heart and her entrails, which the dogs immediately devoured, as if half famished. In a little time she arose again, as if nothing had happened, and fled towards the sea, the dogs biting and tearing her all the way. The knight also, being remounted, and taking his dagger, pursued her as before, till they soon passed from sight.

Upon seeing these things Anastasio stood divided betwixt fear and pity, and at length it came into his mind that, as it happened always on a Friday, it might be of particular use. Returning then to his servants, he sent for some of his friends and relations, and said to them, "You have often importuned me to leave off loving this my enemy, and to contract my expenses. I am now ready to do so, provided you grant me one favor, which is this, that next Friday you engage Paolo Traversaro, his wife and daughter, with all their women friends and relations, to come and dine with me. The reason of my requiring this you will see at that time." This seemed to them but a small matter, and returning to Ravenna, they invited those whom he had desired, and though they found it difficult to prevail upon the young lady, yet the others carried her at last along with them.

Anastasio had provided a magnificent entertainment under the pines where the spectacle had lately been. Having seated all his company, he contrived that the lady should sit directly opposite to the scene of action. The last course was no sooner served up than the lady's shrieks began to be heard. This surprised them all, so that they began to inquire what it was, and as nobody could inform them, they all rose. Immediately they saw the lady, the dogs, and the knight, who were soon among them. Great was consequently the clamor both against the dogs and the knight, and many of them went to the lady's assistance. But the knight made the same harangue to them that he had done to Anastasio, which terrified and filled them with wonder. Then he acted the same part over again, while the ladies (there were many of them present who were related to both the knight and the lady, and who remembered his love and unhappy death) all lamented as much as if it had happened to themselves.

This tragical affair being ended, and the lady and knight both gone away, they held various discourse about it. But none seemed so much affected as Anastasio's mistress, who had heard and seen everything distinctly, and was sensible that it concerned her more than any other person, calling to mind her invariable cruelty towards him; so that already she seemed to flee before his wrathful spirit, with the mastiff at her heels. Such was her terror at this thought that, turning her hatred into love, she sent that very evening a trusty damsel privately to him, to entreat him in her name to come and see her, for she was ready to fulfill his desires. Anastasio replied that nothing could be more agreeable to him, but that he desired no favor from her but what was consistent with her honor. The lady, who was sensible that it had always been her own fault that they were not married, answered that she was willing; and going herself to her father and mother, she acquainted them with her intention. This gave them the utmost satisfaction, and the next Sunday the marriage was solemnized with all possible demonstrations of joy. And that spectacle was not attended with this good alone; but all the women of Ravenna were ever after so terrified with it that they were more ready to listen to and oblige the men than ever they had been before.

[The foregoing tale has been excellently paraphrased and versified by Dryden in his "Theodore and Honoria." Byron recalls both versions in the following stanzas.

"Sweet hour of twilight!—In the solitude
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flowed o'er,
To where the last Cæsarean fortress stood;
Ever green forest! which Boccaccio's lore
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!

"The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,
Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,

Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,
  And vesper bells, that stole the boughs among.
The spectre huntsman of Onesti s line,
  His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair throng
Which learn'd from this example not to fly
From a true lover, shadowed my mind's eye."]

HOW CIACCO PAID FOR HIS DINNER.

THERE dwelt some time in Florence one that was generally called by the name of Ciacco, a man being the greatest gourmand and grossest feeder that ever was seen in any country, all his means and procurements being unable to maintain expenses for filling his stomach. But otherwise he was of sufficient and commendable carriage, fairly demeaned, and well discoursing on any argument, yet not as a curious and spruce courtier, but rather a frequenter of rich men's tables, where choice of good cheer is seldom wanting, and such should have his company, albeit not invited, he had the courage to bid himself welcome.

At the same time, and in our city of Florence also, there was another man named Biondello, very low of stature, yet comely-formed, quick-witted, more neat and brisk than a butterfly, always wearing a wrought-silk cap on his head, and not a hair standing out of order, but the tuft flourishing above the forehead, and he such another trencher-fly for the table as our forenamed Ciacco was. It so fell out on a morning in the Lent time that he went into the fish-market, where he bought two goodly lampreys for Messer Vieri de Cierchi, and was espied by Ciacco, who, coming to Biondello, said, "What is the meaning of this cost, and for whom is it?" Whereto Biondello thus answered, "Yester-night three other lampreys, far fairer than these, and a whole sturgeon were sent unto Messer Corso Donati, and being not sufficient to feed divers gentlemen whom he hath invited this day to dine with him, he caused me to buy these two beside; dost not thou intend to make one of them?" "Yes, I warrant thee," replied Ciacco, "thou knowest I can invite myself thither without any other bidding."

So parting, about the hour of dinner-time Ciacco went to the house of Messer Corso, whom he found sitting and talking with certain of his neighbors, but dinner was not as yet ready, neither were they come thither to dinner. Messer Corso demanded of Ciacco what news with him, and whither he went. "Why, sir," said Ciacco, "I come to dine with you and your good company."

Whereto Messer Corso answered that he was welcome; and his other friends being gone, dinner was served in, none else thereat present but Messer Corso and Ciacco, all the diet being a poor dish of peas, a little piece of tunny, and a few small fishes fried, without any other dishes to follow after. Ciacco, seeing no better fare, but being disappointed of his expectation, as longing to feed on the lampreys and sturgeon, and so to have made a full dinner indeed, was of a quick apprehension, and apparently perceived that Biondello had merely gulled him in a knavery, which did not a little vex him, and made him vow to be revenged on Biondello, as he could compass occasion afterward.

Before many days were past it was his fortune to meet with Biondello, who having told his jest to divers of his friends, and made much good merriment thereat, saluted Ciacco in a kind manner, saying, "How didst thou like the fat lampreys and sturgeon which thou feddest on at the house of Messer Corso?" "Well, sir," answered Ciacco, "perhaps before eight days pass over my head thou shalt meet with as pleasing a dinner as I did." So, parting away from Biondello, he met with a porter, such as are usually sent on errands, and hiring him to do a message for him, gave him a glass bottle, and bringing him near to the hall-house of Cavicciuli, showed him there a knight called Signior Filippo Argenti, a man of huge stature, very choleric, and sooner moved to anger than any other man. "To him thou must go with this bottle in thy hand, and say thus to him, 'Sir, Biondello sent me to you, and courteously entreateth you that you would erubinate this glass bottle with your best claret wine, because he would make merry with a few friends of his.' But beware he lay no hand on thee, because he may be easily induced to misuse thee, and so my business be disappointed." "Well, sir," said the porter, "shall I say anything else unto him?" "No," quoth Ciacco, "only go and deliver this message, and when thou art returned I'll pay thee for thy pains." The porter, being gone to the house, delivered his message to the knight, who being a man of no great civil breeding, but very furious, presently conceived that Biondello, whom he knew well enough, sent this messsge in mere mockage of him, and starting up with fierce looks, said, "What erubination of claret should I send him? and what have I to do with him or his drunken friends? Let him and thee go hang yourselves together." So he stepped to catch hold on the porter, but he, being nimble and escaping from him, returned to Ciacco, and told him the answer of Filippo. Ciacco, not a little contented, paid the porter, tarried in no place till he met with Biondello, to whom he said, "When wast thou at the hall of Cavicciuli?" "Not a long while," answered Biondello; "but why dost thou ask such a question?" "Because," quoth Ciacco, "Messer Filippo hath sought about for thee, yet know not I what he would have with thee." "Is it so?" replied Biondello, "then I will walk thither presently to understand his pleasure."

When Biondello was thus parted from him, Ciacco followed not far off behind him, to behold the issue of this angry business; and Messer Filippo, because he could not catch the porter, continued much distempered, fretting and fuming because he could not comprehend the meaning of the porter's message, but only surmised that Biondello, by the procurement of somebody else, had done this in scorn of him. While he remained thus deeply discontented he espied Biondello coming towards him, and meeting him by the way he stepped close to him and gave him a cruel blow on the face, causing his nose to fall a-bleeding. "Alas, sir!" said Biondello, "wherefore do you strike me?" Messer Filippo, catching him by the hair of the head, trampled his cap in the dirt and his cloak also, when, laying many violent blows on him, he said, "Villainous traitor, as thou art, I'll teach thee what it is to erubinate with claret either thyself or any of thy cupping companions. Am I a child to be jested withal?"

Nor was he more furious in words than in strokes also, beating him about the face, hardly leaving any hair on his head, and dragging him along in the mire, spoiling all his garments, and he not able, from the first blow given, to speak a word in defence of himself. In the end Messer Filippo having extremely beaten him, and many people gathering about them, to succor a man so much misused, the matter was at large related, and manner of the message sending; for which they did all greatly reprehend Biondello, considering he knew what kind of a man Filippo was, one not any way to be jested withal. Biondello in tears maintained that he never sent any such message for wine, or intended it in the least degree; so when the tempest was more mildly calmed, and Biondello, thus cruelly beaten and dirtied, had gotten home to his own house, he could then remember that, questionless, this was occasioned by Ciacco.

After some few days were passed over, and the hurts in his face indifferently cured, Biondello beginning to walk abroad again, chanced to meet with Ciacco, who laughing heartily at him, said, "Tell me, Biondello, how dost thou like the erubinating claret of

Messer Filippo?" "As well," quoth Biondello, "as thou didst the sturgeon and lampreys at Messer Corso Donati's." "Why, then," said Ciacco, "let these tokens continue familiar between thee and me, when thou wouldest bestow such another dinner on me, then will I erubinate thy nose with a bottle of the same claret." But Biondello perceived to his cost that he had met with the worser bargain, and Ciacco got cheer without any blows, and therefore desired a peaceful atonement, each of them always after abstaining from flouting the other.

Federigo and the Falcon.

There once lived in Florence a youth called Federigo, son of Messer Philippo Alberighi, who for feats of arms and accomplishments was held in higher esteem than any cavalier of his age in Tuscany. This young man became deeply enamored of a lady called Monna Giovanna, reputed in her time one of the most beautiful and agreeable women in Florence; and in order to win her affections he gave a succession of tournaments, feasts, and banquets, and spared no expense in his entertainments. But this lady, not less discreet than beautiful, paid no regard to all that was done in her honor, nor condescended to notice the author of them. Federigo, thus spending all his property, and acquiring none in return, was soon stripped of his wealth, and became suddenly impoverished, having nothing now remaining but a small farm, on the produce of which he found a bare subsistence; yet he still retained a favorite falcon, which for her rare qualities was nowhere to be matched. Being thus unable to live any longer in the city in the style he was accustomed to, and being more than ever enamored of the lady, he departed to his little estate in the country, and there, without inviting any one to his house, he amused himself with his falcon, and endured his poverty with tranquil patience. It happened that when Federigo was reduced to this extremity, the husband of Monna Giovanna fell sick, and feeling the approach of death, made his will, leaving his possessions, which were very great, to an only son now growing up, and in the event of the son's death, to Monna Giovanna, whom he dearly loved; and he had no sooner subscribed his will than he died.

Monna Giovanna, having thus become a widow, went according to the custom of our ladies to pass her year of mourning in retirement, removing to one of her estates very near to the farm of Federigo. Hereupon it happened that her son was accustomed to visit Federigo, and taking great delight in hawks and dogs, and having often seen Federigo's falcon, he became wonderfully fond of it and ardently longed to possess it, but did not venture to ask for it, as he well knew how dear it was to its owner. Within a short time after this the boy fell sick. His mother, who had no other child, and loved him to excess, stood over him the whole day to tend and comfort him, often asking him and entreating him to tell her if there were anything in the world he desired, as, if it were possible to procure it, he should have it. The youth, after a repetition of these questions, at length said, "My dear mother, if you could by any means procure me Federigo's falcon, I think I should recover from my sickness." The lady, hearing a request so far out of her power, began to consider what she might do to gratify her son's wish. She knew that Federigo had long loved her, but had never received from her so much as a single glance in return. How then (she reflected) shall I send or go to beg this falcon, which from all I hear is the best bird that ever flew, and moreover is now Federigo's sole maintenance; and how can I be guilty of so great a rudeness as to deprive a gentleman who has no other pleasure

remaining of this his only recreation? Thus troubled in her thoughts, she knew not what to reply to her son. Her maternal love, however, at last prevailed, and she determined to attempt to gratify his wishes, but resolved not to send, but to go herself to Federigo. She then said to her son, "My dear son, be comforted, and get well, for I promise you that the first thing in the morning, I will go myself for the falcon, and bring it to you." This promise brought a beam of joy into the boy's countenance, and the same day he showed evident signs of amendment.

The next morning Monna Giovanna, taking with her another lady as a companion, proceeded to Federigo's humble habitation, and inquired for him. As it happened not to be a day fit for hawking, he was in his garden, and desired one of his people to go to the gate. He was beyond measure surprised when he heard that Monna Giovanna was asking for him, and ran in great joy to meet her. As soon as she saw him approach she gracefully moved to meet him, and respectfully saluting him, said, "Federigo, I am come to recompense you in some sort for the evil you have received at my hands, at a time when you loved me more than was wise on your part, and the recompense I intend is to make myself and my companion your guests at dinner to-day." To which Federigo with great humility replied, "Alas! madam, I do not recollect to have received any evil at your hands, but so much good that, if it were ever in my power, I should be happy, for the love I have borne you, and more so for the honor of this visit, to expend my fortune a second time in your honor;" and thus speaking, he respectfully led her into his house, and thence conducted her into his garden, and there, not having any other person to introduce her to, said, "Madam, this good woman, the wife of my husbandman, will wait on you whilst I prepare our table."

Living in extreme poverty, Federigo was seldom in a state to receive any one in his house, and this morning being less prepared than usual, and finding nothing to show respect to a lady in whose honor he had entertained such numbers of people, he was grieved beyond measure, and stood in great perplexity, inveighing against his evil fortune as a man bereft of his senses, and running hither and thither, and finding neither money nor provision, and the hour being late, and his desire being great to show the lady some mark of attention, and happening to cast his eyes on his favorite falcon, which was resting on its perch in his chamber, and seeing no other resource, he seized the poor bird, and finding it fat and in good condition, thought it would be a dish worthy of the lady, and without further hesitation he wrung its neck, and giving it to a girl, ordered her to pluck it and place it on the spit and carefully roast it. He then spread on his table a napkin of snowy whiteness, one of the few things which yet remained to him of his former possessions, and after some time, with a cheerful aspect returned into the garden to the lady, and told her that a dinner, the best he could provide, was prepared for her. On this the lady with her companion went and seated themselves at the table, where Federigo with great courtesy waited on them, whilst they unknowingly ate his favorite bird.

When they had risen from table, after some agreeable conversation, it seemed to the lady to be now a proper time to make known the purpose of her visit, and turning politely to Federigo, she thus spoke: "Calling to recollection your past life, Federigo, and remembering my reserve, which you perhaps esteemed hard-heartedness and cruelty, I doubt not that you will wonder at my presumption when you learn the object of my visit; but if you now had, or ever had had children, and knew the strength of a parent's affection, I feel assured that you would in some measure pardon me; and though you have none, I, who have a dear and beloved son, cannot yet forego the common affections of a mother. I am, then, by maternal love and duty compelled to ask of you the gift of a possession which I know is indeed very dear to you, and justly so, since your evil fortune has left you no other comfort in your adversity. The gift then I ask is your falcon, which my son is so desirous of possessing, that if I do not obtain it for him, I fear it will so far aggravate the illness under which he labors, that I shall lose him. On this account, therefore, I entreat you, not by the love which you profess for me (by which you ought in no degree to be governed), but by the magnanimity of your character, which is better manifested in a courtesy of this kind than in any other way, that you would do me the favor to bestow it on me, so that by this gift I may be enabled to preserve the life of my dear and only son, and I shall myself be for ever indebted to you."

Federigo, thus hearing the request of the lady, and seeing it out of his power to gratify her, as he had served his falcon for dinner, began in her presence to weep most bitterly, and became unable to utter a word in reply. The lady, supposing that Federigo's grief arose from his affection to his falcon, and his regret to part with it, and expecting a refusal, prepared herself for the worst. "Since the hour, most honored lady," began Federigo, "that I first fixed my affection on you, I have always found Fortune most perverse and cruel to me, but all her blows I consider light in comparison with the one she has now dealt me, seeing that you have condescended to visit my house, which when I was rich you would not deign to enter, and entreat me for so small a gift, for she has so contrived that it is not in my power to grant it you, and why it is not you shall briefly hear. When you informed me that you meant to honor me with your company to dinner, considering your rank, and that it was only proper that I should pay you due honor by procuring every delicacy in my power, as is becoming on such occasions, and recollecting the falcon which you now request of me, and its many excellent qualities, I considered it a dish not unworthy to be placed before you, and I therefore this morning served it up to you roasted at dinner, a thing which at the time I considered most opportune, but finding now that you wished to possess the falcon alive for your sick son, my inability to gratify you grieves me so far that I think I shall never know happiness more." In confirmation of his words he then produced the feathers and beak and talons of the poor bird. Monna Giovanna at this recital reprehended him for killing so fine a falcon for a lady's dinner, at the same time, however, highly commending in her own mind his magnanimity, which it had not been in the power of Fortune to abase. The lady having thus lost all chance of possessing the falcon, and despairing of the recovery of her son, thanked Federigo for the honor done her, and for his intended good-will, and departed very much dejected. Her son, either through pining for the falcon, or from his complaint being aggravated by disappointment, died a few days after, to the great grief of his mother.

After having for some time indulged her sorrow and tears, her brothers seeing that she was left extremely rich, and was still young, entreated her to marry again. This she was not desirous of doing, but finding herself constantly assailed by their request, and recollecting the noble conduct of Federigo, and this last instance of his magnanimity, in having sacrificed the finest falcon in the world out of respect to her, she said to her brothers, "I should willingly, if it were agreeable to you, remain in my present state, but if you insist that I marry, I will assuredly take no one for my husband but Federigo degli Alberighi." On which her brothers, smiling, replied, "What folly is this? Would you marry a man who is a beggar?" To this she answered, "Brothers, I well know that the matter is as you state it, but I choose rather a man that hath need of wealth, than wealth that hath need of a man." The brothers, seeing her fixed determination, and knowing the genuine worth of Federigo, notwithstanding his poverty, bestowed their sister on him with all her fortune. Federigo thus unexpectedly found himself united to a beautiful lady whom he had long dearly loved, and passed the remainder of his days in peace and happiness.

The Patient Griselda.

This story is condensed from the narrative of Boccaccio, which has been versified in many languages.

Among the Marquises of Saluzzo, there was one Gualtieri, a bachelor, who spent his whole time in hunting and falconry, and entertained the firm determination of never encumbering himself with a family, or running the risk of disturbing his tranquillity by being yoked with a wife who might prove of uncongenial temper. As he was the feudal lord of numerous vassals, they continually importuned him to marry, that he might not die without an heir. After long resistance, he promised to yield to their wishes, on this condition, that, let him marry whom he would, they should show her all the respect due to their liege lady; and if otherwise, he threatened to let them know to their cost the wrong they had done in inducing him to fetter himself against his inclinations. The people replied, that they were quite satisfied, provided he would make the trial, and please himself in his choice.

The marquis had taken a fancy to a remarkably well-conducted girl who lived in a cottage not far from his castle, and he made up his mind to marry her without further search. Having privately imparted his design to her father, who was a very poor man, he ordered preparations for a splendid feast, inviting all his relations and the great lords of the surrounding country. He had also prepared a rich and costly wardrobe for his bride, with a ring, a girdle, and a coronet. When the appointed hour was come, he mounted his horse, and, attended by all his friends and vassals, he rode towards the poor man's dwelling. The girl Griselda was hurrying with water from the well, in order that she might afterwards go to the castle and see the expected marchioness. Gualtieri alighted from his horse, and calling

Griselda, entered with her alone into the cottage. He then, in presence of her father, announced his intention of espousing her, and inquired of her whether she would make it her study to please him, whether she would obey all his commands, and acquiesce with perfect cheerfulness in whatever he might do or say. Having received her promise to this effect, he led her out by the hand, made her strip before all his followers, and had her completely attired in the rich apparel he had brought. He set the coronet upon her dishevelled hair, and addressed the company: "Behold, this is the person whom I intend for my wife, provided she will accept of me for her husband." Then turning towards her, "Will you," he asked, "have me for your husband?" "Yes," she replied, "if it so please your lordship." "Well," he rejoined, "and I take you for my wife." Having thus publicly espoused her, he mounted her on a palfrey, and conducted her to the palace, where the nuptials were celebrated with as much pomp as though the bride had been the daughter of the king of France.

She became a great favorite with his people, and easily assumed the manners which became her high station. The birth of a daughter gave occasion for more rejoicings; but now a new fancy occurred to the marquis, that he should make trial of her patience and submission to his will. He affected great uneasiness, and, assuming a tone of harshness, informed her that his vassals were greatly displeased with her mean origin, and were especially disposed to murmur about the appearance of a family. Without changing countenance, "My lord," she replied, "pray dispose of me and mine as you think best for your honor and happiness: I do not forget that I was meaner than the meanest of the people, and altogether unworthy of that dignity to which your favor was pleased to advance to me." After frequently repeating to her, that his subjects could not tolerate the child, he sent to her one of his servants, who, according to his instructions, addressed her with a sorrowful countenance: "Madam, I must either lose my own life, or obey my lord's commands; now he has ordered me to take your daughter, and"—— Griselda understood that he had orders to destroy the child; so she took it out of the cradle, kissed it, and gave it her blessing; then tenderly laying it in the servant's arms, she said, with composed voice but bursting heart: "Take it, and do what thy lord and mine has commanded; but, prithee, leave it not to be devoured by the fowls or wild beasts, unless that be his desire."

Afterwards Griselda presented her lord with a son, but he began to grieve and persecute her still more. One day, apparently much out of temper, he said: "Since thou hast brought me this son, I can live no longer with my people, for they mutiny to that degree at the thought of my being succeeded by the grandson of a poor shepherd, that, unless I would run the risk of being driven from my estates, I must dispose of this child as I did of the other." Her only reply was: "My lord, study only your own ease and happiness, for nothing is agreeable to me but what is pleasing to yourself." Not many days after, the son disappeared as the daughter had done before, and the people secretly execrated the marquis as a monster of cruelty, while they pitied the poor broken-hearted mother, who strove to hide her grief, and maintain the appearance of a cheerful acquiescence.

Years more passed away, and the marquis, assembling a number of his people, declared in their presence that he could no longer bear to keep Griselda as his wife. He owned that he had done very foolishly, and like a young man, in marrying her, and that he intended to solicit the pope for a dispensation to repudiate her and espouse another. In vain the people remonstrated; he only replied that his mind was made up. Having received letters apparently from Rome, he again assembled the vassals, and said: "Woman, by the pope's leave, I may now dismiss thee and take another wife. As my ancestors have all been sovereign princes of this country, and thine only peasants, I intend to keep thee no longer, but to send thee back to thy father's cottage, with the same portion which thou broughtest me, and afterwards to make choice of one more suitable to my rank." With difficulty refraining from tears, she replied: "My lord, I was always sensible that my servile condition could no way accord with your high rank and descent. For what I have been, I own myself indebted to Providence and you; I considered it but as a favor lent me; and now that you are pleased to demand it back, I willingly restore it. Behold the ring with which you espoused me; I deliver it to you. You bid me take back the dowry which I brought you. You will have no need for a teller to count it, nor I for a purse to hold it, much less for a sumpter-horse to carry it away, for I have not forgotten that you took me naked and empty-handed."

Griselda then, with much simplicity and pathos, asks and hardly receives a single under-garment in which to return to her father's cottage; so, weeping, she left the palace, an object of compassion to all who saw her. Her poor father, who had daily expected the occurrence of such an event, had kept for these thirteen years the clothes of which she had been despoiled on her wedding-day. Griselda put them on, and resumed her former servile occupations, while the marquis gave it out, that he was going to marry a daughter of one of the Counts of Panago, and began to make splendid preparations for his approaching nuptials. To add to the distress of Griselda, he sent her word that, as no one else could do it so well, he wished her to come and prepare the house, and invite the female guests, after which she should return to her father's again. Griselda had parted with her great fortune more easily than with her love for Gualtieri, and this command went like daggers to her heart. But she repaired as commanded to the palace, swept and cleaned the apartments like the meanest servant; and, when everything was ready, invited the ladies of the country, in the name of the marquis, to come to the wedding.

At the appointed time, a beautiful girl about twelve years of age, attended by a younger brother, arrived with an honorable retinue at Saluzzo, where they found the whole country assembled, waiting to see their new lady. When she entered the hall, where the banquet was prepared, Griselda, meanly dressed as she was, went cheerfully to meet her, saying: "Your ladyship is most kindly welcome." "What thinkest thou, Griselda, of my bride?" said the marquis. "My lord," she replied, "I like her extremely well; and if she be as prudent as she is fair, you may be the happiest of men; but pray do not take with this lady the heart-breaking measures that you did with your former wife; for she is very young, and has been tenderly reared, whereas the other was from childhood inured to hardship."

This final humble submission was sufficient. Gualtieri now entreated Griselda to forgive his long apparent harshness, and to recognize and accept in this young lady and her brother none other than her long-lost children, who had been carefully educated by his kinswoman at Bologna. The joy at the denouement was unbounded; Griselda was apparelled and crowned anew; and the feast was prolonged for many days. The marquis was judged a very wise man, though abundantly too severe; but as for Griselda, she was beyond compare.

PRAYER TO CUPID.

THE following song from the Decamerone is a specimen of Boccaccio's power as a lyric poet.

Cupid, the charms that crown my fair
Have made me slave to you and her.
The lightning of her eyes,
That darting through my bosom flies,
Doth still your sovereign power declare.
At your control
Each grace fast binds my vanquished soul.

Devoted to your throne
From henceforth I myself confess;
Nor can I guess
If my desires to her be known,
Who claims each wish, each thought, so far
That all my peace depends on her.

Then haste, kind godhead, and inspire
A portion of your sacred fire;
To make her feel
That self-consuming zeal,
The cause of my decay,
That wastes my very heart away.

FRANCO SACCHETTI.

THIS contemporary of Boccaccio has been entitled the Father of the Modern Novel. As critic Snell has declared: "Boccaccio, even in the 'Decamerone,' was still something of a poet, a scholar, an artist, a philosopher—in short, an idealist. Sacchetti, on the contrary, was a man of the world, a shrewd, intent observer of external things. Therefore in his work rather than in the 'Decamerone' we must seek the germ of the modern novel."

Franco Sacchetti, born in 1335, was a Florentine noble. He coquetted with poetry and satire before striking his true vein, but having struck it, he set out with deliberate and characteristic zeal to write not merely one hundred tales, like Boccaccio, but three hundred. He actually completed two hundred and seventy-eight. Nor do they reveal any slavish imitation of his more famous contemporary; while, slight as they are, his tales are models of construction. Boccaccio is said, however, to have been the inspiration that led Sacchetti to desert the Muse, whom he had wooed with notable success, for the new prose fiction. Sacchetti became one of the favorite novelists of his day. He died in 1400.

His numerous "Novellette" are founded chiefly upon historical and familiar incidents, although a few are to be considered as wholly fictitious. Neither Sismondi nor Dunlop has given Sacchetti the praise which is his just due. Dunlop is, however, justly critical in his verdict that "his work wants that dramatic form which is a principal charm of the 'Decamerone,' and which can alone bestow unity or connection on this species of composition." Specimens of his light musical verses, as well as of his prose, are appended.

GIRLS ON A FINE DAY.

"Be stirring, girls! we ought to have a run:
Look, did you ever see so fine a day?
Fling spindles right away,
And rocks and reels and wools:
Now don't be fools,—
To-day your spinning's done.
Up with you, up with you!" So, one by one,
They caught hands, catch who can,
Then singing, singing, to the river they ran,

They ran, they ran
To the river, the river;
And the merry-go-round
Carries them at a bound
To the mill o'er the river.
"Miller, miller, miller,
Weigh me this lady
And this other. Now, steady!"
"You weigh a hundred, you,
And this one weighs two."
"Why, dear, you do get stout!"
"You think so, dear, no doubt:
Are you in a decline?"
"Keep your temper, and I'll keep mine."
"Come, girls." ("Oh, thank you, miller!")
"We'll go home when you will."
So, as we crossed the hill,
A clown came in great grief

Crying, "Stop thief! stop thief!
Oh, what a wretch I am!"
"Well, fellow, here's a clatter!
Well, what's the matter?"
"O Lord, O Lord, the wolf has got my lamb!"
Now at that word of woe,
The beauties came and clung about me so,
That if wolf had but shown himself, maybe
I too had caught a lamb that fled to me.

GIRLS ON A WET DAY.

As I walked thinking through a little grove,
Some girls that gathered flowers came passing me,
Saying, "Look here! look there!" delightedly.
"O here it is!" "What's that?" "A lily, love."
"And there are violets!"
"Further for roses! Oh, the lovely pets—
The darling beauties! Oh, the nasty thorn!
Look here, my hand's all torn!"
"What's that that jumps?" "Oh, don't! it's a grasshopper!"
"Come run, come run,
Here's bluebells!" "Oh what fun!"
"Not that way! Stop her!"
"Yes, this way!" "Pluck them, then!"
"Oh, I've found mushrooms! Oh, look here!" "Oh, I'm
Quite sure that further on we'll get wild thyme."

"Oh, we shall stay too long, it's going to rain!
There's lightning; oh, there's thunder!"
"Oh, shan't we hear the vesper-bell, I wonder?"
"Why, it's not nones, you silly thing;
And don't you hear the nightingales that sing
Fly away, Oh, die away?"
"Oh, I hear something! Hush!"
"Why, where? what is it then?" "Ah! in that bush!"
So every girl here knocks it, shakes it and shocks it,
Till with the stir they make
Out skurries a great snake.
"O Lord! O me! Alack! Ah me! alack!"
They scream, and then all run and scream again;
And then in heavy drops down comes the rain,

Each running at the other in a fright,
Each trying to get before the other, and crying
And flying, stumbling, tumbling, wrong or right,
One sets her knee
There where her foot should be;
One has her hands and dress
All smothered up with mud in a fine mess;
And one gets trampled on by two or three.
What's gathered is let fall
About the wood and not picked up at all.
The wreaths of flowers are scattered on the ground:
And still as screaming, hustling with the rest,
They run this way and that, and round and round,
She thinks herself in luck who runs the best.

I stood quite still to have a perfect view,
And never noticed till I got wet through.

THE LORD OF MILAN AND THE MILLER.

MESSER BERNABO, Lord of Milan, being outwitted by the clever reasoning of a miller, bestowed upon him a valuable benefice. Now this lord was in his time greatly feared beyond all other rulers, and though he was cruel, yet was there in his cruelty a great measure of justice. Among many cases which happened to him was this—that a rich abbot, for a certain act of negligence (in that he had not properly fed two hounds belonging to the said lord, and so had spoilt their tempers), was by him fined 4,000 *scudi*. At this the abbot began to ask for mercy, and the said lord thereupon said to him: "If thou declarest unto me four things, I will remit everything; and the things are these—I will that thou shouldst tell me how far it is from here to heaven; how much water there is in the sea; what they are doing in hell; and what is the worth of my person." The abbot hearing this began to sigh, and thought himself in worse plight than before; yet, for the sake of peace and to gain time, he prayed Bernabo that it would please him to grant him a term for the answering of such deep questions. And the lord granted him the whole of the following day, and, as one impatient to hear the end of the matter, made him give security that he would return.

The abbot returned to his abbey exceeding sorrowful and full of thought, and puffing and blowing like a frightened horse. When he had got thither, he met with a miller who was one of his tenants, and who, seeing him thus afflicted, said: "My lord, what is the matter, that ye puff and blow on this wise?" Said the abbot: "I have good cause, for his lordship is going to be the ruin of me if I do not declare unto him four things, which neither Solomon nor Aristotle could do." Said the miller: "What things are these?" The abbot told him. Then the miller thought for a while, and said to the abbot: "Sir, I will get ye out of this strait, an ye will." The abbot replied: "Would to God it might be so!" Said the miller: "I think both God and the saints will be willing." The abbot, who knew not what he would be at, said: "If thou doest it, take from me what thou wilt, for thou shalt ask me for nothing that I will not give thee, if it be possible." . . . Then said the miller: "I must put on your tunic and hood, and I will shave my beard, and to-morrow morning, very early, I will go into his presence, saying that I am the abbot, and I will settle the four questions in such a way that I think he will be content." The abbot could not wait a moment before he had put the miller in his place, and so it was done.

Early in the morning the miller set out, dressed as the abbot, and when he reached the gate of Bernabo's house, knocked and said that such and such an abbot wished to answer certain questions which the lord had put to him. The lord, willing to hear what the abbot had to say, and wondering that he had returned so quickly, had him called. The miller, coming into his presence in a room which was not very well lighted, made his obeisance, holding his hand as much as possible before his face, and was asked by Bernabo whether he were able to answer the four questions. And he replied: "My lord, I am. Ye asked how far it is from here to heaven; from this spot it is just thirty-six millions, eight hundred and fifty-four thousand, seventy-two and a half miles, and twenty-two paces." Said Bernabo: "Thou hast given it very accurately; how wilt thou prove this?" The miller replied: "Have the distance measured, and if it be not even as I say, ye may have me hanged by the neck. In the second place, ye asked how much water there is in the sea. This was very hard to find out, since it is a thing that is never still, and there is always more being added; but I have found out that there are in the sea 25,982,000,000 hogsheads, 7 barrels, 12 gallons, and 2 glasses." Said the lord: "How knowest thou this?" The miller answered: "I reckoned it as well as I could,

—if ye do not believe me, send and fetch barrels, and have it measured. And if it be not correct, ye may have me quartered. In the third place, your lordship asked what was being done in hell. In hell there is hanging, drawing, quartering, and cutting off of heads going on,—neither less nor more than what your lordship is doing here." Bernabo asked: "What reason dost thou give for this?" He replied: "I have talked with a man who had been there, and it was from this man Dante the Florentine heard what he wrote concerning the things of hell; but this man is dead, and if ye do not believe me, send and ask him. Fourthly, ye would know what was the value of your lordship's person, and I say that it is worth twenty-nine pence." When Messer Bernabo heard this, he turned to him in a fury, saying, "May the plague seize thee! Dost think I am worth no more than an earthen pipkin?" The miller replied, and not without great fear: "My lord, listen to reason; ye know that our Lord was sold for thirty pence,—I am surely right in supposing that ye are worth one penny less than he." When Bernabo heard this he imagined that this man could not be the abbot, and, looking fixedly at him, perceiving that he was a man of far more sense than the abbot, he said to him: "Thou art not the abbot." The terror which the miller then had, every one may imagine for himself; he knelt down, and with clasped hands asked for mercy, telling Bernabo that he was the tenant of the abbey mill, and how and why he appeared before him in this disguise, and that it was rather to please him than from any ill intention. But Bernabo, hearing this, said: "Well, then, since he has made thee abbot, and thou art worth more than he, by the faith of God, I will confirm thee in thine office; and it is my will that from henceforth thou be the abbot and he the miller, and that thou have all the revenue of the monastery and he of the mill." And thus he caused it to be during all the rest of his life, that the miller should be an abbot and the abbot a miller.

GIOVANNI FIORENTINO.

A LITTLE volume, called "Il Pecorone" (the Big Sheep, or the Dunce), contains fifty stories written in happy imitation of Boccaccio. It is attributed to Ser Giovanni, called the Florentine, and some have suspected that this name denotes the historian Giovanni Villani, especially as the tales refer to historical facts mentioned by that author. The writer states that he was an exile when he began his labors in 1378. The first printed edition did not appear until 1558. The framework of the collection is thus given: Auretto, a Florentine gentleman, fell in love with Sister Saturnina, of the convent of Forli, and became a friar of the same order. Being soon promoted to be chaplain, he was able to have frequent interviews with the beautiful recluse. They met in the convent parlor, and agreed to entertain each other with the alternate recital of stories. It is to be noted that these stories are entirely free from the grossness which disgraces Boccaccio's work.

THE HAWK AND THE JAY.

THERE resided not very long ago, in Sienna, a noble youth of the name of Galgano, who, besides his birth and riches, was extremely clever, valiant, and affable, qualities which won him the regard of all ranks of people in the place. But I am very sorry to add that, attracted by the beauty of the fair Minoccia, wedded to our noble cavalier, Messer Stricca, our young friend unfortunately, and too late, fell passionately in love with her.

So violently enamored did he shortly become, that he purloined her glove, which he wore with her favorite colors wherever he went, at tilts and tourneys, at rich feasts and festivals, all of which he was proud to hold in honor of his love; yet all these failed to render him agreeable to the lady, a circumstance that caused our poor friend Galgano no little pain and perplexity. A prey to the excessive cruelty and indifference of one dearer to him than his own life, who neither noticed nor listened to him, he still followed her like her shadow, contriving to be near her at every party, whether a bridal or a christening, a funeral or a play. Long and vainly, with love-messages after love-messages, and presents after presents, did he sue; but never would the noble lady deign to receive or listen to them for a moment, ever bearing herself more reserved and harshly as he more earnestly pressed the ardor of his suit.

It was thus his fate to remain subject to this very irksome and overwhelming passion, until, wearied out, at length he would break into words of grief and bitterness against his "bosom's lord." "Alas! dread master of my destiny," he would say, "O Love! can you behold me thus wasting my very soul away, ever loving, but never beloved again? See to it, dread lord, that you are not, in so doing, offending against your own laws!" And so, unhappily dwelling upon the lady's cruelty, he seemed fast verging upon despair; then again humbly resigning himself to the yoke he bore, he resolved to await some interval of grace, watching, however vainly, for some occasion of rendering himself more pleasing to the object he adored.

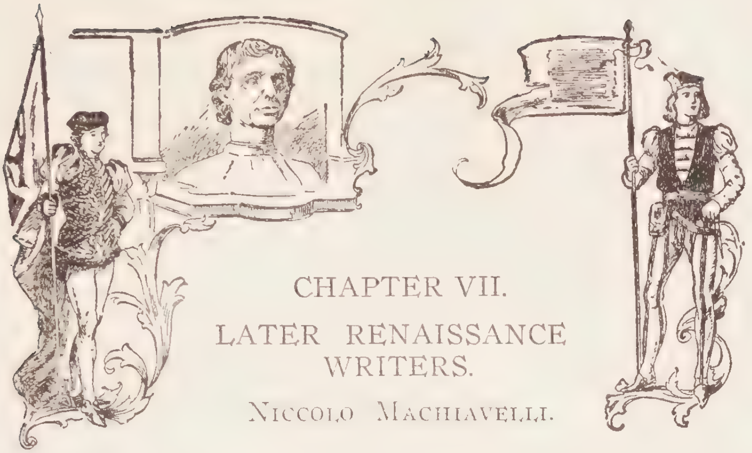
Now it happened that Messer Stricca and his consort went to pass some days at their country-seat near Sienna; and it was not long before the love-sick Galgano was observed to cross their route, to hang upon their skirts, and to pass along the same way, always with the hawk upon his hand, as if violently set upon bird-hunting. Often, indeed, he passed so close to the villa where the lady dwelt, that one day being seen by Messer Stricca, who recognized him, he was very familiarly entreated to afford them the pleasure of his company; "and I hope," added Messer Stricca, "that you will stay the evening with us." Thanking his friend very kindly for the invitation, Galgano, strange to say, at the same time begged to be held excused, pleading another appointment, which he believed—he was sorry—he was obliged to keep. "Then," added Messer Stricca, "at least step in and take some little refreshment:" to which the only reply returned was, "A thousand thanks, and farewell, Messer Stricca, for I am in haste." The moment the latter had turned his back, our poor lover began to upbraid himself bitterly for not availing himself of the invitation, exclaiming, "What a wretch am I not to accept such an offer as this! I should at least have seen her—her whom from my soul I cannot help loving beyond all else in the world."

As he thus went, meditating upon the same subject along his solitary way, it chanced that he sprung a large jay, on which he instantly gave his hawk the wing, which pursuing its quarry into Messer Stricca's gardens, and there striking true, the ensuing struggle took place. Hearing the hawk's cry, both he and his lady ran towards the garden balcony, in time to see, and were surprised at the skill and boldness of the bird in seizing and bringing down its game. Not in the least aware of the truth, the lady inquired of her husband to whom the bird belonged. "Mark the hawk," replied Messer Stricca; "it does its work well; it resembles its master, who is one of the handsomest and most accomplished young men in Sienna, and a very excellent young fellow, too, ;—yes, it does well." "And who may that be?" said his wife, with a careless air. "Who," returned he, "but the noble Galgano—the same, love, who just now passed by. I wished he would have come in to sup with us, but he would not. He is certainly one of the finest and best-tempered men I ever saw." And so saying, he rose from the window, and they went to supper.

Galgano, in the meanwhile, having given his hawk the call, quietly pursued his way; but the praises lavished upon him by her husband made an impression upon the lady's mind such as the whole of his previous solicitations had failed to produce. However strange, she dwelt upon them long and tenderly. It happened that about this very time, Messer Stricca was chosen ambassador from the Siennese to the people of Perugia, and setting out in all haste, he was compelled to take a sudden leave of his lady. I am sorry to have to observe that the moment the cavalcade was gone by, recalling the idea of her noble lover, the lady likewise despatched an embassy to our young friend, entreating him, after the example of her husband, to favor her with his company in the evening. No longer venturing to refuse, he sent a grateful answer back that he would very willingly attend. And having heard tidings of Messer Stricca's departure for Perugia, he set out at a favorable hour in the evening, and speedily arrived at the house of the lady to whom he had been so long and so vainly attached.

Checking his steed in full career, he threw himself off, and the next moment found himself in her presence, falling at her feet and saluting her with the most respectful and graceful carriage. She took him joyously by the hand, bidding him a thousand tender welcomes, and setting before him the choicest fruits and refreshments of the season. Then inviting him to be seated, he was served with the greatest variety and splendor; and more delicious than all, the bright lady herself presided there, no longer frowning and turning away when he began to breathe the story of his love and sufferings into her ear. Delighted and surprised beyond his proudest hopes, Galgano was profuse in his expressions of gratitude and regard, though he could not quite conceal his wonder at this happy and unexpected change; entreating, at length, as a particular favor, that she would deign to acquaint him with its blessed cause. "That will I do soon," replied the glowing beauty; "I will tell you every word, and therefore did I send for you;" and she looked into his face with a serene and pure, yet somewhat mournful, countenance. "Indeed," returned her lover, a little perplexed, "words can never tell half of what I felt, dear lady, when I heard you had this morning sent for me, after I had desired and followed you for so long a time in vain." "Listen to me, and I will tell you, Galgano; but first sit a little nearer to me, for, alas! I love you. A few days ago, you know, you passed near our house when hawking, and my husband told me that he saw you, and invited you in to supper, but you would not come. At that moment your hawk sprang and pursued its prey, when seeing the noble bird make such a gallant fight, I inquired to whom it belonged, and my husband replied, 'To whom should it belong but to the most excellent young man in Sienna?' and that it did well resemble you, as he had never met a more pleasing and accomplished gentleman." "Did he—did he say that?" interrupted her lover. "He did indeed, and much more, praising you to me over and over; until hearing it, and knowing the tenderness you have long borne me, I could not resist the temptation of sending for you hither;" and, half blushes, half tears, she confessed that he was no longer indifferent to her, and that such was the occasion of it. "Can the whole of this be true?" exclaimed Galgano. "Alas! too true," she replied. "I know not how it is, but I wish he had not praised you so."

After struggling with himself a few moments, the lover withdrew his hand from hers, saying, "Now God forbid that I should do the least wrong to one who has so nobly expressed himself, and who has ever shown so much kindness and courtesy to me." Then suddenly rising, as with an effort, from his seat, he took a gentle farewell of the lady, not without some tears shed on both sides; both loving yet respecting each other. Never afterwards did this noble youth allude to the affair in the slightest way, but always treated Messer Stricca with the utmost regard and reverence during his acquaintance with the family.



CHAPTER VII.

LATER RENAISSANCE WRITERS.

NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI.

THE name of Niccolo Machiavelli has stood for infamy throughout three centuries, and even yet has a flavor of the diabolic about it. The Elizabethan playwright brought out the figure of Machiavelli as prologue much as if it represented Fiendishness incarnate; and to-day Machiavellian politics are regarded as synonymous with arbitrary power supported by cunning craft. In reality Niccolo Machiavelli was, if his newer and brighter rehabilitation be correct, a warm lover of freedom. As Snell puts the case: "Machiavelli's 'Il Principe' (The Prince) is a scientific presentment of certain very abstruse results which he had accomplished in his 'Commentary on Livy'—a treatise on political science. In spite of its evil savor, it was written, there is every reason to believe, with the best intentions. The actual design of Machiavelli is to show on what terms sovereignty can be attained and upheld, human nature remaining what it is. 'Il Principe' at first sight presents no ideal, and this is probably the reason for the disappointment and disgust with which many, especially modern, readers have perused it. Certainly Machiavelli takes a very low view of ordinary morality, but the facts with which observation and experience had rendered him familiar in practical life, justified and almost necessitated this pessimism. Machiavelli had a political as well as a scientific aim in writing this book, and it was not adverse to liberty. He looked (as he tells us in the last sentence) for the regeneration of Italy, the expulsion of the foreigner, the unity of rule. His work, in fact, was composed with the view to the freeing of his country by some petty prince, whose skill and genius, assisted by the counsels of wise men, should do what indeed was done later by the Savoyard princes. . . . Instead of this the work came to be regarded as a convenient manual for tyrants, and it is probable that no book has ever done more harm to its author or more mischief to humanity. Charles V., Catherine de Medicis, Henri III. and Henri IV. made it their daily companion, and its fame having reached the Levant, Mustapha III. caused it to be translated into Turkish. More recently Napoleon Bonaparte is said to have studied it in the hope of discovering some hints for the maintenance of his huge and ill-gotten empire."

Machiavelli seems to have chosen an idealized Cesare Borgia for his hero. Although he called the real Cesare a "basilisk" and a "hydra," he admired Borgia's statecraft, unscrupulous though he was. Machiavelli wished his ideal Prince to mingle the natures of the fox and the lion, and he speaks of "honorable fraud" and "splendid rascality." As Macaulay declared, Machiavelli was, after all, an Italian of his day and generation. He advocated a national army and militia for his national tyrant, and foreshadowed the coming monarchies of Europe.

Niccolo Machiavelli was born at Florence in 1469. He was for some time Secretary of the Florentine Republic, and he wrote the History of Florence in eight books, from the fall of the Roman Empire to the rise of the Italian Republics. This history is justly distinguished for its style and its spirit of philosophy. But Machiavelli also shone in the golden age of the Medici as dramatist and novelist, his versatility being remarkable. In his comedy "Mandragola," he satirized the social parasite and the religious impostor in a plot of a gulled husband who carves his own horns. His great, and only extant, novel is "Belphegor." The whimsical plot of the story was first narrated in an old Latin MS. An old English play (1691), modelled on Machiavelli's novella, was entitled "Belphegor, or, the Marriage of the Devil."

SHOULD PRINCES BE FAITHFUL TO THEIR ENGAGEMENTS?

THE work on which the fame of Machiavelli, for good or evil, rests, is "The Prince." It was written about 1514; but was not printed until 1532—five years after the author's death. It is chiefly devoted to the character which must be possessed by the prince who has become the ruler of a state, by conquest, election, or hereditary right, and wishes to retain his power. Towards the close of the work he discusses the question, "Whether Princes should be faithful to their Engagements?" and decides that they should not be so, unless this course be for their interest. This eighteenth chapter especially has given rise to the term "Machiavellian," to denote a crafty and unscrupulous mode of policy.

It is unquestionably very praiseworthy in princes to be faithful to their engagements; but among those of the present day who have performed great exploits few of them have piqued themselves on this fidelity, or have been scrupulous in deceiving those who relied on their good faith. It should, therefore, be known that there are two methods of warfare; one of which is by laws, the other by force. The first is peculiar to men, the other is common to us with beasts. But when laws are not powerful enough, it is very necessary to recur to force. A prince ought to understand how to fight with both these kinds of arms.

The doctrine is admirably displayed to us by the ancient poets in the allegorical history of the education of Achilles and many other princes of antiquity by the Centaur Chiron who, under the double form of man and beast, taught those who were destined to govern that it was their duty to use by turns the arms adapted to each of these species, seeing that one without the other cannot be of any durable advantage.

Now those animals whose forms the prince should know how to assume are the fox and the lion. The first can but feebly defend himself against the wolf, and the other readily falls into snares that are laid for him. From the first a prince will learn to be dexterous, and avoid the snares; and from the other to be strong, and keep the wolves in awe. Those who despise the part of the fox understand but little of their trade. In other words, a prudent prince cannot nor ought to keep his word, except when he can do it without injury to himself, or when the circumstances under which he contracted the engagement still exist.

I should be cautious of inculcating such a principle if all men were good; but as they are all wicked and ever ready to break their words, a prince should not pique himself on keeping his more scrupulously—and it is always easy to justify this want of faith. I could give numerous proofs of it, and show how many engagements and treaties have been broken by the infidelity of princes; the most fortunate of whom has always been he who best understood how to assume the character of the fox. The object is to act his part well, and to know how in due time to feign and dissemble. And men are so simple and so weak that he who wishes to deceive easily find dupes.

One example, taken from the history of our own times, will be sufficient: Pope Alexander VI. played during his whole life a game of deception; and notwithstanding his faithless conduct was extremely well known, he was in all his artifices successful. Oaths and protestations cost him nothing. Never did a prince so often break his word, nor pay less regard to his engagements. This was because he knew perfectly well this part of the art of government.

There is, therefore, no necessity for a prince to possess all the good qualities I have enumerated; but it is indispensable that he should appear to have them. I will even go so far as to say that it is sometimes dangerous to make use of them, though it is always useful to seem to possess them. It is the duty of a prince most earnestly to endeavor to gain the reputation of kindness, clemency, piety, justice, and fidelity to his engagements. He ought to possess all these good qualities, but still to retain such power over himself as to display their opposites whenever it may be expedient. I maintain that a prince—and more especially a new prince—cannot with impunity exercise all the virtues, because his own self-preservation will often compel him to violate the laws of charity, religion, and humanity. He should habituate himself to bend easily to the various circumstances which may from time to time surround him. In a word, it will be as useful to him to persevere in the path of rectitude, while he feels no inconvenience in doing so, as to know how to deviate from it when circumstances shall require it. He should, above all, study to utter nothing which does not breathe kindness, justice, good faith, and piety.

The last quality is, however, that which it is the most important for him to appear to possess, as men in general judge more by their eyes than by their other senses. Every man can see, but it is allotted to but few to know how to rectify the errors which they commit by the eyes. We easily discern what a man appears to be, but not what he really is; and the smaller number dare not gainsay the multitude, who besides have with them the strength and the splendor of government.

Now when it is necessary to form a judgment of the minds of men—and more especially of those of princes—as we cannot have recourse to any tribunal, we must attend only to results. The point is to maintain his authority. Let the means be what they may, they will always appear honorable, and every one will praise them; for the vulgar are always caught by appearances, and judge only by the event. Now, the "vulgar" comprehend almost every one, and the few are of no consequence except when the multitude know not on whom to rely.

A prince who is now on the throne, but whom I do not choose to name,* always preaches peace and good faith; but if he had observed either the one or the other, he would more than once have lost his reputation and his dominions.

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* He refers to Ferdinand V., King of Castile, who acquired the kingdoms of Naples and Navarre.

MATTEO MARIA BOIARDO.

It was the fate of the second Italian poet who took Orlando as his hero to be obliged to leave his work unfinished. A successor took it up, retouched almost every line, and issued it as his own. The later version is better known than the first, and though Boiardo's name is duly recorded in all histories of Italian literature, Berni's "Orlando Innamorato" is more frequently printed and read. Gradually it has been discerned that the greater merit belongs to the elder poet.

Matteo Maria Boiardo, born in 1434, near Ferrara, was educated at its university, and was attached to the court of Hercules, Count of Ferrara. Among other public employments he was sent on embassies to several Italian cities, was captain of Modena and governor of Reggio. He was an indulgent master and fonder of making love-verses than of the sterner duties of his office. His learning was early shown in translations from the Greek classics, and afterwards in his drama, "Timon," founded on Lucian's "Misanthrope." But his fame rests on his "Orlando Innamorato," which was interrupted by the French invasion of Italy, and afterwards recast in a less sober style by Berni. The epic romance consists of three chief parts: the search for Angelica, the beautiful but deceitful princess of Cathay, by Orlando and other lovers; the siege of her father's city, Albracca, by the Tartars; and the siege of Paris by the Moors. Yet there are numerous episodes loosely interwoven, and the scene shifts easily from France to China. Boiardo created the character of Angelica, and spun this epic for the amusement of Duke Hercules and his court of Ferrara. He has described his own chateau and grounds in the landscape of this poem, and (it is even said) gave the names of some of his peasants to the Saracen warriors, Mandricardo, Gradasse, Sacripant and Agramante.

PRASILDO AND TISBINA.

IROLDO, a knight of Babylon, had to wife a lady of the name of Tisbina, whom he loved with a passion equal to that of Tristan for Iseult; and she returned his love with such fondness, that her thoughts were occupied with him from morning till night. They had a neighbor who was accounted the greatest nobleman in the city; and he deserved his credit, for he spent his great riches in doing honor to his rank. He was pleasant in company, formidable in battle, full of grace in love; an open-hearted, accomplished gentleman.

This personage, whose name was Prasildo, happened one day to be of a party with Tisbina, who were amusing themselves in a garden, with a game in which the players knelt down with their faces bent on one another's lap, and guessed who it was that struck them. The turn came to himself, and he knelt down at the lap of Tisbina; but no sooner was he there, than he experienced feelings he had never dreamed of: and instead of trying to guess correctly, took all the pains he could to remain in the same position. These feelings pursued him all the rest of the day, and still more closely at night. He did nothing but think and sigh, and find the soft feathers harder than any stone. Nor did he get better as time advanced. His once favorite pastime of hunting now ceased to afford him any delight. Nothing pleased him but to be giving dinners and balls, to make verses and sing them to his lute, and to joust and tourney in the eyes of his love, dressed in the most sumptuous apparel.

The passion which had thus taken possession of this gentleman was not lost upon the lady for want of her knowing it. A mutual acquaintance was always talking to her on the subject, but to no purpose; she never relaxed her pride and dignity for a moment. The lover at last fell ill; he fairly wasted away, and was so unhappy that he gave up all his feastings and entertainments. The only solace he found was in a solitary wood, in which he used to plunge himself in order to give way to his grief and lamentations. It happened one day, early in the morning, while he was thus occupied, that Iroldo came into the wood to amuse himself with bird-catching. He had Tisbina with him; and as they were coming along, they overheard their neighbor during one of his paroxysms, and stopped to listen to what he said.

"Hear me," exclaimed he, "ye flowers and ye woods. Hear to what a pass of wretchedness I am come, since that cruel one will hear me not. Hear, O sun that hast taken away the night from the heavens, and you, ye stars, and thou the departing moon, hear the voice of my grief for the last time, for exist I can no longer; my death is the only way left me to gratify that proud beauty, to whom it has pleased Heaven to give a cruel heart with a merciful countenance. Fain would I have died in her presence. It would have comforted me to see her pleased even with that proof of my love. But I pray, nevertheless, that she may never know it; since, cruel as she is, she might blame herself for having shown a scorn so extreme; and I love her so, I would not have her pained for all her cruelty. Surely I shall love her even in my grave."

With these words, turning pale with his own mortal resolution, Prasildo drew his sword, and pronouncing the name of Tisbina more than once with a loving voice, as though its very sound would be sufficient to waft him to Paradise, was about to plunge the steel into his bosom, when the lady herself, by leave of her husband, whose manly visage was all in tears for pity, stood suddenly before him.

"Prasildo," said she, "if you love me, listen to me. You have often told me that you do so. Now prove it. I happen to be threatened with nothing less than the loss of life and honor. Nothing short of such a calamity could have induced me to beg of you the service I am going to request; since there is no greater shame in the world than to ask favors from those to whom we have refused them. But I now promise you, that if you do what I desire, your love shall be returned. I give you my word for it. I give you my honor. On the other side of the wilds of Barbary is a garden which has a wall of iron. It has four gates. Life itself keeps one; Death another; Poverty the third; the fairy of Riches the fourth. He who goes in at one gate must go out at the other opposite;

and in the midst of the garden is a tree, tall as the reach of an arrow, which produces pearls for blossoms. It is called the Tree of Wealth, and has fruit of emeralds and boughs of gold. I must have a bough of that tree, or suffer the most painful consequences. Now, then, if you love me, I say, prove it. Prove it, and most assuredly I shall love you in turn, better than ever you loved myself."

What need of saying that Prasildo, with haste and joy, undertook to do all that she required? If she had asked the sun and stars, and the whole universe, he would have promised them. Quitting her in spite of his love, he set out on the journey without delay, only dressing himself before he left the city in the habit of a pilgrim.

Now you must know, that Iroldo and his lady had set Prasildo on that adventure, in the hope that the great distance which he would have to travel, and the change which it might assist time to produce, would deliver him from his passion. At all events, in case this good end was not effected before he arrived at the garden, they counted to a certainty on his getting rid of it when he did; because the fairy of that garden, which was called the Garden of Medusa, was of such a nature, that whosoever did but look on her countenance forgot the reason for his going thither; and whoever saluted, touched, and sat down to converse by her side, forgot all that had ever occurred in his lifetime.

Away, however, on his steed went our bold lover; all alone, or rather with Love for his companion; and so, riding hard till he came to the Red Sea, he took ship, and journeyed through Egypt, and came to the mountains of Barca, where he overtook an old grey-headed palmer.

Prasildo told the palmer the reason of his coming, and the palmer told him what the reader has heard about the garden; adding, that he must enter by the gate of Poverty, and take no arms or armor with him, excepting a looking-glass for a shield, in which the fairy might behold her beauty. The old man gave him other directions necessary for his passing out of the gate of Riches; and Prasildo, thanking him, went on, and in thirty days found himself entering the garden with the greatest ease, by the gate of Poverty.

The garden looked like a Paradise, it was so full of beautiful trees and flowers and fresh grass. Prasildo took care to hold the shield over his eyes, that he might avoid seeing the fairy Medusa; and in this manner guarding his approach, he arrived at the Golden Tree. The fairy, who was reclining against the trunk of it, looked up, and saw herself in the glass. Wonderful was the effect on her. Instead of her own white-and-red blooming face, she beheld that of a dreadful serpent. The spectacle made her take to flight in terror; and the lover, finding his object so far gained, looked freely at the tree, climbed it, and bore away a bough.

With this he proceeded to the gate of Riches. It was all of loadstone, and opened with a great noise. But he passed through it happily, for he made the fairy who kept it a present of half the bough; and so he issued forth out of the garden, with indescribable joy.

Behold our loving adventurer now on his road home. Every step of the way appeared to him a thousand. He took the road of Nubia to shorten the journey; crossed the Arabian Gulf with a breeze in his favor; and traveling by night as well as by day, arrived one fine morning in Babylon.

No sooner was he there than he sent to tell the object of his passion how fortunate he had been. He begged her to name her own place and time for receiving the bough at his hands, taking care to remind her of her promise; and he could not help adding, that he should die if she broke it.

Terrible was the grief of Tisbina at this unlooked-for news. She threw herself on her couch in despair, and bewailed the hour she was born. "What on earth am I to do?" cried the wretched lady; "death itself is no remedy for a case like this, since it is only another mode of breaking my word. To think that Prasildo should return from the garden of Medusa! Who could have supposed it possible? And yet, in truth, what a fool I was to suppose anything impossible to love! O my husband! little didst thou think what thou thyself advisedst me to promise!"

The husband was coming that moment towards the room; and overhearing his wife grieving in this distracted manner, he entered and clasped her in his arms. On learning the cause of her affliction, he felt as though he should have died with her on the spot.

Alas!'' cried he, "that it should be possible for me to be miserable while I am so dear to your heart. But you know, O my soul! that when love and jealousy come together, the torment is the greatest in the world. Myself—myself, alas! caused the mischief, and myself alone ought to suffer for it. You must keep your promise. You must abide by the word you have given, especially to one who has undergone so much to perform what you asked him. Sweet face, you must. But oh! see him not till after I am dead. Let Fortune do with me what she pleases, so that I be saved from a disgrace like that. It will be a comfort to me in death to think that I alone, while I was on earth, enjoyed the fond looking of that lovely face. Nay," concluded the wretched husband, "I feel as though I should die over again, if I could call to mind in my grave how you were taken from me."

Iroldo became dumb for anguish. It seemed to him as if his very heart had been taken out of his breast. Nor was Tisbina less miserable. She was as pale as death, and could hardly speak to him or bear to look at him. At length turning her eyes upon him, she said, "And do you believe I could make my poor sorry case out in this world without Iroldo? Can he bear, himself, to think of leaving his Tisbina? he who has so often said, that if he possessed heaven itself, he should not think it heaven without her? O dearest husband, there is a way to make death not bitter to either of us. It is to die together. I must only exist long enough to see Prasildo! Death, alas! is in that thought; but the same death will release us. It need not even be a hard death, saving our misery. There are poisons so gentle in their deadliness, that we need but faint away into sleep, and so, in the course of a few hours, be delivered. Our misery and our folly will then alike be ended."

Iroldo assenting, clasped his wife in distraction; and for a long time they remained in the same posture, half stifled with grief, and bathing one another's cheeks with their tears. Afterwards they sent quietly for the poison; and the apothecary made up a preparation in a cup, without asking any questions; and so the husband and wife took it. Iroldo drank first, and then endeavored to give the cup to his wife, uttering not a word, and trembling in every limb; not because he was afraid of death, but because he could not bear to ask her to share it. At length, turning away his face and looking down, he held the cup towards her, and she took it with a chilled heart and trembling hand, and drank the remainder to the dregs. Iroldo then covered his face and head, not daring to see her depart for the house of Prasildo; and Tisbina, with pangs bitterer than death, left him in solitude.

Tisbina, accompanied by a servant, went to Prasildo, who could scarcely believe his ears when he heard that she was at the door requesting to speak with him. He hastened down to show her all honor, leading her from the door into a room by themselves; and when he found her in tears, addressed her in the most considerate and subdued, yet still not unhappy, manner, taking her confusion for bashfulness, and never dreaming what a tragedy had been meditated.

Finding at length that her grief was not to be done away, he conjured her by what she held dearest on earth to let him know the cause of it; adding that he could still die for her sake, if his death would do her any service. Tisbina spoke at these words; and Prasildo then heard what he did not wish to hear. "I am in your hands," answered she, "while I am yet alive. I am bound to my word, but I cannot survive the dishonor which it costs me, nor, above all, the loss of the husband of my heart. You also, to whose eyes I have been so welcome, must be prepared for my disappearance from the earth. Had my affections not belonged to another, ungentle would have been my heart not to have loved yourself, who are so capable of loving; but (as you must well know) to love two at once is neither fitting nor in one's power. It was for that reason I never loved you, baron; I was only touched with compassion for you; and hence the miseries of us all. Before this day closes, I shall have learned the taste of death." And without further preface she disclosed to him how she and her husband had taken poison.

Prasildo was struck dumb with horror. He had thought his felicity at hand, and was at the same instant to behold it gone for ever. She who was rooted in his heart, she who carried his life in her sweet looks, even she was sitting there before him, already, so to speak, dead. "It has pleased neither Heaven nor you, Tisbina," exclaimed the unhappy young man, "to put my best feelings to the proof. Often have two lovers perished for love; the world will now behold a sacrifice of three. Oh, why did you not make a request to me in your turn, and ask me to free you from your promise? You say you took pity on me! Alas, cruel one, confess that you have killed yourself, in order to kill me. Yet why? Never did I think of giving you displeasure; and I now do what I would have done at any time to prevent it, I absolve you from your oath. Stay or go this instant, as it seems best to you."

A stronger feeling than compassion moved the heart of Tisbina at these words. "This indeed," replied she, "I feel to be noble; and truly could I also now die to save you. But life is flitting; and how may I prove my regard?"

Prasildo, who had in good earnest resolved that three instead of two should perish, experienced such anguish at the extraordinary position in which he found all three, that even her sweet words came but dimly to his ears. He stood like a man stupefied; then begged of her to give him but one kiss, and so took his leave without further ado, only intimating that her way out of the house lay before her. As he spake, he removed himself from her sight.

Tisbina reached home. She found her husband with his head covered up as she left him; but when she recounted what had passed, and the courtesy of Prasildo, and how he had exacted from her but a single kiss, Iroldo got up, and removed the covering from his face, and then clasping his hands, and raising it to heaven, he knelt with grateful humility, and prayed God to give pardon to himself, and reward to his neighbor. But before he had ended, Tisbina sank on the floor in a swoon. Her weaker frame was the first to undergo the effects of what she had taken. Iroldo felt icy chill to see her, albeit she seemed to sleep sweetly. Her aspect was not at all like death. He taxed Heaven with cruelty for treating two loving hearts so hardly, and cried out against Fortune, and life, and Love itself.

Nor was Prasildo happier in his chamber. He also exclaimed against the bitter tyrant "whom men call Love;" and protested, that he would gladly encounter any fate, to be delivered from the worse evils of his false and cruel ascendancy.

But his lamentations were interrupted. The apothecary who sold the potion to the husband and wife was at the door below, requesting to speak with him. The servants at first had refused to carry the message; but the old man persisting and saying it was a matter of life and death, entrance for him into the master's chamber was obtained.

"Noble sir," said the apothecary, "I have always held you in love and reverence. I have unfortunately reason to fear that somebody is desiring your death. This morning a handmaiden of the lady Tisbina applied to me for a secret poison; and just now it was told me, that the lady herself had been at this house. I am old, sir, and you are young; and I warn you against the violence and jealousies of womankind. Talk of their flames of love! Satan himself burn them, say I, for they are fit for nothing better. Do not be too much alarmed, however, this time: for in truth I gave the young woman nothing of the sort that she asked for, but only a draught so innocent, that if you have taken it, it will cost you but four or five hours' sleep. So, in God's name, give up the whole foolish sex; for you may depend on it, that in this city of ours there are ninety-nine wicked ones among them to one good."

You may guess how Prasildo's heart revived at these words. Truly might he be compared to flowers in sunshine after rain; he rejoiced through all his being, and displayed again a cheerful countenance. Hastily thanking the old man, he lost no time in repairing to the house of his neighbors, and telling them of their safety; and you may guess how the like joy was theirs.

But behold a wonder! Iroldo was so struck with the generosity of his neighbor's conduct throughout the whole of this extraordinary affair, that nothing would content his grateful though ever-grieving heart, but he must fairly give up Tisbina after all. Prasildo, to do him justice, resisted the proposition as stoutly as he could; but a man's powers are ill seconded by an unwilling heart; and though the contest was long and handsome, as is customary between generous natures, the husband adhered firmly to his intention. In short, he abruptly quitted the city, declaring that he would never again see it, and so left his wife to the lover.

BALDASSARE CASTIGLIONE.

A SINGLE work has given to Castiglione a high reputation. His treatise "Il Cortegiano," "The Courtier," written in 1514, set forth in elegant style the ideal gentleman of the Renaissance. The Italians called it "the book of gold." It was in the form of a discussion between distinguished gentlemen and ladies at the court of Urbino, then the most refined in Italy. The theme selected, after several suggestions, was "What Constitutes a Perfect Courtier?" Four nights are occupied in the discussion, a principal speaker being chosen for each night, and the other members of the group criticising his speech. The divisions are: The form and manner of court life; the qualifications of a courtier; the accomplishments of a court lady; the duty of a prince. The discussion shows the adaptation of the old rules of the Courts of Love to more modern requirements.

Baldassare Castiglione was born near Mantua in 1478, and educated at Milan. In youth he entered the service of Ludovico Sforza, Duke of Milan, and afterwards was attached to the court of the Duke of Urbino. Castiglione was employed on various embassies, and visited England and Spain. Here he was made Bishop of Avila and was charged with settling the dispute between Pope Clement VII. and the Emperor Charles V. He died at Toledo in 1527. It is acknowledged that throughout his life Castiglione was a perfect example of the model that he drew.

THE COURTIER'S ADDRESSES.

THEY who are too precipitate and show a presumption, and, as it were, a mad pertinacity in their addresses, often miss their mark, and that deservedly; for it is always displeasing to a noble lady to be so little esteemed as that any one should, without due respect, require her love before he has done her due service. In my opinion, the way that a courtier should declare his love to his mistress is by signs and tokens rather than by words. For without doubt more love is shown in a sigh, or in some mark of timidity or reverence, than can be shown in a thousand words; and the eyes may afterwards be made the faithful messengers of the heart, because they frequently declare, with more eloquence, the inward passion, than can open speech, a letter, or any other kind of message.

LUIGI DA PORTO.

SHAKESPEARE drew more than one plot from the Italian novelists, but none more noteworthy than that of "Romeo and Juliet." For this he was indebted to Luigi da Porto, a poet, scholar, and novelist of Italy during the first quarter of the sixteenth century. "La Giulietta" is the sole story that survives from Porto's pen, although he is said to have produced several other novels. Porto was of noble descent, and fought for the republic of Venice in the wars connected with the League of Cambray. A wound crippled him and gave him to literature. He died in 1529, at the age of forty-four.

His single story was based on a previous tale by Massuccio Salernitano, and it may serve to show how far the dramatist, who has not, indeed, improved upon his model of Massuccio, has fallen short of the pathetic beauty of Luigi da Porto's story in its conclusion. It is only in the latter that we meet with the affecting circumstance of Juliet rising from her trance before the death of Romeo. It is this Italian story which has since suggested the improvement that has been adopted on the stage at the close of the tragedy, where Romeo does not expire before the revival of Juliet. The entire story is indelibly linked in modern memory with the Italian family feuds, has been actually traced to a Greek romance, and was once historically treated as a real event.

Love in the Tomb.

On the evening of the day after Juliet's interment Romeo arrived at Verona without being discovered by any one. The same night, as soon as the city became hushed, he resorted to the convent of the Frati Minori, where the tombs of the Cappelletti lay. The church was situated in the Cittadella, where the monks at that time resided, although, for some reason, they have since left it for the suburb of San Zeno, now called Santo Bernardino, and the Cittadella was formerly, indeed, inhabited by San Francesco himself. Near the outer walls of this place there were then placed a number of large monuments, such as we see round many churches, and beneath one of these was the ancient sepulchre of all the Cappelletti, in which the beautiful bride then lay. Romeo approaching near not long after midnight, and possessing great strength, removed the heavy covering by force, and with some wooden stakes which he had brought with him he propped it up to prevent it from closing again until he wished it, and he then entered the tomb and replaced the covering. The lamp he carried cast a lurid light around, while his eyes wandered in search of the loved object, which, bursting open the living tomb, he quickly found. When he beheld the features of the beautiful Juliet, now mingled with a heap of lifeless dust and bones, a sudden tide of sorrow sprung into his eyes, and amidst bitter sobs he thus spoke: "O eyes, which while our loves to Heaven were dear, shone sweetly upon mine! O sweeter mouth, a thousand and a thousand times so fondly kissed by me alone, and rich in honeyed words! O bosom, in which my whole heart lay treasured up, alas! all closed and mute and cold I find ye now! My hapless wife, what hath love done for thee, but led thee hither? And why so soon perish two wretched lovers? I had not looked for this when hope and passion first whispered of other things. But I have lived to witness even this!" and he pressed his lips to her mouth and bosom, mingling his kisses with his tears. "Walls of the dead!" he cried, "why fall ye not around me and crush me into dust? Yet, as death is in the power of all, it is a despicable thing to wish, yet fear it, too." Then taking out the poison from under his vest, he thus continued: "By what strange fatality am I brought to die in the sepulchre of my enemies, some of whom this hand hath slain? But as it is pleasant to die near those we love, now, my beloved, let me die!" Then, seizing the fatal vial, he poured its whole contents into his frame, and catching the fair body of Juliet in his arms in a wild embrace, "Still so sweet," he cried, "dear limbs, mine, only mine! And if yet thy pure spirit live, my Juliet, let it look from its seat of bliss to witness and forgive my cruel death; as I could not delighted live with thee, it is not forbidden me with thee to die," and winding his arms about her he awaited his final doom.

The hour was now arrived when, the vital powers of the slumbering lady reviving and subduing the icy coldness of the poison, she should awake. Therefore while still straitly folded in the last embraces of Romeo, she suddenly recovered her senses, and, uttering a deep sigh, she cried, "Alas! where am I? in whose arms? whose kisses? Oh, unbind me, wretch that I am! Base friar, is it thus you keep your word to Romeo, thus lead me to his arms?" Great was her husband's surprise to feel Juliet alive in his embrace. Recalling the idea of Pygmalion, "Do you know me, sweet wife?" he cried. "It is your love, your Romeo, hither come to die with you. I came alone and secretly from Mantua to find your place of rest." Finding herself within the sepulchre and in the arms of Romeo, Juliet would not at first give credit to her senses; but, springing out of his arms, gazed a moment eagerly on his face, and the next fell on his neck with a torrent of tears and kisses. "O Romeo, Romeo, what madness brings you hither? Were not my letters which I sent you by the friar enough to tell you of my feigned death, and that I should shortly be restored to you?" The wretched youth, aware of the whole calamity, then gave loose to his despair. "Beyond all other griefs that lovers ever bore, Romeo, thy lot has been! My life, my soul, I never had thy letters!" And he told her the piteous tale which he had heard from the lips of her servant, and that, concluding she was dead, he had hastened to keep her company and had already drunk the deadly draught. At these last words his unhappy bride, uttering a wild scream, began to beat her breast and tear her hair, and then in a state of distraction she threw herself by the side of Romeo, already lying on the ground, and pouring over him a deluge of tears, imprinted her last kisses on his lips. All pale and trembling, she cried, "O my Romeo! will you die in my sight, and I, too, the occasion of your death? Must I live even a moment after you? Ah, would that I could give my life for yours? Would that I alone might die?" In a faint and dying tone her husband replied, "If my love and truth were ever dear to you, my Juliet, live; for my sake, live; for it is sweet to know that you will then be often thinking of him who now dies for you, with his eyes still fixed on yours." "Die! yes! you die for the death which in me was only feigned! What, therefore, should I do for this, your real, cruel death? I only grieve that I have no means of accompanying you, and hate myself that I must linger on earth till I obtain them. But it shall not be long before the wretch who caused your death shall follow you;" and uttering these words with pain, she swooned away upon his body. On again reviving, she felt she was catching the last breath, which now came thick and fast, from the breast of her husband.

VITTORIA COLONNA.

THIS gifted lady was the daughter of Fabrizio Colonna, grand constable of the kingdom of Naples. She was born in 1490 and died in 1547. Michael Angelo declared that before he knew her he was a half-finished statue to which her chisel gave form. One result of the great sculptor's admiration for her is that he turned poet himself and became a noble Petrarchist. Most of Vittoria's own poetry is dedicated to her husband, Francisco D'Avalos, son of the Marquis of Pescara, to whom she was betrothed when only four years old at the instance of Ferdinand of Aragon, and to whom she was married at the age of seventeen after she had refused a duke of Savoy. In 1511 Francisco offered his sword to the Holy League, and during the succeeding long exile of campaigning the young wife and husband corresponded in passionate verse and prose. Pescara became one of Charles V.'s bravest captains. He was offered the crown of Naples if he would join the emperor's enemies, but Vittoria kept him from that treason. She was hastening to his side when she learned of his death at Milan from his wounds. Michael Angelo in his sixty-fourth year met this sweet Italian woman at Rome and became a devoted admirer. He made drawings for her, wrote sonnets to her and spent hours in her charming society. She removed to Orvieto in 1541, and afterwards to Viterbo, but the great sculptor continued to visit her. The young widow meanwhile composed a number of "Rime Spirituali." Her elegiac and her amatory poems do not reveal any great poetic genius; but they gain note from her sex and personality.

A Branch of the Vine.

Father of heaven! if by Thy mercy's grace
A living branch I am of that true Vine
Which spreads o'er all,—and would we did resign
Ourselves entire by faith to its embrace!—
In me much drooping, Lord, Thine eye will trace,
Caused by the shade of these rank leaves of mine,
Unless in season due Thou dost refine
The humor gross, and quicken its dull pace.
So cleanse me, that, abiding e'er with Thee,
I feed me hourly with the heavenly dew,
And with my falling tears refresh the root.
Thou saidst, and thou art truth, thou'dst with me be:
Then willing come, that I may bear much fruit,
And worthy of the stock on which it grew.

Heavenly Union.

Blest union, that in heaven was ordained
In wondrous manner, to yield peace to man,
Which by the spirit divine and mortal frame
Is joined with sacred and with love-strong tie!
I praise the beauteous work, its author great;
Yet fain would see it moved by other hope,
By other zeal, before I change this form,
Since I no longer may enjoy it here.
The soul, imprisoned in this tenement,
Its bondage hates; and hence, distressed, it can
Neither live here, nor fly where it desires.
My glory then will be to see me joined
With the bright sun that lightened all my path;
For in his life alone I learned to live.

MICHEL ANGELO BUONARROTI.

SUPREME in the realm of art as painter, sculptor and architect, Michel Angelo claims also a place in the republic of letters. The greatest Christian church, with its marvelous dome, is his eternal monument. His sculpture strove to embody a meaning which belongs more directly to the wider region of poetry. His life was marred by variances with successive popes, which compelled him to waste precious time in performing work for which inferior men were competent, while opportunity was denied him to execute his own sublime plans. Yet in spite of all obstacles his Titanic genius struggled on to the accomplishment of masterpieces which remain to baffle the ingenuity of critics and to challenge the admiration of the world.

Michel Angelo Buonarroti was born of noble family in the castle of Caprese in Tuscany in March, 1475. His first training was in the academy founded by Lorenzo the Magnificent at Florence, and he gained the favor of that potentate. Statues and bas-reliefs still remain in Florence to attest his youthful skill. In the flush of his manhood he was called to Rome by the warlike pontiff, Julius II., and by his orders commenced the pope's tomb, which, partly owing to the quarrel of these two proud, imperious natures, was never completed in its original grandeur. The frescoes of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican, showing the prophets and heroes and striking episodes of sacred Scripture, are the chief witness of Michel Angelo's ability as a painter. The sublimity of his conceptions is equalled only by the power and facility with which they are executed. The luxurious Leo X., in spite of his love of art, wantonly neglected the greatest genius of his age, and assigned to him unworthy tasks. Paul III. recalled the master to suitable work and appointed him architect of St. Peter's church, which he had suggested long before. He formed the model for the dome, though he did not live to see it completed. He died in February, 1564.

It was his admiration and affection for Vittoria Colonna which led the great master of the plastic arts to express his thoughts in verse worthy of his fame. It was not until his sixtieth year that he had the good fortune to meet this gifted, pious woman; thenceforth until her death in 1547, her friendship was the great solace of his life. Previously he had been stern and solitary in disposition; now in old age the tenderness of his heart was revealed. His passion was perfectly pure, and while it inspired him to sing her praises and to celebrate Platonic love, it found expression also in mystic songs relating to the Christian religion and to the art which had heretofore dominated his mind. Though his paintings (apart from his frescoes) have been lost in the ravages of time, his sonnets and lyrics, thrown off amid the pressure of work, remain to win new admiration for the Olympian Zeus of Christian art.

ON DANTE.

FROM heaven his spirit came, and robed in clay,
The realms of justice and of mercy trod:
Then rose a living man to gaze on God,
That he might make the truth as clear as day.
For that pure star, that brightened with his ray
The undeserving nest where I was born,
The whole wide world would be a prize to scorn;
None but his Maker can due guerdon pay.
I speak of Dante, whose high work remains
Unknown, unhonored by that thankless brood,
Who only to just men deny their wage.
Were I but he! Born for like lingering pains,
Against his exile coupled with his good
I'd gladly change the world's best heritage.

THE MODEL AND THE STATUE.

(To Vittoria Colonna.)

WHEN that which is divine in us doth try
To shape a face, both brain and hand unite
To give, from a mere model frail and slight,
Life to the stone by Art's free energy.
Thus too before the painter dares to ply
Paint-brush or canvas, he is wont to write
Sketches on scraps of paper, and invite
Wise minds to judge his figured history.
So, born a model rude and mean to be
Of my poor self, I gain a nobler birth,
Lady, from you, you fountain of all worth!
Each overplus and each deficiency
You will make good. What penance then is due.
For my fierce heat, chastened and taught by you?

LOVE THE LIGHT-GIVER.

(To Tommaso de Cavalieri.)

WITH your fair eyes a charming light I see,
For which my own blind eyes would peer in vain;
Stayed by your feet, the burden I sustain
Which my lame feet find all too strong for me;
Wingless upon your pinions forth I fly;
Heavenward your spirit stirreth me to strain;
E'en as you will, I blush and blanch again,
Freeze in the sun, burn 'neath a frosty sky.
Your will includes and is the lord of mine;
Life to my thoughts within your heart is given;
My words begin to breathe upon your breath;
Like to the moon am I, that cannot shine
Alone; for lo! our eyes see naught in heaven
Save what the living sun illumineth.

HEAVENLY AND EARTHLY LOVE.

LOVE is not always harsh and deadly sin,
When love for boundless beauty makes us pine;
The heart, by love left soft and infantine,

Will let the shafts of God's grace enter in.
Love wings and wakes the soul, stirs her to win
Her flight aloft, nor e'er to earth decline;
'Tis the first step that leads her to the shrine
Of Him who slakes the thirst that burns within.
The love of that whereof I speak ascends:
Woman is different far; the love of her
But ill befits a heart manly and wise.
The one love soars, the other earthward tends;
The soul lights this, while that the senses stir;
And still lust's arrow at base quarry flies.

AFTER THE DEATH OF VITTORIA COLONNA.

WELL might I in those days so fortunate,
What time the sun lightened my path above,
Have soared from earth to heaven, raised by her love
Who winged my laboring soul and sweetened fate.
That sun hath set, and I with hope elate
Who deemed that those bright days would never move,
Find that my thankless soul, deprived thereof,
Declines to death, while heaven still bars the gate.
Love lent me wings; my path was like a stair;
A lamp unto my feet, that sun was given;
And death was safety and great joy to find.
But dying now, I shall not climb to heaven,
Nor can mere memory cheer my heart's despair—
What help remains when hope is left behind?

LAMENT FOR LIFE WASTED.

AH me! Ah me! whene'er I think
Of my past years, I find that none
Among those many years, alas, was mine;
False hopes and longings vain have made me pine,
With tears, sighs, passions, fires, upon life's brink.
Of mortal loves I have known every one.
Full well I feel it now; lost and undone,
From truth and goodness banished far away,
I dwindle day by day.
Longer the shade, more short the sunbeams grow;
While I am near to falling, faint and low.

GIORGIO VASARI.

As the biographer of the famous artists of Italy, Giorgio Vasari (1511–1574), of Arezzo, must receive high praise. He was a pupil of the great Michel Angelo and of Andrea del Sarto. He was aided by the Medici princes. In 1529 he visited Rome and studied the works of Raphael and his school. His own paintings, although admired in the sixteenth century, are feeble parodies of Michel Angelo. He painted the wall and ceiling frescoes of the Palazzo Vecchio in Florence. He amassed a fortune by his art, and rose to the supreme office of gonfaloniere of his native town. He was singularly free from vanity and able to appreciate the works of others—even Cimabue and Giotto. Vasari also had a keen eye for character, and he has left us as superb prose portraits of the old masters of Italian art as any brush portraits by Raphael, Rembrandt or Van Dyke. His master-piece of biography was published (1550) under the title, "Delle Vite de' piu Eccellenti Pittori, Scultori, ed Architettori." It was dedicated to his patron Cosimo de' Medici.

Buffalmacco the Jesting Painter.

Buonamico di Cristofano, nicknamed Buffalmacco, was a pupil of Andrea Tafi, and has been celebrated as a jester by Boccaccio. Franco Sacchetti also tells how, when Buffalmacco was still a boy with Andrea, his master had the habit, when the nights were long, of getting up before day to work, and calling his boys. This was displeasing to Buonamico, who had to rise in the middle of his best sleep, and he considered how he might prevent Andrea from getting up before day to work, and this was what occurred to him. Having found thirty great beetles in an ill-kept cellar, he fastened on each of their backs a little candle, and at the hour when Adrea was used to rise, he put them one by one through a hole in the door into Andrea's chamber, having first lighted the candles. His master awaking at the hour for calling Buffalmacco, and seeing the lights, was seized with terror and began to tremble like a fearful old man as he was, and to say his prayers and repeat the psalms; and at last, putting his head under the clothes, he thought no more that night of calling Buffalmacco, but lay trembling with fear till daybreak. The morning being come, he asked Buonamico if, like him, he had seen more than a thousand devils. Buonamico answered, "No," for he had kept his eyes closed, and wondered he had not been called. "What!" said Tafi, "I had something else to think of than painting, and I am resolved to go into another house." The next night, although Buonamico put only three beetles into Tafi's chamber, yet he, from the last night's terror and the fear of those few devils, could get no sleep at all, and, as soon as it was day, left the house determined never to return, and it took a great deal of good counsel to make him change his mind. At last Buonamico brought the priest to him, to console him. And Tafi and Buonamico discussing the matter, Buonamico said: "I have always heard say that demons are the greatest enemies of God, and consequently they ought to be the chief adversaries of painters, because not only do we always make them hideous, but we also never cease making saints on all the walls, and so cause men in despite of the devils to become more and more devout. So these devils being enraged against us, as they have greater power by night than by day, they come playing us these tricks, and it will be worse if this custom of getting up early is not quite given up." With such words Buffalmacco managed the matter, what the priest said helping him; so that Tafi left off getting up early, and the devils no longer went about the house at night with candles. But not many months after, Tafi, drawn by the desire of gain, and having forgotten his fears, began afresh to get up early and to call Buffalmacco; whereon the beetles began again to appear, until he was forced by his fears to give it up entirely, being earnestly counseled to do so by the priest. And the matter being noised abroad in the city for a time, neither Tafi nor any other painter ventured to get up at night to work.

While painting the church of the convent of Faenza, at Florence, Buffalmacco, who was very careless and negligent in his dress, as in other things, did not always wear his hood and mantle, as was the fashion at the time; and the nuns, watching him through the screen they had erected, began to complain that it did not please them to see him in his doublet. At last, as he always appeared in the same fashion, they began to think that he was only some boy employed in mixing colors; and they gave him to understand, through their abbess, that they should prefer to see his master, and not always him. To this Buonamico answered good-humoredly that when the master came he would let them know, understanding, nevertheless, how little confidence they had in him. Then he took a stool, and placed upon it another, and on the top he put a pitcher or water-jug, and fastened a hood on the handle, and covered up the rest of the jug with a cloak, fastening it well behind the tables; and having fixed a pencil in the spout of the jug, he went away. The nuns coming again to see the picture through a hole that they had made in the screen, saw the supposed master in his fine attire, and not doubting that he was working with all his might, doing very different work from what that boy did, for several days were quite content. At last, being desirous to see what fine things the master had done in the last fortnight (during which time Buonamico had not been there at all), one night, thinking he was gone, they went to see his picture, and were overcome with confusion when one more bold than the rest detected the solemn master, who during the fortnight had done no work at all. But, acknowledging that he had only treated them as they deserved, and that the work which he had done was worthy of praise, they sent their steward to call Buonamico back; and he with great laughter went back to his work, letting them see the difference between men and water-jugs, and that it does not always do to judge a man's work by his clothes.

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

One of the most famous autobiographies in the literature of the world is that of Benvenuto Cellini, of Florence (1500–1569). He was a contemporary of Vasari, and an artist like him. Cellini's father was a musician and maker of instruments, but Benvenuto early desired to become a goldsmith. He became skilled in all the mysteries of that craft. He also practised flute-playing, and was one of Pope Clement VII.'s court musicians. For this Pope's cope he made a magnificent button. His greatest achievement in art was the bronze group of Perseus holding the head of Medusa, which was placed in front of the old ducal palace at Florence,—"a work," as has been declared, "full of the fire of genius and the grandeur of a terrible beauty; one of the most typical and unforgettable monuments of the Italian Renaissance."

But it is Cellini the adventurer, the duellist, the warrior, the romantic hero of amours, who has become most famous. His violent temper early led him into quarrels and even homicide. He was obliged to escape in disguise after one such episode. At the sack of Rome by the Constable de Bourbon, Cellini himself—if we believe his own tale—shot the constable dead and afterwards wounded the Prince of Orange. Among other exploits, he avenged a brother's murder by slaying the slayer. He was thrown into the castle of Saint Angelo on the charge of having embezzled during the war the gems of the pontifical tiara, and though he effected a romantic escape down the tower, he was recaptured. Not being sent to the scaffold, he departed for the court of Francis I. at Fontainebleau and to Paris, where he had other adventures galore that lose nothing in his telling. He returned to his native city and produced numerous works of art which won general admiration. The regard of his fellow-citizens was attested when he was buried with great pomp. "His autobiographical memoirs," declares William M. Roscoe, "are a production of the utmost energy, directness and racy animation, setting forth one of the most singular careers in all the annals of fine art. His amours and hatreds, his passions and delights, his love of the sumptuous and exquisite in art, his self-applause and self-assertion, running now and then into extravagances which it is impossible to credit, and difficult to set down as strictly conscious falsehoods, make this one of the most singular and fascinating books in existence. Here we read of the devout complacency with which Cellini could regard a satisfactorily achieved homicide; of the legion of devils which he and a conjuror evoked in the Colosseum, after one of his numerous mistresses had been spirited away from him by her mother; of the marvelous halo of light which he found surrounded his head at dawn and twilight after his Roman imprisonment. and his supernatural visions and angelic protection during that adversity, and of his being poisoned on two occasions."

THE ONION STEW.

I CONTINUED to work for the Pope [Clement VII.], executing now one trifle and now another, till he commissioned me to design a chalice of exceeding richness. So I made both drawing and model for the piece. The latter was constructed of wood and wax. Instead of the usual top, I fashioned three figures of a fair size in the round; they represented Faith, Hope and Charity. Corresponding to these, at the base of the cup, were three circular histories in bas-relief. One was the Nativity of Christ, the second the Resurrection, and the third Saint Peter crucified head downwards; for thus I had received commission. While I had this work in hand, the Pope was often pleased to look at it; wherefore, observing that his Holiness had never thought again of giving me anything, and knowing that a post in the Piombo was vacant, I asked for this one evening. The good Pope, quite oblivious of his extravagances at the termination of the last piece, said to me: "That post in the Piombo is worth more than eight hundred crowns a year, so that if I gave it you, you would spend your time in scratching your paunch, and your magnificent handicraft would be lost, and I should bear the blame." I replied at once thus: "Cats of a good breed mouse better when they are fat than starving; and likewise honest men who possess some talent, exercise it to far nobler purport when they have the wherewithal to live abundantly; wherefore princes who provide such folk with competences, let your Holiness take notice, are watering the roots of genius; for genius and talent, at their birth, come into this world lean and scabby; and your Holiness should also know that I never asked for the place with the hope of getting it. Only too happy am I to have that miserable post of mace-bearer. On the other I built but castles in the air. Your Holiness will do well, since you do not care to give it me, to bestow it on a man of talent who deserves it, and not upon some fat ignoramus who will spend his time scratching his paunch, if I may quote your Holiness's own words. Follow the example of Pope Julius of illustrious memory, who conferred an office of the same kind upon Bramante, that most admirable architect."

Immediately on finishing this speech, I made my bow, and went off in a fury. Then Bastiano Veneziano the painter approached, and said: "Most blessed Father, may your Holiness be willing to grant it to one who works assiduously in the exercise of some talent; and as your Holiness knows that I am diligent in my art, I beg that I may be thought worthy of it." The Pope replied: "That devil Benvenuto will not brook rebuke. I was inclined to give it him, but it is not right to be so haughty with a Pope. Therefore I do not well know what I am to do." The Bishop of Vasona then came up, and put in a word for Bastiano, saying: "Most blessed Father, Benvenuto is but young; and a sword becomes him better than a friar's frock. Let your Holiness give the place to this ingenious person Bastiano. Some time or other you will be able to bestow on Benvenuto a good thing, perhaps more suitable to him than this would be." Then the Pope, turning to Messer Bartolommeo Valori, told him: "When next you meet Benvenuto, let him know from me that it was he who got that office in the Piombo for Bastiano the painter, and add that he may reckon on obtaining the next considerable place that falls; meanwhile let him look to his behavior and finish my commissions."

The following evening, two hours after sundown, I met Messer Bartolommeo Valori at the corner of the Mint; he was preceded by two torches, and was going in haste to the Pope, who had sent for him. On my taking off my hat, he stopped and called me, and reported in the most friendly manner all the messages the Pope had sent me. I replied that I should complete my work with greater diligence and application than any I had yet attempted, but without the least hope of having any reward whatever from the Pope. Messer Bartolommeo reproved me, saying that this was not the way in which one ought to reply to the advances of a Pope. I answered that I should be mad to reply otherwise—mad if I based my hopes on such promises, being certain to get nothing. So I departed, and went off to my business.

Messer Bartolommeo must have reported my audacious speeches to the Pope, and more perhaps than I had really said; for his Holiness waited above two months before he sent for me, and during that while nothing would have induced me to go uncalled for to the palace. Yet he was dying with impatience to see the chalice, and commissioned Messer Ruberto Pucci to give heed to what I was about. That right worthy fellow came daily to visit me, and always gave me some kindly word, which I returned. The time was drawing nigh now for the Pope to travel toward Bologna; so at last, perceiving that I did not mean to come to him, he made Messer Ruberto bid me bring my work, that he might see how I was getting on. Accordingly, I took it; and having shown, as the piece itself proved, that the most important part was finished, I begged him to advance me five hundred crowns, partly on account, and partly because I wanted gold to complete the chalice. The Pope said: "Go on, go on at work till it is finished." I answered, as I took my leave, that I would finish it if he paid me the money. And so I went away.

When the Pope took his journey to Bologna, he left Cardinal Salviati as Legate of Rome, and gave him commission to push forward the work that I was doing, adding: "Benvenuto is a fellow who esteems his own great talents but slightly, and us less; look to it then that you keep him always going, so that I may find the chalice finished on my return."

That beast of a Cardinal sent for me after eight days, bidding me bring the piece up. On this I went to him without the piece. No sooner had I shown my face, than he called out: "Where is that onion-stew [hodge-podge] of yours? Have you got it ready?" I answered: "O most reverend Monsignor, I have not got my onion-stew ready, nor shall I make it ready, unless you give me onions to concoct it with." At these words, the Cardinal, who looked more like a donkey than a man, turned uglier by half than he was naturally, and wanting at once to cut the matter short, cried out: "I'll send you to a galley, and then perhaps you'll have the grace to go on with your labor." The bestial manners of the man made me a beast too, and I retorted: "Monsignor, send me to the galleys when I've done deeds worthy of them; but for my present neglect, I snap my fingers at your galleys; and what is more, I tell you that, just because of you, I will not set hand further to my piece. Don't send for me again, for I won't appear, no, not if you summon me by the police."

After this, the good Cardinal tried several times to let me know that I ought to go on working, and to bring him what I was doing to look at. I only told his messengers: "Say to Monsignor that he must send me onions, if he wants me to get my stew ready." Nor did I ever give any other answer; so that he threw up the commission in despair.

The Pope came back from Bologna, and sent at once for me, because the Cardinal had written the worst he could of my affairs in his despatches. He was in the hottest rage imaginable, and bade me come upon the instant with my piece. I obeyed. Now, while the Pope was staying at Bologna, I had suffered from an attack of inflammation in the eyes, so painful that I scarce could go on living for the torment; and this was the chief reason why I had not carried out my work. The trouble was so serious that I expected for certain to be left without my eyesight; and I had reckoned up the sum on which I could subsist, if I were blind for life. Upon the way to the Pope, I turned over in my mind what I should put forward to excuse myself for not having been able to advance his work. I thought that, while he was inspecting the chalice, I might tell him of my personal embarrassments. However, I was unable to do so; for when I arrived in the presence, he broke out coarsely at me: "Come here with your work; is it finished?" I displayed it; and his temper rising he exclaimed: "In God's truth I tell thee, thou that makest it thy business to hold no man in regard, that, were it not for decency and order, I would have thee and thy work chucked out of windows." Accordingly, when I perceived that the Pope had become no better than a vicious beast, my chief anxiety was how I could manage to withdraw from his presence. So, while he went on bullying, I tucked the piece beneath my cape, and muttered under my breath: "The whole world could not compel a blind man to execute such things as these." Raising his voice still higher, the Pope shouted: "Come here; what sayest thou?" I stayed in two minds, whether or not to dash at full speed down the staircase; then I took my decision and threw myself upon my knees, shouting as loudly as I could, for he too had not ceased from shouting: "If an infirmity has blinded me, am I bound to go on working?" He retorted: "You saw well enough to make your way hither, and I don't believe one word of what you say." I answered, for I noticed he had dropped his voice a little: "Let your Holiness inquire of your physician, and you will find the truth out." He said: "So ho! softly; at leisure we shall hear if what you say is so." Then, perceiving that he was willing to give me hearing, I added: "I am convinced that the only cause of this great trouble which has happened to me, is Cardinal Salviati; for he sent to me immediately after your Holiness's departure, and when I presented myself, he called my work a stew of onions, and told me he would send me to complete it in a galley; and such was the effect upon me of his knavish words, that in my passion I felt my face inflame, and so intolerable a heat attacked my eyes that I could not find my own way home. Two days afterwards, cataracts fell on both my eyes; I quite lost my sight, and since your Holiness's departure I have been unable to work at all."

Rising from my knees, I left the presence without further license. It was afterwards reported to me that the Pope had said: "One can give commissions, but not the prudence to perform them. I did not tell the Cardinal to go so brutally about this business. If it is true that he is suffering from his eyes, of which I shall get information through my doctor, one ought to make allowance for him." A great gentleman, intimate with the Pope, and a man of very distinguished parts, happened to be present. He asked who I was, using terms like these: "Most blessed Father, pardon if I put a question. I have seen you yield at one and the same time to the hottest anger I ever observed, and then to the warmest compassion: so I beg your Holiness to tell me who the man is; for if he is a person worthy to be helped, I can teach him a secret which may cure him of that infirmity." The Pope replied: "He is the greatest artist in his own craft that was ever born; one day, when we are together, I will show you some of his marvellous works, and the man himself to boot; and I shall be pleased if we can see our way toward doing something to assist him." Three days after this, the Pope sent for me after dinner-time, and I found that great noble in the presence. On my arrival, the Pope had my cope-button brought, and I in the meantime drew forth my chalice. The nobleman said, on looking at it, that he had never seen a more stupendous piece of work. When the button came, he was still more struck with wonder; and looking me straight in the face, he added: "The man is young, I trow, to be so able in his art, and still apt enough to learn much." He then asked me what my name was. I answered: "My name is Benvenuto." He replied: "And Benvenuto [welcome] shall I be this day to you. Take flower-de-luces, stalk, blossom, root, together; then decoct them over a slack fire, and with the liquid bathe your eyes several times a day, you will most certainly be cured of that weakness; but see that you purge first, and then go forward with the lotion." The Pope gave me some kind words, and so I went away half satisfied.

CROSSING THE BRIDGE.

WHEN we had passed Mount Simplon we found a river near a place called Indevedro. This river was very wide and rather deep, and crossed by a little narrow bridge without a parapet. There was a hard frost that morning, and when I reached the bridge—for I was in front of the rest, and saw that it was very dangerous—I ordered my young men and the servants to dismount and lead their horses by the bridle. Thus I passed the said bridge in safety, and went on talking with one of those two Frenchmen, who was a gentleman. The other was a notary, who had remained somewhat behind and jeered at that gentleman and at me, saying that for fear of nothing at all we had preferred the discomfort of going on foot; to whom I turned, and seeing him on the middle of the bridge, prayed him to come softly, for that it was a very dangerous place. This man, who could not help showing his French nature, said to me in French that I was a man of little courage, and that there was no danger at all. While he was saying these words he pricked his horse with the spur, through which means it suddenly slipped over the edge of the bridge, and fell close beside a large stone, turning over with its legs in the air; and as God very often shows compassion to fools, this beast, along with the other beast, his horse, fell into a great and deep hole, wherein both he and his horse went under water. As soon as I saw this I began to run, and with great difficulty leaped upon the stone aforesaid, and, holding on by it and hanging over the brink, I seized the edge of a gown which that man was wearing, and by that gown I pulled him up, while he was still under water; and because he had drunk a great quantity of water, and within a little would have been drowned, I, seeing him out of danger, told him I was rejoiced at having saved his life. Whereat he answered me that I had done nothing—that the most important thing were his parchments, which were worth much money. It seemed that he spoke thus in anger, all soaked through as he was, and muttering confusedly. At this I turned to the guides we had with us and promised to pay them if they would help this beast. One of the guides valorously, and with great difficulty, set himself to do what he could, and fished up all the parchments, so that he lost nothing; the other would not put himself to any trouble to help him.

GIACOMO SANNAZARO.

Arcadia is synonymous in literature with the ideal land of poetic dreams. This use, though founded on ancient examples, was established for modern times by the pastoral of Sannazaro, written in mingled prose and verse. The author was born at Naples in 1458, and was early proficient in Greek and Latin, but was led by his love for Carmasina Bonifacia to celebrate her charms in her native tongue. He was patronized and rewarded by King Ferdinand and his successor, to whom he remained faithful even after the loss of the kingdom. He died in 1532.

Elegy from the Arcadia.

O brief as bright, too early blest,
Pure spirit, freed from mortal care,
Safe in the far-off mansions of the sky,
There, with that angel take thy rest,
Thy star on earth; go, take thy guerdon there!
Together quaff the immortal joys on high,
Scorning our mortal destiny;
Display thy sainted beauty bright,
'Mid those that walk the starry spheres,
Through seasons of unchanging years;
By living fountains, and by fields of light,
Leading thy blessed flocks above;
And teach thy shepherds here to guard their care with love.

Thine, other hills and other groves,
And streams and rivers never dry,
On whose fresh banks thou pluck'st the amaranth flowers;
While, following other Loves
Through sunny glades, the Fauns glide by,
Surprising the fond Nymphs in happier bowers.
Pressing the fragrant flowers,
Androgeo there sings in the summer shade,
By Daphnis' and by Melibœus' side,
Filling the vaulted heavens wide

With the sweet music made;
While the glad choirs, that round appear,
Listen to his dear voice we may no longer hear.

As to the elm is his embracing vine,
As their bold monarch to the herded kine,
As golden ears to the glad sunny plain,
Such wert thou to our shepherd youths, O swain!
Remorseless Death! if thus thy flames consume
The best and loftiest of his race,
Who may escape his doom?
What shepherd ever more shall grace
The world like him, and with his magic strain
Call forth the joyous leaves upon the woods,
Or bid the wreathing boughs embower the summer floods?

KING ALPHONSO OF NAPLES.

O THOU, so long the Muse's favorite theme,
Expected tenant of the realms of light,
Now sunk for ever in eternal night,
Or recollected only to thy shame!
From my polluted page thy hated name
I blot, already on my loathing sight
Too long obtruded, and to purer white
Convert the destined record of thy fame.
On thy triumphant deeds far other strains
I hoped to raise; but thou defraud'st the song,
Ill-omened bird, that shunn'st the day's broad eye!
Go, then; and whilst the Muse thy praise disdains,
Oblivion's flood shall sweep thy name along,
And spotless and unstained the paper lie.

CHAPTER VIII.

DESCRIPTIONS OF ITALY.

LIFE DURING THE RENAISSANCE.

Benvenuto Cellini, in his autobiography, presents a graphic picture of the times; and what we know of life in other European countries at that epoch justifies us in taking that picture as fairly typical. He and the Italians of his century killed their rivals in the streets by day; they girded on their daggers when they went into a court of justice; they sickened to the death with disappointed vengeance or unhappy love; they dragged a faithless mistress by the hair about their rooms; they murdered an adulterous wife with their own hands, and hired assassins to pursue her paramour; lying for months in prison accused or uncondemned, in daily dread of poison, they read the Bible and the sermons of Savonarola, and made their dungeons echo with psalm-singing; they broke their fetters, dropped from castle-walls, swam moats and rivers, dreamed that angels had been sent to rescue them; they carved Madonna and Adonis on the self-same shrine, paying indiscriminate devotion to Ganymede and Aphrodite; they confused the mythology of Olympus with the mysteries of Sinai and Calvary, the oracles of necromancers with the voice of prophets, the authority of pagan poets with the inspiration of Isaiah and St. Paul; they prayed in one breath for vengeance on their enemies, for favour with the women whom they loved, for succour in their homicidal acts, for Paradise in the life to come; they flung defiance at popes, and trembled for absolution before a barefoot friar; they watched salamanders playing in flames, saw aureoles of light reflected from their heads upon the morning dew, turned dross to gold with alchemists, raised spirits in the ruins of deserted amphitheatres; they passed men dying on the road, and durst not pity them, because a cardinal had left them there to perish; they took the Sacrament from hands of prelates whom they had guarded with drawn swords at doors of infamy and riot. The wildest passions, the grossest superstitions, the most fervent faith, the coldest cynicism, the gravest learning, the darkest lusts, the most delicate sense of beauty, met in the same persons, and were fused into one wayward, glittering humanity. Ficino, who revealed Plato to Europe, pondered on the occult virtue of amulets. Cardan, a pioneer of physical science, wrote volumes of predictions gathered from the buzzing of a wasp, and died in order to fulfil his horoscope. Bembo, a priest of the Church, warned hopeful scholars against reading the Bible lest they should contaminate their style. Aretino, the byword of obscenity and impudence, penned lives of saints, and won the praise of women like Vittoria Colonna. A pope, to please the Sultan, poisoned a Turkish prince, and was rewarded by the present of Christ's seamless coat. A Duke of Urbino poignarded a cardinal in the streets of Bologna. Alexander VI, regaled his daughter in the Vatican with naked bullets, and dragged the young lord of Faenza, before killing him, through outrages for which there is no language. Every student of Renaissance Italy and France can multiply these instances. It is enough to have suggested how, and with what salience of unmasked appetite, the springs of life were opened in that age of splendor; how the most heterogeneous elements of character and the most incongruous motives of action displayed themselves in a carnival medley of intensely vivid life.

—*Symonds.*

FLORENCE.

"Florence is like a lily in the midst of a garden gay with wild flowers; a broken lily that we have tied up and watered and nursed into a semblance of life, an image of ancient beauty —as it were the *memento mori* of that Latin spirit which contrived the Renaissance of mankind. As of old, so today, she stands in the plain at the foot of the Apennines, that in their sweetness and strength lend her still something of their nobility. Around her are the hills covered with olive gardens, where the corn and the wine and the oil grow together between the iris and the rose; and everywhere on those beautiful hills there are villas among the flowers, real villas such as Alberti describes for us, full of coolness and rest, where a fountain splashes in an old courtyard, and the grapes hang from the pergolas, and the corn is spread in July and beaten with the flail. And since the vista of every street in Florence ends in the country, it is to these hills you find your way very often if your stay be long, fleeing from the city herself, perhaps to hide your disappointment in the simple joy of country life. More and more as you live in Florence that country life becomes your consolation and your delight: for there abide the old ways and the ancient songs, which you will not find in the city. And, indeed, the great treasure of Florence is this bright and smiling country in which she lies: the old road to Fiesole, the ways that lead from Settignano to Compiobbi, the path through the woods from S. Martino a Mensola, that smiling church by the wayside, to Vincigliata, to Castel di Poggio, the pilgrimage from Bagno a Ripoli to the Incontro. There, on all those beautiful gay roads, you will pass numberless villas whispering with summer, laughing with flowers; you will see the contadini at work in the poderi, you will hear the rispetti and stornelli of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries sung perhaps by some lovesick peasant girl among the olives from sunrise till evening falls. And the ancient ways are not forgotten there, for they still reap with the sickle and sing to the beat of the flail; while the land itself, those places "full of nimble air, in a laughing country of sweet and lovely views, where there is always fresh water, and everything is healthy and pure," of which Leon Alberti tells us, are still held and cultivated in the old way, under the old laws, by the contadino and his padrone. This ancient order, quietness, and beauty, which you may find everywhere in the country round about Florence, is the true Tuscany. The vulgarity of the city, for even in Italy the city life has become insincere, blatant, and for the most part a life of the middle class, seldom reaches an hundred yards beyond the barriera: and this is a charm in Florence, for you may so easily look on her from afar. And so, if one comes to her from the country, or returns to her from her own hills, it is ever with a sense of loss, of sadness, of regret: she has lost her soul for the sake of the stranger, she has forgotten the splendid past for an ignoble present, a strangely wearying dream of the future.

Yet for all her modern ways, her German beer-houses, her English tea-shops, her noisy trams on Lung' Arno, her air as of a museum, her eagerness to show her contempt for the stranger while she sells him her very soul for money, Florence remains one of the most delightful cities of Italy to visit, to live with, to return to again and again. Yet I for one would never live within her walls if I could help it, or herd with those barbarian exclamatory souls who in guttural German or cockney English snort or neigh at the beauties industriously pointed out by a loud-voiced cicerone, quoting in American all the appropriate quotations, Browning before Filippo Lippi, Ruskin in S. Croce, Mrs. Browning at the door of S. Felice, Goethe everywhere.

No, I will live a little way out of the city on the hillside, perhaps toward Settignano, not too far from the pine woods, nor too near the gate. And my garden there shall be a vineyard, bordered with iris, and among the vines shall be a garden of olives, and under the olives there shall be the corn. And the yellow roses will litter the courtyard, and the fountain shall be full of their petals, and the red roses shall strew the paths, and the white roses shall fall upon the threshold; and all day long the bees will linger in the passion-flowers by the window when the mulberry trees have been stripped of leaves, and the lilies of Madonna, before the vines, are tall and like ghosts in the night, the night that is blue and gold, where a few fire-flies linger yet, sailing faintly over the stream, and the song of the cicale is the burden of endless summer. Then very early in the morning I will rise from my bed under the holy branch of olive, I will walk in my garden before the sun is high, I will look on my beloved city. Yes, I shall look over the near olives across the valley to the hill of cypresses, to the poplars beside Arno that tremble with joy; and first I shall see Torre del Gallo and then S. Miniato, that strange and beautiful place, and at last my eyes will rest on the city herself, beautiful in the mist of morning: first the tower of S. Croce, like a tufted spear; then the tower of liberty, and that was built for pride; and at last, like a mysterious rose lifted above the city, I shall see the dome, the rosy dome of Brunellesco, beside which, like a slim lily, pale, immaculate as a pure virgin, rises the inviolate Tower of the Lowly, that Giotto built for God. Yes, often I shall thus await the Angelus that the bells of all the villages will answer, and I shall greet the sun and be thankful. Then I shall walk under the olives, I shall weigh the promised grapes, I shall bend the ears of corn here and there, that I may feel their beauty, and I shall bury my face in the roses, I shall watch the lilies turn their heads, I shall pluck the lemons one by one. And the maidens will greet me on their way to the olive-gardens, the newly married, hand in hand with her husband, will smile upon me, she who is heavy with child will give me her blessing, and the children will laugh and peep at me from behind the new-mown hay; and I shall give them greeting. And I shall talk with him who is busy in the vineyard, I shall watch him barefoot among the grapes, I shall see his wise hands tenderly unfold a leaf or gather up a straying branch, and when I leave him I shall hear him say, "May your bread be blessed to you." Under the myrtles, on a table of stone spread with coarse white linen, such as we see in Tuscany, I shall break my fast, and I shall spill a little milk on the ground for thankfulness, and the crumbs I shall scatter, too, and a little honey that the bees have given I shall leave for them again.

So I shall go into the city, and one will say to me, "The Signore must have a care, for the sun will be hot, in returning it will be necessary to come under the olives." And I shall laugh in my heart and say, "Have no fear, then, for the sun will not touch me." And how should I but be glad that the sun will be hot, and how should I but be thankful that I shall come under the olives?

And I shall come into the city by Porta alla Croce for love, because I am but newly returned, and presently through the newer ways I shall come to the oldest of all, Borgo degli Albizzi, where the roofs of the beautiful palaces almost touch, and the way is cool and full of shadow. There, amid all the hurry and bustle of the narrow splendid way, I shall think only of old things for a time, I shall remember the great men who founded and established the city, I shall recall the great families of Florence. Here in this Borgo the Albizzi built their towers when they came from Arezzo, giving the city more than an hundred officers, Priori and Gonfalonieri, till Cosimo de' Medici thrust them out with the help of Eugenius IV. The grim, scornful figure of Rinaldo seems to haunt the old palace still. Out in the Piazza once more, I shall turn into Borgo S. Lorenzo, and follow it till I come to Piazza di S. Lorenzo, with its bookstalls where Browning found that book, "Small quarto size, part print, part manuscript," which told him the story of "The Ring and the Book." There I shall look once more on the ragged, rugged front of S. Lorenzo, and entering, find the tomb of Piero de Medici, made by Verrocchio, and thinking awhile of those other tombs where Michael Angelo hardby carved his Night and Day, Twilight and Dawn, I shall find my way again into the Piazzo del Duomo, and, following Via Cerretani, that busy street, I shall come at last into Piazza S. Maria Novella, and there on the north I shall see again the bride of Michaelangelo, the most beautiful church in Florence, S. Maria Novella of the Dominicans. Perhaps I shall rest there a little before Duccio's Madonna on her high altar, and linger under the grave, serene work of Ghirlandajo; but it may be the sky will be too fair for any church to hold me, so that passing down the way of the Beautiful Ladies, and taking Via dei Serpi on my left, I shall come into Via Tornabuoni, that smiling, lovely way just above the beautiful Palazzo Antinori, whence I may see Palazzo

Strozzi, but without the great lamp at the corner where the flowers are heaped and there are always so many loungers. Indeed, the whole street is full of flowers and sunshine and cool shadow, and in some way, I know not what, it remains the most beautiful gay street in Florence, where past and present have met and are friends. And then I know if I follow this way I shall come to Lung' Arno—I may catch a glimpse of it even from the corner of Via Porta Rossa over the cabs, past the Column of S. Trinita; but the morning is gone: it is already long past midday, it is necessary to eat.

Luncheon over, I shall follow Via Porta Rossa, with its old palaces of the Torrigiani (now, Hotel Porta Rossa), and the Davanzati into Mercato Nuovo, where, because it is Thursday, the whole place will be smothered with flowers and children, little laughing rascals as impudent as Lippo Lippi's Angiolini, who play about the Tacca and splash themselves with water. And so I shall pass at last into Piazza della Signoria, before the marvelous palace of the people with its fierce, proud tower, and I shall stand on the spot before the fountains where Humanism avenged itself on Puritanism, where Savonarola, that Ferrarese who burned the pictures and would have burned the city, was himself burned in the fire he had invoked. And I shall look once more on the Loggia dei Lanzi, and see Cellini's young contadino masquerading as Perseus, and in my heart I shall remember the little wax figure he made for a model, now in Bargello, which is so much more beautiful than this young giant. So, under the cool cloisters of Palazzo degli Uffizi I shall come at last on to Lung' Arno, where it is very quiet, and no horses may pass, and the trams are a long way off. And I shall lift up my eyes and behold once more the hill of gardens across Arno, with the Belvedere just within the old walls, and S. Miniato, like a white and fragile ghost in the sunshine, and La Bella Villanella couched like a brown bird under the cypresses above the grey olives in the wind and the sun. And something in the gracious sweep of the hills, in the gentle nobility of that holy mountain which Michelangelo has loved and defended, which Dante Alighieri has spoken of, which Gianozzo Manetti has so often climbed, will bring the tears to my eyes, and I shall turn away towards Ponte Vecchio, the oldest and most beautiful of the bridges, where the houses lead one over the river, and the little shops of the jewelers still sparkle and smile with trinkets. And in the midst of the bridge I shall wait a while and look on Arno. Then I shall cross the bridge and wander upstream towards Porta S. Niccolo, that gaunt and naked gate in the midst of the way, and there I shall climb through the gardens up the steep hill

. . . "Per salire al monte
Dove siede la chiesa" . . .

to the great Piazzale, and so to the old worn platform before S. Miniato itself, under the strange glowing mosaics of the facade: and, standing on the graves of dead Florentines, I shall look down on the beautiful city.

Marvelously fair she is on a summer evening as seen from that hill of gardens, Arno like a river of gold before her, leading over the plain lost in the farthest hills. Behind her the mountains rise in great amphitheaters—Fiesole on the one side, like a sentinel on her hill; on the other, the Apennines, whose gesture, so noble, precise and splendid, seems to point ever towards some universal sovereignty, some perfect domination, as though this place had been ordained for the resurrection of man. Under this mighty symbol of annunciation lies the city, clear and perfect in the lucid light, her towers shining under the serene evening sky. Meditating there alone for a long time in the profound silence of that hour, the whole history of this city that witnessed the birth of the modern world, the resurrection of the gods, will come to me.

Out of innumerable discords, desolations, hopes unfilled, everlasting hatred and despair, I shall see the city rise four square within her rosy walls between river and the hills; I shall see that lonely, beautiful, and heroic figure, Matilda the great Countess; I shall suffer the dream that consumes her, and watch Germany humble in the snow. And the Latin cause will tower a red lily beside Arno; one by one the great nobles will go by with cruel alien faces, prisoners, to serve the lily or to die. Out of their hatred will spring that mongrel cause of Guelph and Ghibelline, and I shall see the Amidei slay Buondelmonte Buondelmonti. Through the year of victories I shall rejoice, when Pistoja falls, when Siena falls, when Volterra is taken, and Pisa forced to make peace. Then in tears I shall see the flight at Monteaperti, I shall hear the thunder of the horses, and with hate in my heart I shall search for Bocca degli Abati, the traitor, among the 10,000 dead. And in the council I shall be by when they plot the destruction of the city, and I shall be afraid: then I shall hear the heroic, scornful words of Farinata degli Uberti, when in his pride he spared Florence for the sake of his birth. And I shall watch the banners at Campaldino, I shall hear the intoxicating words of Corso Donati, I shall look into his very face and read the truth.

And at dawn I shall walk with Dante, and I shall know by the softness of his voice when Beatrice passeth, but I shall not dare to lift my eyes. I shall walk with him through the city, I shall hear Giotto speak to him of St. Francis, and Arnolfo will tell us of his dreams. And at evening Petrarch will lead me into the shadow of S. Giovanni and tell me of Madonna Laura. But it will be a morning of spring when I meet Boccaccio, ah, in S. Maria Novella, and as we come into the sunshine I shall laugh and say, "Tell me a story." And Charles of Valois will pass by, who sent Dante on that long journey; and Henry VII., for whom he had prayed; and I shall hear the trumpets of Montecatini, and I shall understand the hate Uguccione had for Castracani. And I shall watch the entry of the Duke of Athens, and I shall see his cheek flush at the thought of a new tyranny. Then for the first time I shall hear the sinister, fortunate name Medici. Under the banners of the Arti I shall hear the rumor of their names, Silvestro who urged on the Ciompi, Vieri who once made peace; nor will the death of Gian Galeazzo of Milan, nor the tragedy of Pisa, hinder their advent, for I shall see Giovanni di Bicci de' Medici proclaimed Gonfaloniere of the city. Then they will troop by more splendid than princes, the universal bankers, lords of Florence: Cosimo the hard old man, Pater Patriae, the greatest of his race; Piero, the weakling; Lorenzo il Magnifico, tyrant and artist; and over his shoulder I shall see the devilish, sensual face of Savonarola. And there will go by Giuliano, the lover of Simonetta; Piero the exile; Giovanni the mighty Pope Leo X.; Giulio the son of Guiliano, Clement VII.; Ippolito the Cardinal, Alessandro the Cruel, Lorenzino his assassin, Cosimo Invitto, Grand Duke of Tuscany, bred in a convent and mourned for ever.

So they pass by, and their descendants follow after them, even to the poor, unhappy, learned Gian Gastone, the last of his race.

And around them throng the artists; yes, I shall see them all. Angelico will lead me into his cell and show me the meaning of the resurrection. With Lippo Lippi I shall play with the children, and talk with Lucrezia Buti at the convent gate; Chirlandajo will take me where Madonna Vanna is, and with Baldovinetti I shall watch the dawn. And Botticelli will lead me into a grove apart: I shall see the beauty of those three women who pass, who pass like a season, and are neither glad nor sorry; and with him I shall understand the joy of Venus, whose son was Love, and the tears of Madonna, whose son was Love also. And I shall hear the voice of Leonardo; and he will play upon his lyre of silver, that lyre in the shape of a horse's head which he made for Sforza of Milan; and I shall see him touch the hands of Monna Lisa. And I shall see the statue of snow that Buonarotti made; I shall find him under S. Miniato, and I shall weep with him.

So I shall dream in the sunset. The Angelus will be ringing from all the towers, and I shall have celebrated my return to the city that I have loved. The splendor of the dying day will lie upon her; in that enduring and marvelous hour, when in the sound of every bell you may find the names that are in your heart, I shall pass again through the gardens, I shall come into the city when the little lights before Madonna will be shining at the street corners, and streets will be full of the evening, where the river, stained with fading gold, steals into the night to the sea. And under the first stars I shall find my way to my hillside. On that white country road the dust of the day will have covered the vines by the way, the cypresses will be white half-way to their tops, in the whispering olives the cicale will still be singing; as I pass every threshold some dog will rouse, some horse will stamp in the stable, or an ox stop munching in his stall. In the far sky, marvelous with infinite stars, the moon will sail like a little platter of silver, like a piece of money new from the mint, like a golden rose in a mirror of silver. Long and long ago the sun will have set, but when I come to the gate I shall go under the olives; though I shall be weary, I shall go by the longest way, I shall pass by the winding path, I shall listen for the whisper of the corn. And I shall beat at my gate, and one will say *Chi è,* and I shall make answer. So I shall come into my house, and the triple lights will be lighted in the garden, and the table will be spread. And there will be one singing in the vineyard, and I shall hear, and there will be one walking in the garden, and I shall know.

—*Edward Hutton.*

VENICE.

"Venice herself is poetry, and creates a poetry out of the dullest." It was a poet who spoke, and his clay was instinct with the breath of genius. But it is true that Venice lends wings to duller clay; it has been her fate to make poets of many who were not so before—a responsibility that entails loss on her as well as gain.

She has lived—she has loved and suffered and created; and the echoes of her creation are with us still; the pulse of the life which once she knew continues to throb behind the loud and insistent present. The story of Venice has been often written; the Bride of the Adriatic, in her decay as in her youthful and her mature beauty, has been the beloved of many men. "Wo betide the wretch," cries Landor through the mouth of Machiavelli, "who desecrates and humiliates her; she may fall, but she shall rise again." Venice even then had passed her zenith; the path she had entered, though blazing with a glory which had not attended on her dawn of life, was yet a path of decline, the resplendent, dazzling path of the setting sun. And now a second Attila, as Napoleon vaunted himself, has descended upon her. She has been desecrated, but she has never been dethroned. She could not, if she would, take the ring off her finger. No hand of man, however potent, can destroy that once consummated union, however the stranger and her traitor sons may abuse her from within.

It is to her own domain, embraced by her mutable yet eternally faithful ocean-lover, that we must still go to see the relics of her pomp. The old sternness has passed from her face, that compelling sovereignty which gave her rank among the greatest potentates of the Middle Ages; her features, portrayed by these latter days are mellowed; a veil of golden haze softens the bold outlines of that imperious countenance. We are sometimes tempted to forget that the cup held by the enchanter, Venice, was filled once with no dream-inducing liquor, but with a strong potion to fire the nerves of heroes. Viewing Venice in her greater days, it is impossible to make that separation between the artist and the man of action so deadly to action and to art. The portraits of the Venetian masters, supreme among the portraits of the world, could only have been produced by men who beyond the divine perception of form and colour were endowed with a profound understanding and divination of human character. The pictures of Gentile Bellini, of Carpaccio, of Mansueti, are a gallery of portraits of stern, strong, capable, self-confident men; and Giovanni Bellini, who turned from secular themes to concentrate his energy on the portrayal of the Madonna and child, endowed her with a strength and solemn pathos which only Giotto could rival, combined with a luminous richness of colour in which perhaps he has no rival at all.

No mystics have sprung from Venice. Her sons have been artists of life, not dreamers, though the sea, that great weaver of dreams, has been ever around them. Or rather it is truer to say that the dreamers of Venice have also been men of action; strong, capable and intensely practical. They have not turned their back on the practice of life; they have loved it in all its forms. Even when they speak through the medium of allegory, of symbols, the art of Carpaccio and of Tintoretto is a supreme record of the interests of the greatest Venetians in the actions of everything living in this wonderful world, and in particular—they are not ashamed to own it, in their supremely wonderful city of Venice. There are dreamers among those crowds of Carpaccio, of Gentile Bellini; but their hands can grasp the weapons and the tools of earth; their heads and hearts can wrestle with the problems and passions of earth. Compare them with the dreamers of Perugino's school: you feel at once that a gulf lies between them; the fabric of their dream is of another substance. The great Venetians are giants; like the sea's, their embrace is vast and powerful, endowed also with the gentleness of strength. The history of Venetian greatness in art, in politics, in theology, is the history of men who have accepted life and strenuously devoted themselves to mastering its laws. They were not iconoclasts, because they were not idolaters: the faculties of temperance and restraint are apparent in their very enthusiasms. Venice did not fall because she loved life too well, but because she had lost the secret of living. Pride became to her more beautiful than truth, and finally more worshipful than beauty.

Much has, with truth, been said about the destruction of Venice. Even in those who have not known her as she was, who in presence of her wealth remaining are unconscious of the greatness of her loss, there constantly stirs indignant sorrow at the childish wantonness of her inhabitants, which loves to destroy and asks only a newer and brighter plaything. But much persists that is indestructible; and though Venice has become a spectacle for strangers, for those who are her lovers the old spirit lingers still near the form it once so gloriously inhabited, wakened into being, perchance, by a motion, an echo, a light upon the waters, and once wakened never again lost or out of mind. Does not the silent swiftness of the Ten still haunt the sandolo of the water police, as it steals in the darkness with unlighted lamp under the shadow of larger craft moored beside the fondamenta, visible only when it crosses the path of a light from house or garden? It is in her water that Venice eternally lives; it is thus that we think always of her image—elusive, unfathomable, though plumbed so often by no novice hand. It is the wonder of Venice within her waters which justifies the renewal of the old attempt to reconstruct certain aspects of a career which has been a challenge to the world, a mystery on which it has never grown weary of speculating. And as the light falling from a new angle on familiar features may reveal some grace hidden heretofore in shadow or unobserved, so, perchance, the vision of Venice may be renewed or kindled through the medium of a new personality.

Venice is inexhaustible, and it is from her waters that her mine of wealth is drawn. They give her wings; without them she would be fettered like other cities of the land. But Venice with her waters is never dead. The sun may fall with cruel blankness on calle, piazza and fondamenta, but nothing can kill the water; it is always mobile, always alive. Imagine the thoroughfare of an inland city on such a day as is portrayed in Manet's Grand Canal de Venise; heart and eye would curse the sunshine. But in the luminous truth of Manet's picture, as in Venice herself, the heat quivers and lives. Above ground, blue sky beating down on blue canal, on the sleepy midday motion of the gondolas, on the brilliant blue of the striped gondola posts, which appear to stagger into the water; and under the surface, the secret of Venice, the region where reflections lurk, where the long wavering lines are carried on in the deep, cool, liquid life below. When Venice is weary, what should she do but dive into the water as all her children do? If we look down, when we can look up no longer, still she is there; a city more shadowy but not less real, her elements all dissolved that at our pleasure we may build them again:

And so not build at all,
And therefore build for ever.

And if in the middle day we realize this priceless dowry of Venice, it is in the twilight of morning or evening that her treasury is unlocked and she invites us to enter. Turner's *Approach to Venice* is a vision, a dream, but not more divinely lovely than the reality of Venice in these hours, even as she appears to duller eyes. Pass down the Grand Canal in the twilight of an August evening, the full moon already high and pouring a lustre from her pale green halo on the broad sweeping path of the Canal. The noble curves of the houses to west and south shut out the light; day is past, the reign of night has begun. Then cross to the Zattere: you pass into another day. A full tide flows from east to west, blue and swelling like the sea, dyed in the west a shining orange where the Euganean hills rise in clear soft outline against the afterglow, while to the east the moon has laid her silver bridle upon the dim waters. Cross to the Giudecca and pass along the narrow, crowded quay into the old palace, which in that deserted corner shows one dim lamp to the canal. The great hall opens at the further end on a bowery garden where a fountain drips in the darkness and the cicalas begin their piping. Mount the winding stair, past the kitchen and the great key-shaped reception-room, and look out over the city, across the whole sweep of the magnificent Giudecca Canal and the basin of San Marco. The orange glow is fading and the Euganean hills are dying into the night, while near at hand one great golden star is setting behind the Church of the Redentore, and the moon shines with full brilliance upon the swaying waters, upon the Ducal Palace and the churches of the Zattere, with the Salute as their chief. The night of Venice has begun; she has put on her jewels and is blazing with light. At the back of the house, where the lagoons lie in the shimmering moonlight, is a silent waste of waters under the stars, broken only by the lights of the islands. This also is Venice, this mystery of moonlit water no less than the radiance of the city. And it is possible to come still nearer to the lagoon. Passing along a dark rio little changed from the past, we may cross a bridge into one of the wonderful gardens for which the Giudecca is famous. The families of the Silvi, Barbolini and Istoili, banished in the ninth century for stirring up tumult in the Republic, when at last they were recalled by intercession of Emperor Ludovico, inhabited this island of Spinalunga or Giudecca, and laid out gardens there. This one seems made for the night. The moonlight streams through the vine pergolas which cross it in every direction, lights the broad leaves of the banana tree and the dome of the Salute behind the dark cypress-spire, and stars the grass with shining petals. The night is full of the scent of haystacks built along the edge of the lagoon, beside the green terrace which runs the length of the water-wall. Then, as darkness deepens, we leave to the cicalas their moonlit paradise, and glide once more into the Grand Canal. It is at this hour, more than at any other, that, sweeping round the curves of that marvelous waterway, it possesses us as an idea, a presence that is not to be put by, so compelling, so vitally creative is its beauty. Truly Venice is poetry, and would create a poet out of the dullest clay.

Every one will remember that a few years ago an enterprising man of business attempted with sublime self-confidence to transfer Venice to London, to enclose her within the walls of a great exhibition. Many of us delighted in the miniature market of Rialto, in gliding through the narrow waterways, in the cry of the gondoliers, and the sound of violin and song across the water. But one gift in the portion of Venice was forgotten, a gift which she shares indeed with other cities, but which she alone can put out to interest and increase a thousandfold. The sky is the roof of all the world, but Venice alone is paved with sky, and the streets of Venice with no sky above them are like the wings of a butterfly without the sun. Tintoret and Turner saw Venice as the offspring of sky and water; that is the spirit in which they have portrayed her; that is the essence of her life. It has penetrated everything she has created of enduring beauty. Go into San Marco and look down at what your feet are treading. Venice, whose streets are paved with sky, must in her church also have sky beneath her feet. It is impossible to imagine a more wonderful pavement than the undulating marbles of San Marco; its rich and varied colors bound together with the rarest inspiration; Orient gems captured and imprisoned and constantly lit with new and vivid beauty from the domes above. The floor of San Marco is one of the glories of Venice—of the world; and it is surely peculiarly expressive of the inspiration which worked in Venice in the days of her creative life. San Marco, indeed, in its superb and dazzling harmonies of color, is almost the only living representative of the Venice of pomegranate and gold which created the Ca d'Oro, of the city of Carpaccio and Gentile Bellini, whose cornice-mouldings were interwoven with glittering golden thread, while every side canal gave back a glow of color from richly-tinted walls. The banners of the Lion in the Piazza no longer wave in solemn splendor of crimson and gold above a pavement of pale luminous red; in their place the tri-color of Italy flaunts over colorless uniformity. The gold is fading from the Palace of the Doges, and only in a few rare nooks, such as the Scuola of the Shoemakers in the Campo San Toma, do we find the original colors of an old relief linger in delicate gradation over window or door.

Day after day some intimate treasure is torn from the heart of Venice. Since Ruskin wrote, one leaf after another has been cut from the Missal which 'once lay open upon the waves,' miraculous, like St. Cuthbert's book a golden legend on countless leaves." Those leaves are numbered now. Year by year some familiar object disappears from bridge or doorway, to be labelled and hoarded in a distant museum among aliens and exiles like itself. And here, in Venice itself, a sentiment of distress, the fastidio of the Italians, comes over us as we ponder upon the sculptured relics in the cortile of the Museo Civico. What meaning have they here? It is atmosphere that they need—the natural surroundings that would explain and vivify their forms. Many also of the Venetian churches are despoiled, and their paintings hung side by side with alien subjects in a light they were never intended to bear. The Austrian had less power to hurt Venice than she herself possesses. In those of her sons who understand her malady there flows an undercurrent of deep sadness, as if day by day they watched the ebbing of a life in which all their hope and all their love had root. They cannot sever themselves from Venice; they cannot save her. Venice pretending to share in the vulgar life of today, Venice recklessly discarding one glory after another for the poor exchange of coin, still has a power over us not wielded by the inland cities of Italy, happier in the untroubled beauty of their decay. For, as you are turning with sorrow from some fresh sign of pitiless destruction, of a sudden she will flash upon you a new facet of her magic stone, will draw you spellbound to her waters and weave once more that diaphanous web of radiant mystery:

Za per dirtelo,—o Catina,
La campagna me consola;
Ma Venezia e la sola
Che me possa contentar.

Each of us, face to face with Venice, has a new question to ask of her, and, as he alone framed the question, the answer will be given to him alone. Every stone has not yielded up its secret: in some there may still be a mark yet unperceived beneath the dust. Here and there in her manuscript there may lurk between the lines a word for the skilled or the fortunate. Venice is not yet dumb: every day and every night the sun and moon and stars make music in her that has not yet been heard; with patience and love we may redeem here and there a chord of those divine musicians, or at least a tone which shall make her harmony more full.

O Venezia benedetta,
No te vogio piu lassar.

—*Beryl de Sélincourt.*

THE GRAND CANAL.

The Grand Canal is in Venice what the Strand is in London, the Rue Saint Honore in Paris, and the Calle d'Alcala in Madrid—the principal artery of the city's circulation. It is in the form of an S, the top curve of which sweeps through the city at St. Mark's, terminating at the island of St. Chiara, while the lower curve ends at the Custom House near the Giudecca canal. About the middle, this S is cut by the Rialto Bridge.

The Grand Canal of Venice is the most wonderful thing in the world. No other town can afford such a beautiful, strange and fairy-like spectacle; perhaps equally remarkable specimens of architecture may be found elsewhere, but they never occur under such picturesque conditions. There every palace has a mirror to admire its beauty in, like a coquettish woman. The superb reality is doubled by a charming reflection. The waters lovingly caress the feet of those beautiful façades whose brows are kissed by white sunlight, and cradle them in a double sky. The little buildings and the big ships that can get so far seem to be moored expressly as a set-off, or as foregrounds for the convenience of decorators and water-colourists. . . .

Every stretch of wall tells a story; every house is a palace; every palace is a masterpiece and a legend. With every stroke of his oar, the gondolier mentions a name that was as well known at the time of the Crusades as it is today; and this is true both on the right and left for more than half a league. We wrote down a list of these palaces, not all, but the most noteworthy of them; and we dare not copy it on account of its length. It fills five or six pages: Pietro Lombardi, Scamozzi, Vittoria, Longhena, Andrea Tremignano, Giorgio Massari, Sansovino, Sebastino Mazzoni; Sammichelli the great Veronese architect, Selva, Domenico Rossi, and Visentini drew the designs and directed the construction of these princely dwellings, without counting the wonderful unknown Mediæval artists who built the most romantic and picturesque ones, those that set the seal of originality upon Venice.

On both banks altogether charming façades of diversified beauty follow one another uninterruptedly. After one of Renaissance architecture, with its columns and superimposed orders, comes a mediæval palace of Arabian-gothic style, the prototype of which is the Ducal Palace, with its open balconies, its ogives, its trefoils, and its indented acroterium. Farther on is a façade plated with colored marbles, and ornamented with medallions and consoles; then comes a great rose wall pierced with a wide window with little columns. Everything is to be found here: Byzantine, Saracen, Lombard, Gothic, Roman, Greek and even Rococo; the column large and small, the ogive and the round arch, the capricious capital full of birds and flowers that has been brought from Acre or Jaffa; the Greek capital that was found among the ruins of Athens; the mosaic and bas-relief, classical severity and the elegant fancies of the Renaissance. It is an immense gallery open to the sky wherein one may study the art of seven or eight centuries from the interior of one's gondola. What genius, talent and money have been expended in this space that we traverse in less than an hour! What prodigious artists, but also what intelligent and magnificent lords! What a pity it is that the patricians who knew how to get such beautiful things executed only exist now on the canvases of Titian, Tintoretto and Il Moro!

Before even arriving at the Rialto, you have on your left, going up the canal, the Dario palace, in the Gothic style; the Venier palace, which stands at angle, with its ornaments, its precious marbles and its medallions, in the Lombard style; the Fine Arts, a classical façade coupled to the ancient Scuola della Carita surmounted by a Venice riding a lion; the Contarini palace, the architect of which was Scamozzi; the Rezzonico palace, with three superimposed orders; the triple Giustiniani palace in the mediæval taste; the Foscari palace, which is recognizable by its low door, two stages of little columns supporting ogives and trefoils, in which the sovereigns who visited Venice were formerly lodged; the Balbi palace, over the balcony of which princes leaned to watch the regattas held on the Grand Canal with much pomp and splendor in the halcyon days of the Republic; the Pisani palace, in the German style of the beginning of the fifteenth century; and the Tiepolo palace, which is relatively quite spruce and modern, with its two elegant pyramidions. On the right, close to the Hotel de l'Europe, between two big buildings, is a delicious little palace which is chiefly composed of a window and a balcony; but what a window and what a balcony! A gimp of stonework, scrolls, guilloches and pierced work that one would think impossible to produce except with a punch on one of those pieces of paper that are placed over lamp-globes. . . .

The Rialto, which is the finest bridge in Venice, has a very grandiose and monumental appearance; it spans the canal with a single arch of an elegant and bold curve. It was built by Antonio da Ponte, in 1691, when Pasquale Cigogna was Doge, and replaces the ancient wooden drawbridge in Albert Dürer's plan of the city. Two rows of shops, separated in the middle by an arcaded portico, giving a glimpse of the sky, occupy the sides of the bridge that may be crossed by three ways: a central one and two outside pathways adorned with marble balustrades. About the Rialto Bridge, which is one of the most picturesque points of the Grand Canal, are piled the oldest houses in Venice, with their flat roofs with poles for awnings, their tall chimneys, their bulging balconies, their staircases with disjointed steps, and their wide space of red plaster that have scaled off in places and left bare the brick wall, and the foundations that are green from the contact of the water. Near the Rialto, there is always a tumult of shipping and gondolas, and stagnant islets of moored small crafts drying their tawny sails that sometimes bear a great cross.

Beyond the Rialto on the two banks are grouped the old Fondaci dei Tedeschi, the walls of which tinted with uncertain hues enable us to divine the frescoes of Titian and Tintoretto, like dreams that are about to take flight; the Fish Market, the Herb Market and the old and new constructions of Scarpagnino and Sansovino. These reddenedand degraded buildings, admirably toned and tinted by time and neglect, must constitute the despair of the municipality and the delight of painters. Beneath their arcades swarms an active and noisy population, that mounts and descends, comes and goes, buys and sells, laughs and bawls. There fresh tunny is sold in red slices; and mussels, oysters, crabs and lobsters are carried away in baskets.

Under the arch of the bridge, where the noisiest echoes resound all around, the gondoliers sleep sheltered from the sun while waiting to be hired. . . .

Although we have taken a long time, we have not yet said all. We notice that we have not spoken of Mocenigo palace, where the great Byron lived. The Barberigo palace alsodeserves mention. It contains a number of beautiful pictures, and a carved and gilded cradle intended for the heir of the noble family, a cradle that might be made into a tomb, for the Barberigoes are extinct as well as the majority of the old Venetian families. Of nine hundred patrician families inscribed in the Golden Book, scarcely fifty remain.

A few strokes of the oar soon brought into view one of the most marvelous spectacles that were ever given for the human eye to contemplate: the Piazzetta seen from the water. Standing on the prow of the stationary gondola, we looked for some time in mute ecstasy at this picture for which the world has no rival,—perhaps the only one that cannot be surpassed by the imagination.

On the left we see first the trees of the Royal Garden that traces a green line above a white terrace; then the Zecca (the Mint) a building of robust architecture; and the old library, (Sansovino's work) with its elegant arcades and crown of mythological statues.

On the right, separated by the space that forms the Piazzetta, the vestibule of St. Mark's Square, the Ducal Palace presents its vermeil façade lozenged with white and rose marble, its massive columns supporting a gallery of little pillars the ribs of which contain quatrefoils, with six ogival windows, and its monumental balcony ornamented with consoles, niches, bell-turrets and statuettes dominated by a Holy Virgin; its acroterium standing out against the blue of the sky in alternate acanthus leaves and points, and the spiral listel that binds its angles and ends in an open-work pinnacle.

At the end of the Piazzetta, beside the Library, the Campanile rises to a great height; this is an immense brick tower with a pointed roof surmounted by a golden angel. On the Ducal Palace side, St. Mark's, viewed sideways, shows a corner of its porch which faces the Piazzetta. The view is closed by a few arcades of ancient procurators' offices, and the clock tower with its bronze figures for striking the hours, its Lion of St. Mark on a starry blue background and its great blue dial on which the four and twenty hours are inscribed.

In the foreground, facing the gondola landing-place, between the Library and the Ducal Palace are two enormous columns of African granite, each in a single piece, that were formerly rose but have been washed into colder tones by rain and time.

On the one to the left, coming from the sea, stands in a triumphant attitude, with his brow encircled by a metal nimbus, his sword by his side and lance in hand, his hand resting on his shield, a finely proportioned St. Theodore slaying a crocodile.

On the column to the right, the Lion of St. Mark in bronze, with outspread wings, claw on his Gospel, and with scowling face turns his tail on St. Theodore's crocodile with the most scowling and sullen air that can be expressed by heraldic animal.

It is said not to be of good augury to land between these two columns, where executions formerly took place, and so we begged the gondolier to put us ashore at the Zecca stairs or the Paille bridge, as we did not want to end like Marino Faliero, whose misfortune it was to be cast ashore by a tempest at the foot of these dread pillars.

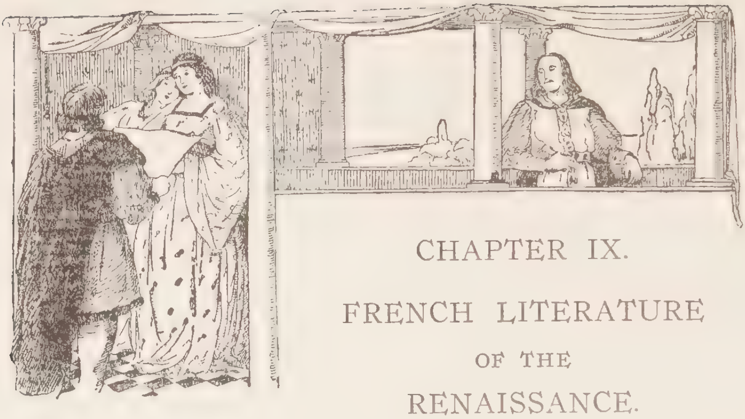
Beyond the Ducal Palace the new prisons are visible, joined to it by the Bridge of Sighs, a sort of cenotaph suspended above the Paille canal, then comes a curved line of palaces, houses, churches and buildings of all kinds that form the Riva dei Schiavoni (the Slave Quay), and is ended by the verdant clump of the public gardens, the point of which juts into the water.

Near the Zecca is the mouth of the Grand Canal and the front of the Custom House, which, with the public gardens, forms the two ends of this panoramic arc over which Venice extends, like a marine Venus drying on the shore the pearls salted by their native element.

We have indicated as exactly as possible the principal lineaments of the picture; but what should be rendered is the effect, the colour, the movement, the shiver in the air and water; life, in fact. How can one express those rose tones of the Ducal Palace that look as lifelike as flesh; those snowy whitenesses of the statues tracing their contours in the azure of Veronese and Titian; those reds of the Campanile caressed by the sun; those gleams of distant gold; those thousand aspects of the sea, sometimes clear as a mirror, sometimes scintillating with spangles, like the skirt of a dancer? Who can paint that vague and luminous atmosphere full of rays and vapours from which the sun does not exclude all shadows; that going and coming of gondolas, barks and galliots; those red or white sails; those boats familiarly leaning their cutwaters against the quay, with their thousand picturesque accidents of flags, ropes and drying nets; the sailors loading and unloading the ships, carrying cases and rolling barrels, and the motley strollers on the wharf? Dalmatians, Greek, Levantines and others whom Canaletto would indicate with a single touch—how can one make it all visible simultaneously as it occurs in Nature, with a successful procedure? For the poet, less fortunate than the painter or the musician, has only a single line at his disposal; the former has a whole palette, the latter an entire orchestra.

—*Gautier.*

VENICE.



CHAPTER IX.

FRENCH LITERATURE
OF THE
RENAISSANCE.

THE beginning and early development of French Literature have already been presented,* and Provençal Literature, which is commonly but incorrectly regarded as a branch of French, has been treated separately. The history was thus brought down to 1300 A. D. The flourishing of allegory and the rise of romance were noted. The beginning of the *fabliaux* or tales of common life was also shown. The fourteenth century was marked by the same general features, and part of what is now given belongs in spirit to the period already discussed. Yet it has been necessary from considerations of space to reserve these examples for the present volume.

The distinctive character of the fourteenth century was the rise and free use of French prose. This had already been employed by Villehardouin in his interesting "Chronicle of the Capture of Constantinople," written about 1205, but it waited for full development by Froissart and his successors more than a century later. At this time the boundaries of the modern nations of Western Europe had been definitely settled as they have practically remained in spite of wars and conquests for most of the succeeding centuries. The centralization and consolidation of France had begun and was to be carried on in spite of the resistance of the feudal lords. The same movement is seen in literature. Paris began to dominate the kingdom and to dictate laws and fashions. The quick wit, brisk movement, and light touch, which characterize the French genius, began to regulate prose as well as verse. The romantic stories which arose in France or were accepted by its people from other sources were quickly diffused over Western Europe. Thus the Arthurian legend, whatever its origin, was propagated. Thus, too, the new versions of the stories of Troy and Alexander, which have already been noticed, were circulated in prose and verse.

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*See Vol. V.

THE ROMANCE OF THE ROSE.

THERE have been times in the history of literature when allegory has been the dominant form of imaginative work. Perhaps the most remarkable example is *The Romance of the Rose,* which was held in the highest esteem in France for more than two centuries. Its popularity crossed to England, and led to a generally close translation, which is usually attributed to Chaucer, though some excellent critics have rejected his authorship. The orignal work was written by Guillaume de Lorris, perhaps as early as 1240; forty years after his death a second part, four times as long, was added by Jean de Meung, who himself died in 1320. The English translator used all of the first part and as much of the second as he found convenient.

The monotonous regularity of the first part may indicate the want of experience of a young author, who yet laid the foundation of a great work. The continuator was less concerned about preserving the outlines of the allegory, and wanders widely from his professed subject. The poem then ceased to be a Trouvère's mystical disquisition on love, and becomes a satirist's bold onslaught on the follies and hypocrisy of his time. Old characters are dropped, and new ones introduced with a strange medley of legends, quotations and mediæval science. The book became a kind of cyclopædia, full of opinions on all manner of subjects. It even uttered protests against the prevailing order in both Church and State. Further, the later writer vented his spleen on women, calling them foul names out of season. This may have been his ill-natured protest against the extravagant respect paid to them by knights and courtly poets, but it is utterly incompatible with the reverential spirit of Guillaume de Lorris.

The Romance, like many other mediæval poems, opens with a dream. In the month of May, when Nature renews her freshness and beauty, a youth of twenty summers sets out for the Garden of Delight. On its outer wall he sees painted figures of the vices Envy, Hatred, Avarice, Hypocrisy and other evils. Admitted at a wicket by the Lady Leisure, he wanders admiring the strange trees, plants, flowers, birds. He finds Pleasure, the lord of the garden, attended by his courtiers, Joy and Gladness. The God of Love appears with Sweet-Regard, bearing two bows, one crooked and ugly, and the other smooth and beautiful. Of his ten arrows, five belong to Love, and have appropriate names, five to Dislike. Beauty was also there, attended by Riches, Largess, Frankness, Courtesy. A rose-bush arouses the interest of the youth, who attempts to pluck a flower. Love shoots him with his five arrows and compels the wounded man to surrender his heart. Yet in return he receives a code of rules, and as companions Sweet-Thought, Sweet-Speech, Sweet-Looks and Hope. But soon the youth ventures again to gather a rose-bud, whereupon his companions desert him, and Danger (or Authority), with others, drives him off. Then Reason finds him disconsolate and vainly attempts to show him the folly of love. A Friend helps him better and advises him to beg pardon of Danger. Fair-Accost accompanies him ; Danger relents ; and Venus obtains for the youth the favor of a kiss. Anon a hubbub is aroused ; Fair-Accost is made prisoner in the tower of Jealousy, while Danger and Evil-Mouth keep guard. Outside the garden lies the lover, bewailing his misfortunes. Here endeth the work of Guillaume de Lorris.

Plain as is the meaning of this allegory, both as a whole and in detail, it was easy and perhaps necessary in those days, when all learning sought refuge in the cloister, to spiritualize the poem. Each character and each incident was interpreted in a religious manner. The Rose might mean the bliss of heaven, or the state of grace, or the Virgin Mary, or, as Marot explained it, Wisdom.

Forty years later, when the learned Jean de Meung took up the unfinished tale, he introduced Reason to preach at great length, and with abundant quotations, on the troubles of love and the vicissitudes of fortune. Then comes again the Friend, who attempts to console the youth by displaying the evil ways of women. The lover persists, and appeals to Riches, but in vain. The God of Love comes to the rescue, aided by Faux Semblant (False Seeming) and Abstinence. The former wins his way into the tower, slays one of the keepers and reaches the old woman who has charge of Fair-Accost. The woman takes a message and holds a long and loose conversation with her prisoner. The lover regains Fair-Accost, but has not yet possession of the tower. Danger and his company stoutly resist Love's host. That god appeals to his mother Venus, but meantime Nature, distressed at the loss of her children, comes on the scene. Addressing Genius, she explains the current mediæval philosophy and science. Then Venus arrives and drives out Danger and his crew. Finally the lover is permitted to gather the long-desired rose. In this second part the allegory is of little account, but the biting satire on monks, women and the hypocrisy of the time, as well as the occasional spirited descriptions of nature, show a vigorous genius at work in strange trammels. It exhibits the stirring of new elements in mediæval society, the conflict of ascetic religion with innate love of pleasures of sense, of thirst for knowledge with credulity, and of social distinctions, with a desire for universal equality. There is a sourness and coarseness in Jean de Meung's writing which may be partly accounted for when we learn that his contemporaries nicknamed him *Clopinel*, the limping. Popular as was his work, it excited bitter opposition, and in his old age the author retracted many of his opinions which had scandalized the Church.

THE OLD WOMAN'S STORY.

MY days of gladness are no more;
Your joyous time is all before;
Hardly can I, through age and pain,
With staff and crutch my knees sustain.
Almost a child, you hardly know
What things you have to bear and do,
Yet, well I wot, the torch that all
Burns soon or late, on you will fall;
And in that font where Venus brings
Her maidens, will you drench Love's wings.
But ere you headlong enter, pause,
Listen to one who knows Love's laws.
Perilous are its waters clear:
He risks his life who plunges here
Without a guide. Who follows me
Safe and successful shall he be.

She tells of her vanished youth and all the pleasant follies of her young days; how she threw away her affections on a scoundrel, who only robbed and ill-treated her; how she wasted her money and neglected her chances; how she grew old, and her old friends ceased to knock at her door.

> But ah! my child, no one can know,
> Save him who feels the bitter woe,
> What grief and dolor me befell
> At losing what I loved so well.
> The honeyed words, the soft caress,
> The sweet delight, the sweet embrace;
> The kisses sweet so quickly sped,
> The joyous time so quickly fled—
> Fled! and I left alone to mourn;
> Fled! never, never to return.

AMIS AND AMILE.

THE story of Amis and Amile (Amicus and Æmilius) is the mediæval romance of friendship, corresponding to the Biblical story of David and Jonathan, and the classical tale of Damon and Pythias. The original French *chanson* contains thirty-five hundred lines, and belongs to the twelfth century, though the story is placed in the time of Charlemagne. Our extract is from a later prose version. William Morris has rendered this in antiquated English, which we have modified. Amis was the son of a knight, born in the castle of Bericain (Berri); Amile was the son of a Count of Alverne (Auvergne), born at the same time. The children were taken by their parents to Rome when two years old, and were baptized by the Pope, who gave each a handsomely-carved wooden cup. A marvelous likeness was found to exist between the children, and a close friendship was formed. Yet, after returning home, they did not meet again for many a year. After their adventures related below they are said to have marched with Charlemagne into Lombardy, where they fell in a fight at Mortara. Though buried in different churches, their bodies were found on the next day in the same church.

AFTER the death of his father evil folk bore envy against Amis, and did him much harm, and grieved him sorely; but he loved them all and endured whatever they did to him. They cast him and his folk out of the heritage of his fathers, and chased him forth out of his castle. So when he bethought him of the commandment of his father, he said to them who went in his company: "The wicked have wrongfully cast me forth out of mine heritage: yet have I good hope in our Lord that he will help me; let us go to the Court of the Count Amile, who was my friend and my fellow. Perhaps he will make us rich with his goods. But if it be not so, then shall we go to Hildegard the Queen, wife of King Charles of France, who is wont to comfort the disinherited." And they answered that they were ready to follow him and do his bidding.

Therewith they went to the Court of the Count and found him not there, because he was gone to Bericain to visit Amis, and comfort him for the death of his father. And when he found him not, he departed sore troubled, and said that he would not betake him to his own land till he had found Amis, his fellow; and he sought him in France and in Almaine, wherever he heard that his kindred were, but could find no certainty of him.

Therewithal Amis, together with his folk, ceased not to seek his fellow Amile, until they came to the house of a noble man where they were guested. There they told all their adventure; and the noble man said to them: "Abide with me, Sir Knights, and I will give my daughter to your lord, because of the wisdom that I have heard of him, and I will make you all rich." That word pleased them, and they held the bridal with great joy. But when they had abided there for a year and a half, then said Amis to his ten fellows: "We have done amiss in that we have left seeking Amile." And he left there two of his servants and his cup, and went his way toward Paris.

Now by this time had Amile been seeking for Amis two years past without ceasing. And when Amile drew nigh to Paris he found a pilgrim and asked if he had seen Amis whom men had chased out of his land; and that one said nay, he had not. But Amile took off his coat and gave it to the pilgrim, and said: "Pray thou to our Lord and His saints that they give me to find Amis my fellow." The pilgrim went his way forthwith, and about vespers happened on Amis, and they greeted each other. And Amis asked the pilgrim, had he seen or heard tidings in any land of Amile, son of the Count of Alverne. And the pilgrim answered him all marvelling: "Who art thou, Knight, who thus mockest a pilgrim? Thou seemest to me that Amile who this day asked me if I had seen Amis, his fellow. I know not why thou hast changed thy garments, thy folks, thine horses, and thine arms. Thou askest me now what thou didst ask me before; and thou gavest me this coat."

"Trouble not thine heart," said Amis, "I am not he whom thou deemest; but I am Amis who seeketh Amile." And he gave him money, and bade him pray our Lord to give him to find Amile. And the pilgrim said: "Go thy way forthright to Paris, and thou shalt find him whom thou seekest so sore longing." And therewith Amis went his way full eagerly.

Now on the morrow Amile was already departed from Paris, and was sitting with his knights hard by the water of Seine in a flowery meadow. And when they saw Amis coming with his fellows all armed, they rose up and put on their armor, and so went forth before them. Then Amis said to his fellows: "I see French knights who come against us in arms. Now fight hardily and defend your lives. If we may escape this peril, then shall we go with great joy to Paris, and thereto shall we be received with high favor at the Court of the King."

Then were the reins let loose and the spears shaken aloft, and the swords drawn on either side, in such wise that it seemed not likely that any should escape alive. But Almighty God who seeth all, and who setteth an end to the toil of the righteous, restrained them when they were close on each other, for then said Amis: "Who are ye, knights, who wish to slay Amis the exile and his fellows?" At that voice Amile knew Amis, his fellow, and said: "O thou Amis, most well beloved, rest from my travail. I am Amile, son of the Count of Alverne, who have not ceased to seek thee for two whole years." And therewith they lighted down from their horses, and embraced and kissed each other, and gave thanks to God that they were found. And they swore fealty and friendship and fellowship perpetual, the one to the other, on the sword of Amile, wherein were relics. Thence went they all together to the Court of Charles, King of France; there might men behold them young, well tempered, wise, fair, and of like fashion and visage, loved of all and honored. And the King received them joyously, and made Amis his treasurer, and Amile his server.

But when they had abided thus three years, Amis said unto

Amile: "Fair fellow, I desire sore to go to see my wife whom I have left behind; and I will return as soon as I may; and do thou abide at the Court. But keep thee well from touching the daughter of the King; and above all things beware of Arderi, the felon." Amile answered him: "I will take heed of thy commandment; but hasten back hither so soon as thou mayest."

Thus departed Amis. But Amile cast his eyes upon the King's daughter, and right soon forgot the commandment and the teaching of Amis, his fellow. Yet is not this adventure strange, since he was no holier than David, nor wiser than Solomon.

Amidst these things Arderi the traitor, who bore him envy, came to him and said: "Knowest thou not that Amis hath robbed the treasure of the King, and therefore is fled away? Wherefore I require of thee that thou swear me fealty and friendship and fellowship, and I will swear the same to thee on the holy Gospel." And so when that was done, Amile doubted not to lay bare his secret to Arderi.

But when Amile was giving water to the King to wash his hands withal, the false Arderi said to the King: "Take thou no water from this evil man, Sir King: for he is more worthy of death than of life, since he hath taken from the Queen's daughter the flower of her virginity." But when Amile heard this, he fell adown all astonished, and might say never a word; but the benign King lifted him up again, and said to him: "Rise up, Amile, and have no fear, and defend thee of this charge." So he lifted himself up and said: "Sire, believe not the lies of Anderi the traitor, for I know that thou art a righteous judge, and that thou turnest not from the right way, neither for love nor for hatred. Wherefore I pray thee that thou give me time to seek counsel; and that I may purge me of this guilt before thee, and do battle against Arderi, the traitor, and convict him of his lies before all the Court."

So the King gave to both time to make ready, and that when they should come before him for to do their devoir; and they came before the King at the term which he had given them. Arderi brought with him the Count Herbert for his part; but Amile found none who would be for him saving Hildegarde the Queen, who took up the cause for him, and got respite for Amile, on condition that if he came not back by the term established, she should be put away from the bed of the King.

But when Amile went to seek counsel, he happened on Amis, his fellow, who was going to the King's Court; and Amile lighted down from his horse, and cast himself at the feet of his fellow, and said: "O thou, the only hope of my salvation, evilly have I kept thy commandment; for I have incurred blame with the King's daughter, and I have taken up battle against the false Arderi."

Then said Amis, sighing: "Let us leave here our folks, and enter into this wood to lay bare our secret." And Amis fell to blaming Amile, and said: "Let us change our garments and our horses, and get thee to my house, and I will do battle for thee against the traitor." And Amile answered: "How may I go into thine house, who have no knowledge of thy wife and thy folk, and have never seen them face to face?" But Amis said to him: "Go in all safety, and seek wisely to know them: but take good heed that thou touch not my wife."

And thus they departed each from his fellow weeping; and Amis went his ways to the Court of the King in the semblance of Amile, and Amile to the house of his fellow in the semblance of Amis. But the wife of Amis, when she saw him betake him thither, ran to embrace him, whom she deemed was her husband, and would have kissed him. But he said: "Flee thou from before me, for I have greater need to lament than to play; whereas, since I departed from thee, I have suffered adversity full sore, and yet have to suffer."

And at night, when they lay in one bed, then Amile laid his sword betwixt them, and said to the woman: "Take heed that thou touch me not, else diest thou straightway by this sword." And in like wise did he the other nights, until Amis came in disguise to his house to learn if Amile kept faith with him.

Now was the term of the battle come, and the Queen waited for Amile full of fear, for the traitor Arderi said openly that the Queen should nevermore draw nigh the bed of the King, since she had suffered and consented that Amile should shame her daughter. Amidst these words Amis, clad in the raiment of his fellow, Amile, entered into the Court of the King at the hour of midday, and said to the King: "Right debonaire and loyal judge, here am I appareled to do battle against the false Arderi, in defence of me, the Queen, and her daughter, of the charge which they lay upon us." And the King answered benignly and said: "Be not troubled, Count, for if thou vanquishest battle, I will give thee to wife Belisant, my daughter."

On the next morning Arderi and Amis entered armed into the field in the presence of the King and his folk. And the Queen,

Heidelberg Students Fencing.

with much company of virgins and widows and wedded wives, went from church to church making prayers for the champion of her daughter, and they gave gifts, oblations and candles. But Amis fell to pondering in his heart, that if he should slay Arderi he would be guilty of his death before God, and if he were vanquished, it should be for a reproach to him all his days. Wherefore he spake thus to Arderi: "O Count, thou hast done wrong in that thou desirest my death so sorely, and hast foolishly cast thy life into peril of death. If thou wouldest but take back the charge which thou layest on me, and leave this mortal battle, thou mayest have my friendship and my service." But Arderi, as one out of his wits, answered him: "I will nought of thy friendship nor thy service; but I shall swear the truth as it verily is, and I shall smite the head from off thee." So Arderi swore that he had shamed the King's daughter, and Amis swore that he lied; and straightway they dealt together in strokes, and fought together from the hour of tierce (9 A.M.) right on till nones (3 P.M.). And Arderi was vanquished, and Amis smote off his head.

The King was troubled that he had lost Arderi; yet was he joyous that his daughter was purged of her guilt. And to Amis he gave his daughter and a great sum of gold and silver, and a city hard by the sea wherein to dwell. And Amis received the same with great joy. Then he returned quickly to his inn, wherein he had left Amile his fellow. But when Amile saw him coming with much company of horse, he deemed that Amis was vanquished and took to flight; but Amis bade him return in all safety, for that he had vanquished Arderi, and thereby was wedded for him to the King's daughter. Thence then did Amile betake him, and abode in the aforesaid city with his wife.

But while Amis abode with his wife he became leprous, in such wise that he might not move from his bed; for God chastiseth him that He loveth. And his wife, Obias, had him in sore hate, and many a time strove to strangle him; and when Amis found that, he called to him two of his servants and said to them: "Take me out of the hands of this evil woman, and take my cup privily and bear me to the Castle of Bericain."

So when they drew nigh to the castle, folk came to meet them, and asked of them who was the feeble sick man whom they bore; and they said it was Amis, their master, who was become leprous, and prayed them that they would do him some mercy. But nevertheless they beat the servants of Amis, and cast him down from the cart whereon they were bearing him, and said: "Flee hence speedily, if ye would not lose your lives." Then Amis fell a-weeping, and said: "O God, merciful and full of pity, give me death, or give me aid from mine infirmity!" And therewith he said to his servants: "Bring me to the Church of the Father of Rome, where God may peradventure of His great mercy provide for me."

When they came to Rome, Constantin the Apostle, full of pity and holiness, and many a knight of Rome of those who had held Amis at the font, came to meet him, and gave him sustenance enough for him and his servants.

But three years thereafter was so great famine in the city that the father would thrust the son away from his house. Then spake his servants to Amis, and said: "Fair sir, thou knowest how faithfully we have served thee since the death of thy father until this day, and that we have never trespassed against thy commandment. But now we may no longer abide with thee, as we wish not to perish of hunger; wherefore we pray thee give us leave to escape this mortal pestilence."

Then Amis answered them weeping: "O ye fair sons, and not servants, my only comfort, I pray you for God's sake that ye leave me not here, but bear me to the city of the Count Amile, my fellow."

And they who would well obey his commandments bore him thither where Amile was; and there they began sounding on their clappers before the Court of Amile, even as lepers are wont to do. And when Amile heard the sound thereof he bade a servant bear to the sick man bread and flesh, and also the cup, which was given to him at Rome, full of good wine; and when the servant had done his commandment he said to him when he came again: "By the faith which I owe thee, sir, if I held not thy cup in my hand, I had deemed that it was even that which the sick man had; for they are one and the same in size and fashion." Then said Amile: "Go speedily and lead him hither to me."

But when Amis was before his fellow, Amile asked of him who he was, and how he had gotten that cup. Said he: "I am of Bericain the Castle, and the cup was given me by the Apostle of Rome, when he baptized me."

And when Amile heard that, he knew that it was Amis his fellow who had delivered him from death, and given him to wife the King's daughter. Straightway he cast himself upon him and fell to crying out strongly, and to weeping and lamenting, and to kissing and embracing him. And when his wife heard the same, she ran thither all disheveled, and making great dole, since she had in memory how he had slain Arderi. And straightway they laid him in a very fair bed, and said to him: "Abide with us, fair sir, until God shall do his will of thee, for whatsoever we have is for thee to deal with." And he abode with them, and his servants with him.

Now it befell on a night when Amis and Amile lay in one chamber without other company, that God sent to Amis Raphael his angel, who said to him: "Sleepest thou, Amis?" And he, thinking that Amile had called to him, answered: "I sleep not, fair sweet fellow." Then the angel said to him: "Thou hast answered well. Thou art the fellow of the citizens of Heaven, and thou hast followed after Job and Tobit in patience. Now I am Raphael, an angel of our Lord, and am come to tell thee of a medicine for thine healing, since He hath heard thy prayers. Thou shalt tell Amile thy fellow, that he slay his two children and wash thee in their blood, and thence thou shalt get healing of thy body." Then said Amis: "Never shall it be that my fellow be a man-slayer for the healing of me." But the Angel said: "Yet even so it behooveth to do."

And when he had so said, the Angel departed; and therewith Amile heard those words, and awoke, and said: "What is it, fellow? Who hath spoken unto thee?" And Amis answered that none had spoken: "But I have prayed to our Lord according to my wont." Then Amile said: "Nay, it is not so; some one hath spoken to thee." Therewith he arose and went to the door of the chamber, and found it shut, and said: "Tell me, fair brother, who hath spoken to thee these words of the night?"

Then Amis wept sore, and said to him that Raphael, the Angel of our Lord, had said to him: "Amis, our Lord biddeth that thou tell Amile that he slay his two children, and wash thee with their blood, and then thou wilt be whole of thy leprosy."

But Amile was sore moved with these words, and said to him: "Amis, I have given over to thee man-servant and maid-servant and all my goods, and now thou feignest in fraud that the Angel hath spoken to thee that I slay my two children!" But forthwith Amis wept and said: "I know that I have spoken to thee things grievous, as one constrained, and now I pray thee that thou cast me not out of thine house." And Amile said that he had promised that he would hold him until the hour of his death: "But I conjure thee by the faith which is betwixt thee and me, and by our fellowship, and by the baptism which we took between me and thee at Rome, that thou tell me if it be man or Angel who hath said this to thee." Then Amis answered: "As true as it was an Angel who spake to me this night, so may God deliver me from mine infirmity."

Then Amile fell to weeping privily, and thinking in his heart: "This man forsooth was armed before the King to die for me, and why should I not slay my children for him; if he hath kept faith with me to the death, why keep I not faith? Abraham was saved by faith, and by faith have the saints vanquished kingdoms; and God saith in the Gospel: 'That which ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.'"

And Amile, without more tarrying, went to the chamber of his wife, and bade her go to hear the service of our Lord; and the Countess went to the church even as she was wont. Then the Count took his sword and went to the bed where lay his children, and found them sleeping, and he threw himself upon them, and fell to weeping bitterly and said: "Who hath ever heard of a father who of his own will hath slain his child? Alas, my children! I shall be no more your father, but your cruel murderer!" And therewith the children awoke because of the tears which fell on them; and the children, who looked on the face of their father, began laughing. But their father said to them: "Your laughter shall be turned into weeping, for now shall your innocent blood be shed."

When he had so said he cut off their heads and then laid them out behind the bed, and laid the heads to the bodies, and covered them over even as they slept. And with their blood, which he received, he washed his fellow, and said: "Lord God, Jesus Christ, who commandest men to keep faith upon the earth, and who cleansest the leper by thy word, deign thou to cleanse my fellow, for the love of whom I have shed the blood of my children." Then was Amis cleansed of his leprosy, and they gave thanks to our Lord with great joy and said: "Blessed be God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who healeth them that have hope in him." And Amile clad his fellow in his own right goodly raiment; and therewith they went to the church to give thanks there, and the bells, by the grace of God, rang of themselves. And when the people of the city heard that, they ran all together toward that marvel.

Now the wife of the Count, when she saw them both going together, began to ask which of the two was her husband, and said: "I know well the raiment of these twain, but I wot not which is Amile." And the Count said: "I am Amile, and this my fellow is Amis." Then the Countess wondered, and said: "I see him all whole; but much I desire to know whereby he is healed." "Let us render thanks to our Lord," said the Count, "nor disquiet us as to how it may be."

Now was come the hour of tierce, and neither the father nor the mother was yet entered in to their children; but the father sighed grievously for the death of his babes. Then the Countess asked for her children to make her joy, and the Count said: "Dame, let be; let the children sleep!" Therewith he entered all alone to the children to weep over them, and he found them playing in the bed; but the scars of their wounds showed about the necks of each of them, even as a red fillet. Then he took them in his arms, and bore them to their mother, and said: "Make great joy, dame, for thy sons whom I had slain by the commandment of the Angel are alive again, and by their blood is Amis cured and healed."

And when the Countess heard it she said: "O thou Count, why didst thou not lead me with thee to receive the blood of my children, and I would have washed therewith Amis, thy fellow and my lord?" Then said the Count: "Dame, let be these words; and let us be at the service of our Lord, who hath done such great wonders in our house." And they made great joy through that same city for ten days. But on the self-same day that Amis was made whole, the devils bore off his wife; they brake her neck and bore away her soul.

After these things Amis betook him to the Castle of Bericain and laid siege before it; and abode there so long that they of the castle rendered themselves to him. He received them benignly, and pardoned them their evil will; and from thenceforth he dwelt with them peaceably; and he kept with him the elder son of Amile, and served our Lord with all his heart.

JEAN FROISSART.

FROISSART PRESENTS HIS BOOK.

Though the Chronicles of Froissart have long been esteemed as the most faithful and picturesque records of the fourteenth century, he had little celebrity in his own time. The dates of his birth and death are uncertain, but the former is assigned to 1337, and the latter to 1410. He was a Fleming, born at Valenciennes, then a gay city, and early devoted himself to learning and verse-making. At eighteen he visited Queen Philippa in England and secured her favor by his poetic talent. After a year's stay he left to see a lady to whom he had paid addresses, but who now rejected him. He traveled in France and wrote rhymed chronicles which he took to England in 1361. He became secretary to Queen Philippa, and afterwards to King John of France. At the expense of the Queen, he traveled through England and Scotland, constantly seeking to learn from all he encountered the events of their lives. In 1366 he returned to the Continent and wandered to and fro in company of the great, whom he pleased by his courtly manners and entertained with his poems and increasing stock of stories. After reaching Rome, Froissart returned to Brabant, where he became a parish priest, and found a patron in Gui de Blois, Sire de Beaumont, whose family had some chronicles. These Froissart edited and then continued for many years. In 1386, in the flurry of a proposed invasion of England, the veteran story-writer left his parish and went to Ghent, where he was kept busy gathering his accounts of Flemish affairs. Then he resumed his travels, journeying to the south of France, where he enjoyed the hospitality of Gaston Phœbus, Count of Foix. Many another lord was sought out to give the chronicler information about important events. A third visit to England brought him into contact with Richard II., the account of whose death closes his Chronicle. Froissart died obscurely at Chimay some years later. Though he wrote abundance of poetry, of which he was proud, posterity remembers only his graphic prose pictures of the men and events of his time.

THE REWARD OF VALOR.

CALAIS, from its situation, was a town of great importance, and on this account Edward resolved to repair its fortifications and re-people it with English subjects. Sir Aymery de Pavie, a native of Lombardy, was appointed governor; and the king gave very handsome houses in Calais to Sir Walter Manny, Lord Stafford, Lord Warwick, Sir Bartholomew Burghersh, and many other Knights. Sir Amery proved himself unworthy of the trust reposed in him, for he attempted to sell the town to Sir Geoffry de Chargny, and Edward found himself compelled again to cross the water, and take other means to secure possession of this important place. He embarked at Dover, and came so secretly to Calais that no one knew of his being there; his men he placed in ambuscade in the rooms and towers of the castle, and then, addressing Sir Walter Manny, said: "Sir Walter, I will that you be chief in this enterprise, and I and my son will fight under your banner." Sir Geoffry was to take possession of the castle on a certain day, and when he arrived he drew up his forces near to Calais, and sent forward Sir Odoart de Renty, with twenty thousand crowns, which were to be given to Sir Amery as the price of the surrender.

At his approach Sir Amery let down the drawbridge of the castle, and opened one of the gates, through which Sir Odoart and a small party of men who attended him passed unmolested. He delivered the crowns in a bag to Sir Amery, who, on receiving them, said, he supposed they were all there, as there was no time now to count them and flinging the bag into a room. he locked the door, and bade Sir Odoart follow him to the great tower that he might at once become master of the castle. On saying this he went forward, and pushing back the bolt, the door flew open. Now in this tower was the King of England with two hundred men, who immediately sallied forth, with swords and battle-axes in their hands, at the same time crying out, "Manny, Manny, to the rescue! What! do these Frenchmen think to conquer the castle of Calais with such a handful of men?" Sir Odoart and his party saw that no defence could save them, so they surrendered without resistance, and some English troops, well mounted, then quitted the castle, and made towards Sir Geoffry de Chargny, keeping up the cry of "Manny, to the rescue!" When Sir Geoffry heard this, he suspected they had been betrayed, and addressing those around him, said, "Gentlemen, if we fly we shall lose all: it will be more advantageous for us to fight valiantly that the day may be ours." "By St. George," said some of the English, who were near enough to hear him, "you speak the truth: evil befall him who thinks of flying;" and, so saying, they rushed to the combat. Fierce and bloody was the battle, but it did not last long; the result of it was that the French were quite discomfited and driven to retire. The King of England, who was then incognito under the banner of Sir Walter, fought most nobly: he singled out Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont, a strong and valiant knight, who twice struck the king down on his knees, but who was at last himself overpowered, and gave up his sword to King Edward, saying, "Sir Knight, I surrender myself your prisoner, for the honor of the day must fall to the English." This business was finished under the walls of Calais, the last day of December, towards morning, in the year of grace 1348.

When the engagement was over, the king returned to the castle, and had his prisoners brought before him. It being the eve of the new year, he agreed to entertain them all to supper.

This he did most sumptuously, and when supper was ended, he still remained in the hall among the French and English knights, bareheaded, except that he had on a chaplet of fine pearls. He conversed freely with all present, and after reproving Sir Geoffry de Chargny for his attempt to steal from him a castle which had given him so much trouble, and cost him such sums of money to acquire, he came to Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont, and said with a smile, "Sir Eustace, you are the most valiant knight in Christendom; I never yet found any one in battle who, body to body, has given me so much to do as you have this day; I adjudge to you the prize of valor." He then took off the chaplet from his own head, and placing it on the head of Sir Eustace, said, "I present you with this chaplet, as being the best combatant this day, and I beg of you to wear it all this year for love of me. I know that you are lively, and love the society of ladies and damsels; therefore tell it wherever you go, that King Edward gave this to you. You also have your liberty free of ransom, and may set out to-morrow, if you please, to go whither you like."

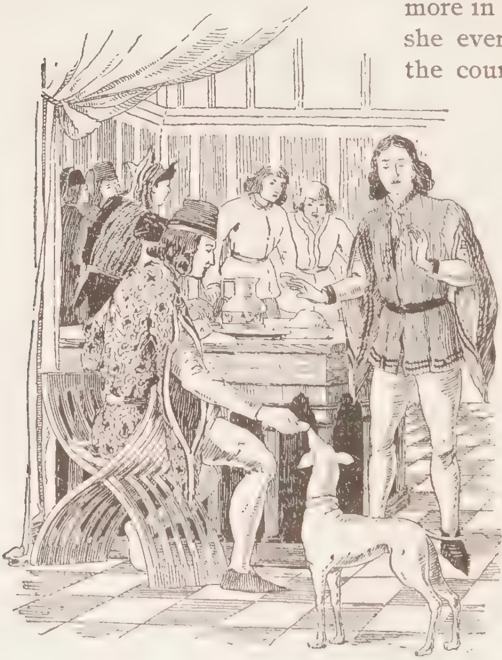
COUNT GASTON PHŒBUS DE FOIX.

COUNT GASTON PHŒBUS DE FOIX was about fifty-nine years old; and although I have seen very many knights, squires, kings, princes, and others, I never saw any one so handsome. He was so perfectly formed that no one could praise him too much. He loved earnestly the things he ought to love, and hated those which it became him to hate. He was a prudent knight, full of enterprise and wisdom. He never allowed any men of abandoned character to be about him, reigned prudently, and was constant at his devotions. There were regular nocturnals from the Psalter, prayers from the rituals to the Virgin, to the Holy Ghost, and from the Burial Service. He had, every day, distributed, as alms at his gate, five florins, in small coin, to all comers. He was liberal and courteous in his gifts, and well knew how to take and how to give back. He loved dogs above all other animals; and during summer and winter amused himself much with hunting. He never indulged in any foolish works or ridiculous extravagances, and took account every month of the amount of his expenditure. He chose twelve of the most able of his subjects to receive and administer his finances, two serving two months each, and one of them acting as comptroller. He had certain coffers in his apartment whence he took money to give to different knights, squires, or gentlemen, when they came to wait on him, for none ever left him without a gift. He was easy of access to all, and entered very freely into discourse, though laconic in his advice and in his answers. He employed four secretaries to write and copy letters, and these were to be in readiness as soon as he left his room. He called them neither John, Walter, nor William, but his good-for-nothings, to whom he gave his letters, after he had read them, to copy or to do anything else which he might command. In such manner lived the Count de Foix. When he quitted his chamber at midnight for supper, twelve servants bore each a lighted torch before him. The hall was full of knights and squires, and there were plenty of tables laid out for any who chose to sup. No one spoke to him at table unless he first began the conversation. He ate heartily of poultry, but only the wings and thighs. He had great pleasure in hearing minstrels, being himself a proficient in the science. He remained at table about two hours, and was pleased whenever fanciful dishes were served up to him—not that he desired to partake of them, but, having seen them, he immediately sent them to the tables of his knights and squires. In short, everything considered, though I had before been in several courts, I never was at one which pleased me more, nor was ever anywhere more delighted with feats of arms. Knights and squires were to be seen in every chamber, hall, and court, conversing on arms and armor. Everything honorable was to be found there. All intelligence from distant countries was there to be learned; for the gallantry of the count brought together visitors from all parts of the world.

Seeing the hotel of the count so spacious and amply provided, I was very anxious to know what was become of his son Gaston, and by what accident he died, for Espaign du Lyon would never satisfy my curiosity. Indeed, I made so many inquiries on the subject, that an old and intelligent squire at last informed me. He began his tale thus: It is well known that the Count and Countess of Foix are not on good terms with each other. This disagreement arose from the King of Navarre, who is the lady's brother. The King of Navarre had offered to pledge himself, in the sum of 50,000 francs, for the Lord d'Albret, whom the Count de Foix held in prison. The count, knowing the King of Navarre to be crafty and faithless, would not accept his security, which circumstance piqued the countess, and raised her indignation against her husband. The countess went to the King of Navarre to endeavor to settle this business; and when, after much talking, she found she could come to no satisfactory arrangement, she was afraid to return home, knowing her husband to be of a cruel disposition towards those with whom he was displeased. Thus things remained for some time.

Gaston, my lord's son, grew up and married the daughter of the Count d'Armagnac, sister to the present count, by which union peace was restored between Foix and Armagnac. He might be at the time about fifteen or sixteen years old, and was a very fine figure, the exact resemblance of his father. Some time after his marriage he took it into his head to make a journey into Navarre to visit his mother and uncle; but it was an unfortunate journey for him and for this country. In Navarre he was splendidly entertained, and stayed there some time with his mother. On taking leave he could not prevail on her to return, for she had found that the count had bid him convey no such request to her. She consequently remained, and the heir of Foix went to Pampeluna to take leave of his uncle, who detained him ten days, and on his departure made him several handsome presents. The last gift he gave to him was the cause of his death, and I will tell you in what way. As the youth was on the point of setting out, the king took him privately into his chamber and gave him a bag full of powder, which was of such pernicious quality that it would cause the death of any one who ate it. "Gaston, my fair nephew," said the king, "will you do what I am about to tell you? You see how unjustly the Count de Foix hates your mother. Now, if you wish to reconcile them, you must take a small pinch of this powder and strew it upon the meat destined for your father's table; but take care no one sees you. The instant he has taken it he will be impatient for your mother's return, and henceforth they will so love each other that they will never again be separated. Do not mention this to any one, for if you do, it will lose its effect."

The youth, who believed all that his uncle told him, cheerfully agreed to do as he said, and then departed from Pampeluna. On his return to Orthes, his father received him gladly, and asked what presents he had received. The youth replied, "Very handsome ones;" and then showed him all, except the bag which contained the powder. It was customary in the Hotel de Foix for Gaston and his bastard brother, Evan, to sleep in the same chamber; they loved each other dearly, and dressed alike, for they were of the same size and age. It happened one night that their clothes got mixed together; and the coat of Gaston being on the bed, Evan, noticing the powder in the bag, said to him, "What is this, Gaston?" By no means pleased at the inquiry, Gaston replied, "Give me back my coat, Evan; what have you to do with it?" Evan flung him his coat, and Gaston during the day became very pensive. Three days after this, as if God were interposing to save the life of the Count de Foix, Gaston quarreled with Evan at tennis, and gave him a box on the ear. Much vexed at this, Evan ran crying into the count's apartment, who immediately said to him, "What is the matter, Evan?" "My lord," replied he, "Gaston has been beating me, but he deserves beating much more than I do." "For what reason?" said the count. "On my faith," said Evan, "ever since his return from Navarre, he wears a bag of powder in his breast. I know not what he intends to do with it; but he has once or twice told me that his mother would soon return hither, and be more in your good graces than she ever was." "Ho," said the count; "be sure you do not mention to any one what you have just told me." The Count de Foix then became very thoughtful on the subject, and remained alone until dinner-time, when he took his seat as usual at the table. It was Gaston's office to place the dishes before him and taste them. As soon as he had served the first dish the count detected the strings of the bag hanging from his pourpoint, the sight of which made his blood boil, and he called Gaston toward him. The youth advanced to the table, when the count undid his pourpoint, and with his knife cut away the bag. Gaston was thunderstruck, turned very pale, and began to tremble exceedingly. The count took some powder from the bag, which



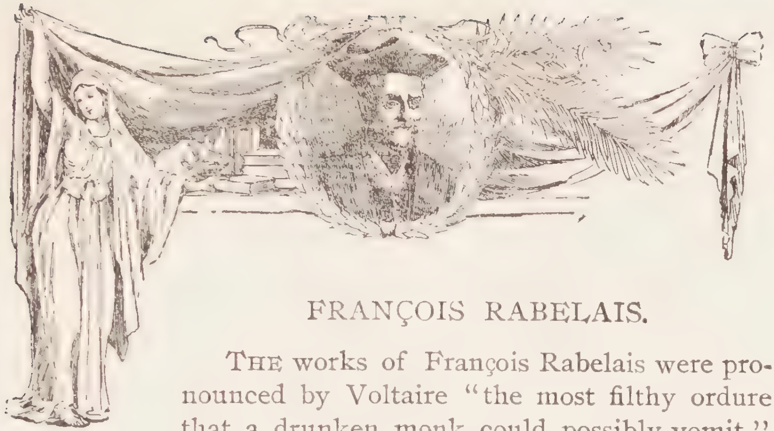
he strewed over a slice of bread, and calling to him one of his dogs, gave it him to eat. The instant the dog had eaten a morsel, his eyes rolled round in his head, and he died.

The count was much enraged, and not without reason, and it was with great difficulty that the knights and squires who were present prevented him from slaying his son. "Ho, Gaston," he said, "thou traitor; for thee, and to increase thy inheritance, have I made war, and incurred the hatred of the Kings of France and England, Spain, Navarre, and Aragon;" then, leaping over the table, with a knife in his hand, he was about to thrust it into his body, when the knights and squires interfered, and on their knees besought him—"My lord, for Heaven's sake, consider you have no other child. Let him be confined, and inquiry made into the matter. Perhaps he was ignorant of what the bag contained, and therefore may be blameless." "Well then, confine him in the tower," said the count; "only be careful that he is forthcoming." As soon as Gaston was placed in confinement, many of those who served him escaped, but fifteen were arrested and afterwards put to death.

This business made a great impression upon the count, and, in presence of all the nobles and prelates of Foix and Béarn, he declared his intention of putting Gaston to death. They, however, would not sanction such severity, and it was at last determined that Gaston should be confined in prison for two or three months, and then sent on his travels for a few years, until his ill conduct should be forgotten, and himself feel grateful for the lenity of his punishment. News of this difficulty spread far and near, and came to the ears of Pope Gregory XI., at Avignon, who immediately sent off the Cardinal of Amiens as his legate to Béarn, in order to accommodate the affair; but the cardinal had scarcely traveled as far as Beziers when he heard that it was useless for him to continue his journey, for that the son of the Count de Foix was dead.

I must tell you how he died. At the count's orders he was confined in a room of the dungeon where there was little light; there he remained ten days, scarcely eating or drinking anything. It is even reported, that after his death all the food that had been brought to him was found untouched; so that it is marvelous how he could have lived so long. From the time he entered the dungeon he never put off his clothes, and the count would permit no one to remain in the room to advise or comfort him. On the day of his death, the person who waited upon him, seeing the state he was in, went to the count and said, "My lord, for God's sake, do look to your son; he is certainly starving himself." On hearing which the count became very angry, and went himself to the prison. It was an evil hour: the count had in his hand a knife, with which he had been paring his nails, and which he held tight between his fingers, with scarcely the point protruding, when, pushing aside the tapestry that covered the entrance of the prison, through ill luck, he hit his son on a vein of the throat with the point of the knife, as he rushed forward, addressing him, "Ha! traitor! why dost thou not eat?" Then, without saying or doing more, he instantly left the place. The youth was much frightened at his father's arrival, and withal exceedingly weak from fasting. The point of the knife, small as it was, had cut a vein, and as soon as he felt it, he turned himself on one side, and died. Scarcely had the count reached his apartment when his son's attendants came to him in haste to inform him that Gaston was dead. "Dead?" cried the count. "Yes; God help me, he is indeed dead, my lord." The count would not believe the report, and sent one of his knights to ascertain the truth. The knight soon returned to confirm the account, when the count wept bitterly, crying out, "Ha, ha, Gaston, how sad a business is this for thee and me! In an evil hour didst thou visit thy mother in Navarre. Never shall I be happy again." He then ordered his barber to be sent for, and was shaven quite bare; he also clothed himself, as well as his whole household, in black. The body of the youth was borne with tears and lamentation to the church of the Augustine friars, at Orthes, where it was buried.

My heart was much moved at this sad recital of the squire of Béarn. I was truly sorry for the count, whom I found a magnificent, generous and courteous lord; I thanked the squire for the narrative, and then bade him adieu.



FRANÇOIS RABELAIS.

The works of François Rabelais were pronounced by Voltaire "the most filthy ordure that a drunken monk could possibly vomit." Francis Bacon found it impossible to designate their author any more mildly than as "a great jester." Yet this reviled outcast must now be interpreted as the supreme expression of the French Renaissance. Calvin expressed the extreme Protestant phase. Rabelais was rather a giant of learning than reform; indeed, while he bitterly satirized "the furred law cats" who had condemned his unfortunate friend and printer, Dolet, to the stake, it was on account of their bigotry against the Renaissance, instead of their enmity towards the Reformation. Rabelais himself should probably be set down as one of those Catholics who wished for reform of the Church from within. Like Melanchthon he was opposed evidently to the Papacy, the Holy Empire myth and the corruption of the monkish orders; but he would probably have been content with an ecclesiastical reform. Perhaps in his heart he was a sceptic (in which the events of the age would have encouraged him as they did his fellow-Frenchman, Montaigne), for he seemingly ridicules—in his chapter on strange births—the very central Christian doctrine of the Incarnation. However that may be, he did not feel Erasmus's objection to a cowl, and despite his terrible satires on the Church and the monks, he may be said to have died in the faith.

François Rabelais was the son of a rich innkeeper of Chinon, where he was born about 1495. He was educated by the Benedictines at Seville, and joined the order of the Franciscans at the Abbey of Fontenay-le-Comte. Imprisoned in the

Abbey prison by his outraged brethren because of his liberal studies and sentiments, he was only rescued from their clutches by the intervention of the scholar Budæus, who was one of his correspondents, and a strong friend, the magistrate Tiraqueau, of Fontenay. This experience led Rabelais to seek a kindlier refuge among his old tutors, the Benedictines. In this change, and in a subsequent doffing of the Benedictine garb for the dress of a secular priest, he had the strong protection of Geoffrey d'Estissac, an old schoolmate, now become Bishop of Maillezais, who also took Rabelais into his own house as secretary and companion.

Rabelais had already become, in the words of Tiraqueau, "a man most learned in both languages, and in all kinds of scholarship above his age." Despite the monkish hatred of Greek, he had become as near a Greek pedant as his Pantagruelian humor would allow. In his thirst for learning he studied medicine at Montpellier, edited and lectured on Galen and Hippocrates, and became quite proficient in anatomy.

There is proof in his chapter on the long carriage of Gargantua that he was also an adept in the civil law of his day. Indeed his works reveal him as a marvellous scholar in all the learning of his time and in its folly as well—its astrology, palmistry, alchemy and folklore. From 1532 until 1535 Rabelais practiced as a physician, and reverted to that profession again when driven into exile (1546–7) in Lorraine, by Francis I.'s closing bigotry. Before that exile, however, Rabelais had served as physician to Jean du Bellay, who had secured his appointment to a canonry (at St. Maur), and after the death of Francis I., this latest patron, elevated to a cardinalate at Rome, took Rabelais under his wing and even secured the Pope's pardon for him.

Rabelais had gone so far as to modify his satires before 1542, but Dolet had printed them in that year in all their original buffoonery. But now Rabelais secured the friendship not only of Cardinal du Bellay, but of the powerful Cardinal of Guise and Cardinal Odet de Chatillon. Against such bulwarks the fury of the Sorbonne would have fallen harmless. Rabelais was made curé of Meudon and of St. Christophe de Jeubet, and passed away (about 1553) as a recognized son of the church.

As his life was a paradox, so are his famous works, which relate the curious and merry adventures of the giants Gargantua and Pantagruel, the unclerical friar John, the rascally Panurge and their brave comrades. The son of an innkeeper, he assumed the guise of a swilling toper, and tells such obscene and foul jokes and stories as would befit the worst taverns. He had found the figures of both Gargantua and Pantagruel already to his hand. Both were well-known giants in the mediæval French folklore. Indeed, there exists of Gargantua a notable chapbook—"*Les grandes et inestimables chroniques du grand et énorme géant Gargantua.*" He was supposed to have been one of King Arthur's knights for whom he performed "feats of arms." His enormous size and strength and his tremendous appetite were household words. A Breton mother would rebuke a gluttonous child by comparing him to "Grantua." A great rock was called Gargantua's tooth. Rabelais is credited with having first edited this chronicle of Gargantua, having then been inspired to write the books of Pantagruel as a sequel, and then to have returned and re-written the original story of Gargantua.

Whatever the order of his writing, the very ideas and spirit of the vulgar Gargantuan chronicle inspired Rabelais in his own work. He made of the Gargantuan tale a burlesque on eating and drinking, under cover of which he hid a satire on the degraded schools of the Mediæval Age and outlined a general system of humanistic pedagogy. His ideal of an educational Utopia he pictured in the Abbey of Theleme, in which he emphasized his disgust of the monkish rules by drawing up a diametrically opposite code of negatives. On the surface of this work Rabelais is so seemingly concentrated upon mere eating and drinking, however, that Victor Hugo has spoken of him as being "the Discoverer of the Belly." It was because of this surface phase of Rabelais' work that Ronsard wrote the epitaph that has been often misconstrued as a severe satire on him as an actual drunkard. And as Rabelais borrowed this aspect of the old folk-tale, as well as its serio-comic episode of Gargantua's terrible mare, so he also assumed the reckless, madcap, swaggering, bluffly buffoon style which seeks only to amuse. He does not attempt to make such a plausible tale as Swift's "Gulliver's Travels" were destined to be made after him; he perpetrated the most inconsistent and disproportionate statements and statistics. He is, in fact, wildly irresponsible. And so, too, he does not sneer, as Swift (inaptly styled the English Rabelais) persisted in doing. Pope truly expressed the Frenchman's assumed attitude in his oft-quoted line, which pictures

"Rabelais laughing in his easy chair."

In his initial doggerel address to his readers Rabelais lays down the dictum:

"One inch of joy surmounts of grief a span,
Because to laugh is proper to the man."

By such means Rabelais could laugh at error, as Cervantes "laughed Spain's chivalry away." Under this mask of devil-may-care ribaldry he even dared to picture the popes as scummers of pots and ratcatchers in the world hereafter; to satirize Francis I. and his imperial craze as the world-thirsting but vain-glorious King Picrochole; to make mock of the scriptural miracles by the very solemnity with which he affected to believe the strange legends of classic mythology, gravely intermixing the two; and to call the monks "a rabble of filthy, unclean and pestilential beasts, black, dusk-dun, white, ash-colored and speckled" (in allusion to the dresses of the various orders). Rabelais had seen the monastic corruption from within, and his picture of monkish life was forcibly biting. In fact he forgets his laugh at times when lashing these monks, as he became grim and terrible in his satire on the Furred Law Cats.

But readers of to-day may see underneath the mask the grave and kindly features of a sincere Platonist, somewhat skeptical even of the Christian religion, owing to its theological abuse; a scholar poring over Plutarch, Pausanias and Athenæus in that Greek "without which," he declares, "a man may be ashamed to account himself a scholar." In his famous prologue, thoroughly typical of his style at its best, he compares himself to Socrates. Coleridge declared him "among the deepest, as well as boldest, thinkers of his age," and classed him with the great creative minds of the world.

As for his style there is much to admire, as Saint Beuve has shown, despite its deliberately archaic features. He wrote a notable French prose, and one bristling with proverbs and idioms. The pedantic Rhetoriqueurs and the Latinic Pleiadists were not to his taste. He satirized Cretin in Raminagrobis, and either du Bellay or Ronsard has been identified by some scholars as the "Lemousin" of Rabelais' story, "who counterfeited the French tongue."

Rabelais invented a fine fable in the episode of Ding Dong and his silly sheep who followed their leader into the sea. In Panurge he seems to have sought to portray the weakness and pitiableness of mere learning without morality; in Friar John, the bestiality of the mere shows of theology divorced from the spirit of religion. Pantagruel's significance has escaped the critics, but he would seem to typify the True Wisdom, tolerant and beneficent. Panurge's voyage to learn the Oracle of the Holy Bottle, on his proposed marriage, is told much in the spirit of Lucian, with an account of many strange places, such as the land of windmills, of club-noses, of immortals, etc. The purport of this portion of his work is seen in his creation of La Quinte (Queen Whims). Of Rabelais's making of Gargantua, a King of Utopia, Henry Morley remarks that Rabelais was not without inspiration from Sir Thomas More's Utopia, published in 1516, which Rabelais had read.

PROLOGUE TO GARGANTUA.

MOST noble and illustrious drinkers, and you thrice precious profligates (for to you and none else do I dedicate my writings), Alcibiades, in that dialogue of Plato's, which is entitled, "The Banquet," whilst he was setting forth the praises of his schoolmaster, Socrates (without all question the prince of philosophers), amongst other discourses to that purpose said, that he resembled the Sileni. Sileni of old were little boxes, like those we now may see in the shops of apothecaries, painted on the outside with wanton toyish figures, as harpies, satyrs, bridled geese, horned hares saddled ducks, flying goats, harnessed harts, and other such counterfeited pictures, at pleasure, to excite people unto laughter, as Silenus himself, who was the foster-father of good Bacchus, was wont to do; but within those capricious caskets called Sileni, were carefully preserved and kept many rich and fine drugs, such as balm, ambergris, amomon, musk, civet, with several kinds of precious stones, and other things of great price. Just such another thing was Socrates: for to have eyed his outside, and esteemed of him by his exterior appearance, you would not have given the beard of an onion for him, so deformed he was in body, and ridiculous in his gesture. He had a sharp-pointed nose, with the look of a bull, and countenance of a fool; he was in his carriage simple, boorish in his apparel, in fortune poor, unhappy in his wives, unfit for all offices in the commonwealth, always laughing, tippling, and merry, carousing to every one, with continual jibes and jeers, the better by those means to conceal his divine knowledge. Now opening this box, you would have found within it a heavenly and inestimable drug, a more than human understanding, an admirable virtue, matchless learning, invincible courage, inimitable sobriety, certain contentment of mind, perfect assurance, and an incredible disregard of all that for which men commonly do so much watch, run, sail, fight, travel, toil and turmoil themselves.

Whereunto (in your opinion) doth this little flourish of a preamble tend; for so much as you, my good disciples, and some other jolly fools of ease and leisure, reading the pleasant titles of some books of our invention, as Gargantua, Pantagruel, Whippot, of Pease and Bacon, with a Commentary, etc., are too ready to judge, that there is nothing in them but jests, mockeries, lascivious discourse, and recreative lies; because the outside (which is the Title) is usually, without any farther inquiry, entertained with scoffing and derision. But, truly, it is very unbeseeming to make so slight account of the works of men, seeing yourselves avouch that it is not the habit makes the monk; many being monasterially accoutred, who inwardly are nothing less than monachal; and that there are of those who wear Spanish caps, who have but little of the valor of Spaniards in them. Therefore is it, that you must open the book, and seriously consider of the matter treated in it, then shall you find that it containeth things of far higher value than the box did promise; that is to say, that the subject thereof is not so foolish, as by the title, at the first sight, it would appear to be.

And put the case, that in the literal sense you meet with purposes merry and solacious enough, and consequently very correspondent to their inscriptions, yet must not you stop there, as at the melody of the charming Sirens; but endeavor to interpret that in a sublimer sense, which, possibly, you might think was spoken in the jollity of heart. Did you ever pick the lock of a cupboard to steal a bottle of wine out of it? Tell me truly; and if you did, call to mind the countenance which then you had. Or, did you ever see a dog with a marrow-bone in his mouth, the beast of all others, says Plato, the most philosophical? If you have seen him, you might have remarked with what caution and circumspectness he wards and watcheth it; with what care he keeps it; how fervently he holds it; how prudently he gobbets it; with what affection he breaks it, and with what diligence he sucks it. To what end all this? what moveth him to take all these pains? what are the hopes of his labor? what doth he expect to reap thereby? Nothing but a little marrow. True it is, that this little is more savory and delicious than the great quantities of other sorts of meat, because the marrow (as Galen testifieth) is a nourishment most perfectly elaborated by nature.

In imitation of this dog, it becomes you to be wise, to smell, feel, and have in estimation, these fair, goodly books, stuffed with high conceptions, which, though seemingly easy in the pursuit, are in the cope and encounter somewhat difficult. And then, like him, you must, by a sedulous reading and frequent meditation, break the bone, and suck out the substantial marrow; that is, my allegorical sense, or the things I to myself propose to be signified by these Pythagorical symbols; with assured hope, that in so doing, you will at last attain to be both well advised and valiant by the reading of them; for, in the perusal of this treatise, you shall find another kind of taste, and a doctrine of a more profound and abstruse consideration, which will disclose unto you the most glorious doctrines and dreadful mysteries, as well in what concerneth our religion, as matters of the public state and life economical.

How Gargantua Rode to Paris.

In the same season Fayoles, the fourth king of Numidia, sent out of the country of Africa, to Grangousier, the most hideous great mare that ever was seen, and of the strangest form; for you know well enough how it is said that Africa always is productive of some new thing. She was as big as six elephants, and had her feet cloven into toes like Julius Cæsar's horse, with slouchhanging ears, like the goats in Languedoc, and a little horn on her buttock. She was of a burnt-sorrel hue, with a little mixture of dapple-grey spots; but, above all, she had a horrible tail; for it was little more or less than every whit as great as the steeple of Saint Mark, beside Langes, and squared as that is, with tuffs and ennicroches, or hair-plaits, wrought within one another, no otherwise than as the beards are upon the ears of wheat. She was brought by sea in three carricks and a brigantine unto the harbor of Olone, in Thalmondois, when Grangousier saw her. "Here is," said he, "what is fit to carry my son to Paris. So now, in the name of God, all will be well; he will in times coming be a great scholar." If it were not, my masters, for the beasts, we should live like clerks.

The next morning, after they had drunk, you must understand, they took their journey; Gargantua, his pedagogue Ponocrates and his train, and with them Eudemon, the young page. And because the weather was fair and temperate, his father caused to be made for him a pair of dun boots; Babin calls them buskins. Thus did they merrily pass their time in traveling on their highway, always making good cheer, and were very pleasant till they came a little above Orleans, in which place there was a forest of five and thirty leagues long, and seventeen in breadth, or thereabouts. This forest was most horribly fertile and copious in dorflies, hornets and wasps, so that it was a very purgatory for the poor mares, asses and horses. But Gargantua's mare did avenge herself handsomely of all the outrages therein committed upon beasts of her kind, and that by a trick whereof they had no suspicion. For as soon as ever they were entered into the said forest, and that the wasps had given the assault, she drew out her tail, and therewith skirmishing, did so sweep them that she overthrew all the wood alongst and athwart, here and there, this way and that way, longwise and sidewise, over and under, and felled everywhere the wood with as much ease as a mower doth the grass, in such sort, that never since hath there been there either wood or dorflies: for all the country was thereby reduced to a plain champaign field, which Gargantua took great pleasure to behold, and said to his company no more but this: "Je trouve beau ce," I find this pretty; whereupon that country hath been ever since that time called Beauce. But all the breakfast the mare got that day was but a little yawning and gaping, in memory whereof the gentlemen of Beauce do as yet, to this day, break their fast with gaping, which they find to be very good, and do spit the better for it. At last they came to Paris, where Gargantua refreshed himself two or three days, making very merry with his folks, and inquiring what men of learning there were then in the city, and what wine they drank there.

FRIAR JOHN FEASTED BY GARGANTUA.

WHEN Gargantua was set down at table, after all of them had somewhat stayed their stomachs by a snatch or two of the first bits eaten heartily, Grangousier began to relate the source and cause of the war raised between him and Picrochole; and came to tell how Friar John of the Funnels had triumphed at the defence of the close of the abbey, and extolled him for his valor above Camillus, Scipio, Pompey, Cæsar and Themistocles. Then Gargantua desired that he might be presently sent for, to the end that with him they might consult of what was to be done. Whereupon, by a joint consent, his steward went for him and brought him along merrily, with his staff of the cross, upon Grangousier's mule.

When he was come, a thousand huggings, a thousand embracements, a thousand "good days" were given. "Ha, Friar John, my friend, Friar John, my brave cousin, Friar John! Let me clip thee, my heart, about the neck; to me an armful. I must gripe thee, till thy back crack with it. Come, let me coll thee till I kill thee." And Friar John, the gladdest man in the world, never was man made welcomer; never was any more courteously and graciously received than Friar John. "Come, come," said Gargantua, "a stool here close by me at this end." "I am content," said the monk, "seeing you will have it so." "Some water, page; fill, my boy, fill; it is to refresh my liver. Give me some, child, to gargle my throat withal." "Deposita cappa," said Gymnast, "let us pull off this frock." "Ho, gentlemen," said the monk, "there is a chapter in 'Statutis Ordinis,' which opposeth my laying of it down." "Pish!" said Gymnast, "a fig for your chapter! This frock breaks both your shoulders; put it off." "My friend," said the monk, "let me alone with it; for I'll drink the better that it is on. It makes all my body jocund. If I should lay it aside, the waggish pages would cut to themselves garters out of it, as I was once served at Coulaines. And which is worse, I shall lose my appetite. But if in this habit I sit down at table, I will drink both to thee and to thy horse; and so, courage, frolic—God save the company! I have already supped, yet will I eat never a whit the less for that: for I have a paved stomach, as hollow as a butt of malvasie, or St. Benedictus' holy butt, and always open like a lawyer's pouch. We are like to eat no great store of goslings this year; therefore, friend, reach me some of that roasted pig there. Diavolo, is there no more must? No more sweet wine? This wine is none of the worst. What wine drink you at Paris? I give myself to the devil if I did not once keep open house at Paris for all comers six months together. Do you know Friar Claude of the High Jumps? Oh! the good fellow that he is! But I do not know what fly hath stung him of late, he is become so hard a student. For my part I study not at all. In our abbey we never study for fear of the mumps, which disease in horses is called the mourning in the chine. Our late abbot was wont to say that it is a monstrous thing to see a learned monk. Ah, master, my friend, you never saw so many hares as there are this year. I could not anywhere come by a goss-hawk, nor tassel of falcon. My Lord Belloniere promised me a lanner, but he wrote to me not long ago that he was become pursy. The partridges will so multiply henceforth that they will go near to eat up our ears. I take no delight in the stalking horse; for I catch such cold that I am like to founder myself at that sport. If I do not run, toil, travel and trot about, I am not well at ease. True it is, that in leaping over the hedges and bushes my frock leaves always some of its wool behind it."

"By the faith of a Christian," said Eudemon, "I do wonderfully dote, and enter in a great ecstasy, when I consider the honesty and good fellowship of this monk; for he makes us here all merry. How is it, then, that they exclude the monks from all good companies, calling them feast-troublers, marrers of mirth, and disturbers of all civil conversation, as the bees drive away the drones from their hives? "Hereunto," answered Gargantua, "there is nothing so true, as that the frock and cowl draw to them the opprobries, injuries, and maledictions of the world, just as the wind called Cecias attracts the clouds. But if you conceive, how an ape in a family is always mocked, and provokingly incensed, you shall easily apprehend how monks are shunned of all men, both young and old. The ape keeps not the house as a dog doth; he draws not in the plough as the ox; he yields neither milk nor wool as the sheep; he carrieth no burthen as a horse doth. That which he doth is only to spoil and defile all, which is the cause wherefore he hath of men mocks, frumperies and bastinadoes. After the same manner a monk (I mean those lither, idle, lazy monks) doth not labor and work, as do the peasant and artificer; doth not ward and defend the country, as doth the man of war; cureth not the sick and diseased, as the physician doth; doth neither preach nor teach, as do the Evangelical doctors and schoolmasters; doth not import commodities and things necessary for the commonwealth, as the merchant doth. Therefore is it, that by and of all men they are hooted at, hated, and abhorred." "Yea, but," said Grangousier, "they pray to God for us." "Nothing less," answered Gargantua. "True it is, that with a tingle-tangle jangling of bells they trouble and disquiet all their neighbors about them." "Right," said the monk; "a mass, a matin, a vesper well rung is half said." "They mumble out great store of legends and psalms, by them not at all understood: they say many pater-nosters, interlarded with Ave Maries, without thinking upon, or apprehending the meaning of what it is they say, which truly I call mocking of God, and not prayers. But so help them God, as they pray for us, and not for being afraid to lose their victuals, their manchets, and good fat pottage. All true Christians, of all estates and conditions, in all places, and at all times, send up their prayers to God, and the Mediator prayeth and intercedeth for them, and God is gracious to them. Now such a one is our good Friar John, therefore every man desireth to have him in his company. He is no bigot or hypocrite, he is not torn and divided betwixt reality and appearance, no wretch of a rugged and peevish disposition, but honest, jovial, resolute, and a good fellow. He travels, he labors, he defends the oppressed, comforts the afflicted, helps the needy, and keeps the close of the abbey." "Nay," said the monk, "I do a great deal more than that; for, whilst we are despatching our matins and anniversaries in the choir, I make withal some cross-bow strings, polish glass-bottles and bolts; I twist lines and weave purse nets, wherein to catch coneys. I am never idle. But now, hither come, some drink, some drink here! You are not as yet, it seems, well moistened in this house with the sweet wine and must. I drink to all men freely, and at all fords like a proctor or promoter's horse."

THE ABBEY OF THELEME.

GARGANTUA would have made the monk Abbot of Seville, but he refused it. He would have given him the Abbey of Bourgueil, or of Sanct Florent, which was better, or both, if it pleased him; but the monk gave him a very peremptory answer, that he would never take upon him the charge nor government of monks. "For how shall I be able," said he, "to rule over others, that have not full power and command of myself? If you think I have done you, or may hereafter do you any acceptable service, give me leave to found an abbey after my own mind and fancy."

The motion pleased Gargantua very well, who thereupon offered him all the country of Theleme by the River of Loire, till within two leagues of the great forest of Port-Huault. The monk then requested Gargantua to institute his religious order contrary to all others. "First then," said Gargantua, "you must not build a wall about your convent, for all other abbeys are strongly walled and mured about." "See," said the monk, "and not without cause, where there is mur before, and mur behind, there is store of murmur, envy, and mutual conspiracy." Moreover, seeing there are certain convents in the world, whereof the custom is, if any women come in, I mean chaste and honest women, they immediately sweep the ground which they have trod upon; therefore was it ordained, that if any man or woman entered into religious orders, should by chance come within this new abbey, all the rooms should be thoroughly washed and cleansed through which they had passed. And because in all other monasteries and nunneries all is compassed, limited, and regulated by hours, it was decreed that in this new structure there should be neither clock nor dial, but that according to the opportunities and incident occasions, all their hours should be disposed of; for, said Gargantua, the greatest loss of time that I know, is to count the hours. What good comes of it? Nor can there be any greater dotage in the world than for one to guide and direct his courses by the sound of a bell, and not by his own judgment and discretion.

Item, Because at that time they put no women into nunneries, but such as were either purblind, blinkards, lame, crooked, ill-favored, misshapen, fools, senseless, spoiled, or corrupt; nor encloistered any men, but those that were either sickly, subject to defluxions, ill-bred louts, simple sots, or peevish trouble-houses: "But to the purpose," said the monk. "A woman that is neither fair nor good, to what use serves she?" "To make a nun of," said Gargantua. "Yea," said the monk, "to make shirts and smocks." Therefore was it ordained, that into this religious order should be admitted no women that were not fair, well-featured, and of a sweet disposition; nor men that were not comely, personable, and well-conditioned.

Item, Because in the convents of women, men come not but underhand, privily, and by stealth; it was therefore enacted, that in this house there shall be no women in case there be not men, nor men in case there be not women.

Item, Because both men and women, that are received into religious orders, after the expiring of their noviciate or probation year, were constrained and forced perpetually to stay there all the days of their life; it was therefore ordered, that all whatever, men or women, admitted within this abbey, should have full leave to depart with peace and contentment, whensoever it should seem good to them so to do.

Item, For that the religious men and women did ordinarily make three vows, to wit, those of chastity, poverty, and obedience; it was therefore constituted and appointed, that in this convent they might be honorably married, that they might be rich, and live at liberty.

Inscription on the Gate of Theleme.

HERE enter ye, and welcome from our hearts,
All noble souls, endow'd with gallant parts.
This is the glorious place, which bravely shall
Afford wherewith to entertain you all.
Were you a thousand, here you shall not want
For anything: for what you'll ask we'll grant.
Stay here you lively, jovial, handsome, brisk,
Gay, witty, frolic, cheerful, merry, frisk,
Spruce, jocund, courteous, furtherers of trades,
And in a word, all generous comrades.
    Blades of heroic breasts
    With us shall taste the feasts,
        Both privily and civilly,
    Of the celestial guests,
    Blades of heroic breasts.

Here enter ye, pure, honest, faithful, true,
Who teach the Gospel though men storm at you;
Whose glosses do not blind our reason, but
Make it to see the clearer; here be shut
In refuge safe from hatred, avarice,
Poisonous Error and her brood of vice.

Come, and found here a firmly settled faith,
Which neighborly affection nourisheth.
Here speak, and write, and break at last the rod
Of those who rage against the Word of God.
The Holy, Sacred Word
Shall always here afford
Defence around our holy ground,
A spiritual shield and sword,
The Holy, Sacred Word.

Here enter ye, all ladies of high birth,[1]
Delicious, stately, full of prudent mirth,
Ingenious, honorable, heavenly fair,
Here Honor lives, and breathes her native air.
The high God, who was Giver of this ground,
Gives all the calm and gold that is around.
Come, joys enjoy; the Lord celestial
Hath given enough wherewith to bless us all.
Gold He gives us, God forgives us,
And from all our woes relieves us;
In His Pardon is our treasure,
In our giving is our pleasure,
Here there is no Wrong that grieves us,
Gold He gives us, God forgives us.

How Panurge Escaped from the Turks.

"Now tell me," said Pantagruel, "how you escaped out of the hands of the Turks."

"Sir," said Panurge, "I will not lie to you in one word. The rascally Turks had broached me upon a spit all larded like a rabbit, for I was so dry and meagre, that, otherwise, of my flesh they would have made but very bad meat, and in this manner began to roast me alive. As they were thus roasting me, I recommended myself unto the divine grace, having in my mind the good Saint Lawrence, and always hoped in God that He would deliver me out of this torment, which came to pass, and that very strangely. For, as I did commit myself with all my heart unto God, crying, Lord God, help me, Lord God, save me, Lord God, take me out of this pain and hellish torture, wherein these traitorous dogs detain me for my sincerity in the maintenance of Thy law! the roaster or turn-spit fell asleep by the divine will, or else by the virtue of some good Mercury, who cunningly brought Argus into a sleep for all his hundred eyes. When I saw that he did no longer turn me in roasting, I looked upon him, and perceived that he was fast asleep. Then took I up in my teeth a firebrand by the end where it was not burned, and cast it into the lap of my roaster, and another did I throw as well as I could under a field-couch, that was placed near to the chimney, wherein was the straw-bed of my master turn-spit. Presently the fire took hold in the straw, and from the straw to the bed, and from the bed to the loft, which was planked and ceiled with fir, after the fashion of the foot of a lamp. But the best was, that the fire which I had cast into the lap of my poultry-roaster burned all his groin, when he became sensible of the danger, for his smelling was not so bad, but that he felt it sooner than he could have seen daylight. Then suddenly getting up, and in a great amazement running to the window, he cried out to the streets as high as he could, Dal baroth, dal baroth, dal baroth, which is as much as to say, Fire, fire, fire. Incontinently turning about, he came straight towards me, to throw me quite into the fire, and to that effect had already cut the ropes, wherewith my hands were tied, and was undoing the cords from off my feet, when the master of the house hearing him cry Fire, and smelling the smoke from the very street where he was walking with some other Bashaws and Mustaphas, ran with all the speed he had to save what he could, and to carry away his jewels. Yet such was his rage, before he could well resolve how to go about it, that he caught the broach whereon I was spitted, and therewith killed my roaster stark dead, of which wound he died there for want of regimen or otherwise; for he ran him in with the spit a little above the navel, towards the right flank, till he pierced the third lappet of his liver, and, the blow slanting upwards from the midriff or diaphragm, through which it had made penetration, the spit passed athwart the pericardium, or capsule of his heart, and came out above at his shoulders, betwixt the spondyls or turning joints of the chine of the back, and the left homoplat, which we call the shoulder-blade.

"True it is, for I will not lie, that, in drawing the spit out of my body, I fell to the ground near unto the andirons, and so by the fall took some hurt, which indeed had been greater, but that the lardons, or little slices of bacon, wherewith I was stuck, kept off the blow. My Bashaw, then seeing the case to be desperate, his house burnt without remission, and all his goods lost, gave himself over unto all the devils, calling upon some of them by their names, Grilgoth, Astaroth, Rappalus, and Gribouillis, nine several times. Which when I saw, I had above five penny-worth of fear, dreading that the devils would come even then to carry away this fool, and, seeing me so near him, would perhaps snatch me up too. I am already, thought I, half roasted, and my lardons will be the cause of my mischief; for these devils are very lickerish of lardons, according to the authority which you have of the philosopher Jamblicus, and Murmault, in the Apology de Crookbactis de Contrefactis, pro magistros nostros. But for my better security I made the sign of the cross, crying, Hagios, athanatos, ho Theos, and none came. At which my rogue Bashaw being very much aggrieved, would, by transpiercing his heart with my spit, have killed himself, and to that purpose had set it against his breast, but it could not enter, because it was not sharp enough. Whereupon I, perceiving that he was not like to work upon his body the effect which he intended, although he did not spare all the force he had to thrust it forward, came up to him and said, Master Bugrino, thou dost here but trifle away thy time, or rashly lose it, for thou wilt never kill thyself in that way. Well, thou mayest hurt or bruise somewhat within thee, so as to make thee languish all thy life-time most pitifully amongst the hands of the chirurgeons; but, if thou wilt be counselled by me, I will kill thee clear outright, so that thou shalt not so much as feel it, and trust me, for I have killed a great many others, who have found themselves very well after it. Ha, my friend, said he, I prithee do so, and for thy pains I give thee my budget; take, here it is, there are six hundred sapphires in it and some fine diamonds, and most excellent rubies." "And where are they?" said Epistemon. "By St. John," said Panurge, "they are a good way hence, if they always keep going. But where is the last year's snow? This was the greatest care that Villon, the Parisian poet, took." "Make an end," said Pantagruel, "that we may know how thou didst dress thy Bashaw." "By the faith of an honest man," said Panurge, "I do not lie in one word. I swaddled him in a scurvy swaddle-binding, which I found lying there half burnt, and with my cords tied him royster-like both hand and foot, in such sort that he was not able to wince; then passed my spit through his throat, and hanged him thereon, fastening the end thereof at two great hooks or cramp-irons, upon which they did hang their halberds; and then, kindling a fair fire under him, did flame you up my Milourt, as they use to do dry herrings in a chimney. With this, taking his budget, and a little javelin that was upon the aforesaid hooks, I ran away at a fair gallop, and Heaven knows how I did smell my shoulder of mutton.

"When I came down into the street, I found everybody coming to put out the fire with store of water, and seeing me half-roasted, they did naturally pity my case, and threw all their water upon me, which, by a most joyful refreshing of me, did me very much good. Then did they present me with some victuals, but I could not eat much, because they gave me nothing to drink but water after their fashion. Other hurt they did me none, only one little villanous Turkey knob-breasted rogue came theftuously to snatch away some of my lardons, but I gave him such a sturdy thump and sound rap on the fingers with all the weight of my javelin, that he came no more the second time. But note, that this roasting cured me entirely of a sciatica, whereunto I had been subject above seven years before, upon that side which my roaster, by falling asleep, suffered to be burnt.

"Now, whilst they were busy about me, the fire triumphed, never ask how. For it took hold on above two thousand houses, which one of them espying cried out, saying, By Mahoom, all the city is on fire, and we do nevertheless stand gazing here, without offering to make any relief. Upon this every one ran to save his own; for my part, I took my way towards the gate. When I had got upon the knap of a little hillock, not far off, I turned me about as did Lot's wife, and, looking back, saw all the city burning in a fair fire, whereat I was glad. But God punished me well for it." "How?" said Pantagruel. "Thus," said Panurge; "for when with pleasure I beheld this jolly fire, jesting with myself, and saying,—Ha! poor flies, ha! poor mice, you will have a bad winter of it this year, the fire is in your reeks, it is in your bed-straw,—out came more than six, yea more than thirteen hundred and eleven dogs, great and small, altogether, out of the town, flying away from the fire. At the first approach they ran all upon me, being carried on by the scent of my half-roasted flesh, and had even then devoured me in a trice, if my good angel had not well inspired me with the instruction of a remedy, very sovereign against the toothache." "And wherefore," said Pantagruel, "wert thou afraid of the toothache, or pain of the teeth? Wert thou not cured of thy rheums?" "By Palm Sunday," said Panurge, "is there any greater pain of the teeth, than when the dogs have you by the legs? But on a sudden, as my good angel directed me, I thought upon my lardons, and threw them into the midst of the field amongst them. Then did the dogs run, and fight with one another at fair teeth, which should have the lardons. By this means they left me, and I also left them bustling with, and hairing one another. Thus did I escape frolic and lively, gramercy roast meat and cookery."

MICHAEL DE MONTAIGNE.

THIS great essayist of France was selected by Emerson in his "Representative Men" as the supreme type of "The Skeptic." Emerson entitles him as "the prince of egotists" and remarks: "The wise skeptic wishes to have a near view of the best game and the chief players (of life). . . . The terms of admission to this spectacle are, that he have a certain solid and intelligible way of living of his own; some method of answering the inevitable needs of human life; proof that he has played with skill and success; that he has evinced the temper, stoutness and the range of qualities which, among his contemporaries and countrymen, entitle him to fellowship and trust. . . . Men do not confide themselves to boys, or coxcombs, or pedants, but to their peers. Some wise limitation, as the modern phrase is; some condition between the extremes, and having, itself, a positive quality; some stark and sufficient man, who is not salt or sugar, but sufficiently related to the world to do justice to Paris or London, and, at the same time, a vigorous and original thinker, whom cities can not overawe, but who uses them,—this is the fit person to occupy this ground of speculation. These qualities meet in the character of Montaigne." The old Gascon's biography certainly justifies this portrait.

Michael de Montaigne was born in February, 1533, as the third son of Pierre Eyquem, Ecuyer, who was mayor of Bordeaux in that year. The father had seen service as a soldier beyond the mountains and had brought back from Italy and Spain a cultivated mind. Says the son: "Marcus Aurelius was very frequent in his mouth." This worthy gentleman had seriously pondered on the subject of his son's education, and formed a system which, as Mrs. Shelley has observed, may in some sort be considered the basis of Rousseau's later scheme in "Emile." Remarks Montaigne: "The good father that God gave me sent me from my cradle to be brought up in a poor village of his, . . . bringing me up to the meanest and most common way of living. This humor of his aimed at this end, to make me familiar with those people and that condition of men which most need our assistance." Thus Montaigne secured an initial glimpse into the world of common folk, as he was later to view the inside of court life. Until six he heard nothing but Latin, however, so that his boyish years could not have been so full of such philosophic observation of the poor people. Of Greek he acquired "but little smattering." At six years of age he was sent to the College of Guienne, then the best and most flourishing in France. He learned French at a later period, "as it were a foreign tongue, and which, having only just been nationalized by Francis I., was as yet anything but a *langage fait*."

At thirteen Montaigne chose the business of law-court in preference to that of camp, and became, in 1554, one of the counsellors of the Parliament of Bordeaux. The functions of this office he fulfilled until the death of an elder brother gave him an independent income and the studious leisure which his quiet, somewhat negative, nature coveted. During his life as a counsellor he made frequent journeys to Paris and to the Court, where his conversational powers, it is said, obtained for him the favor and patronage of Henry II., by whom he was appointed a gentleman of the king's bedchamber. He also received the collar of the order of St.

Michael. In Paris he became an intimate of the Chancellor de l'Hôpital and of De Thou, a proof of the high degree of confidence with which he was honored, due perhaps in part to the magistrate of an important town, at a period full of the most important events.

It has been said of Montaigne at this time of his career: "He knew mankind on many sides, and in the most different classes. He was in a station to associate early with the highest ranks, even with kings, and of habits and a temper that smoothed his intercourse even with the lowest. He had learning to make him an apt companion for scholars; practical shrewdness and knowledge to procure him respect from the world; and the secure and easy circumstances which gave him perfect leisure to indulge his tastes and fancies, to speculate upon those of others."

At the age of thirty-three he married Françoise de la Chassaigne, daughter of one of the most celebrated counsellors of the Parliament of Bordeaux. "Might I have had my own will, I would not have married Wisdom herself, if she would have had me; but 'tis to no purpose to evade it, the common custom and use of life will have it so; the most of my actions are guided by example, not choice."

Five years later, by the death of his father, Montaigne succeeded to the family chateau and estate—one or two small villages. Dropping the family name Eyquem, he was known as Sieur de Montaigne. From this period he settled on his estate, "loving the compass, staidness and independence of a country gentleman's life. . . . In the Civil wars of the League, which converted every house into a fort, Montaigne kept his gates open and his house without defense. All parties freely came and went, his courage and honor being universally esteemed. The neighboring lords and gentry brought jewels and papers to him for safe keeping. Gibbon reckons, in these bigoted times, but two men of liberality in France—Henry IV. and Montaigne."

Montaigne now began the writing of his Essays. Instead of the diversion of leisure, "I find," he has left confession, "that my mind is like a horse that has broken from his rider, who voluntarily runs into a much wilder career than any horseman would put him to, and creates me so many chimeras and fantastic monsters, one upon another, without order or design, that, the better at leisure to contemplate their strangeness and absurdity, I have begun to commit them to writing, hoping in time to make them ashamed of themselves." And this may account for the fact, noted emphatically by Emerson, that "Montaigne is the frankest and honestest of all writers. His French freedom runs into grossness; but he has anticipated all censure by the bounty of his own confession." Indeed Montaigne himself declares: "Whoever goes in quest of knowledge, let him fish for it where it is to be found; there is nothing I so little profess. These are fancies of my own, by which I do not pretend to discover things, but to lay open myself." Of his quotations he adds: "I do not number my borrowings, I weigh them;" and of his critics, "I would have them give Plutarch a fillip upon my nose, and put themselves in a heat with railing against Seneca, when they think they rail at me." "As things come into my head," he admits, "I heap them in; sometimes they advance in whole bodies, sometimes in single file. I let myself jog on at my own rate and ease. . . . I could wish to have a more perfect knowledge of things, but I will not buy it so dear as it will cost. My design is to pass over easily, and not laboriously, the remainder of my life. There is nothing that I will break my brain about; no, not knowledge, of what price soever." He certainly shows throughout "an impatience and fastidiousness at color or pretense of any kind." Over his name he drew an emblematic pair of scales, and "*Que scay-je?*"—What know I?—under it. Declares Emerson: "The sincerity and marrow of the man reaches to his sentences. I know not anywhere the book that seems less written. It is the language of conversation transferred to a book. Cut these words and they would bleed; they are vascular and alive." And also: "His writing has no enthusiasms, no aspiration; contented, self-respecting, and keeping in the middle of the road. There is but one exception,—in his love for Socrates. In speaking of him, for once his cheek flushes and his style rises to passion."

Montaigne's journey into Germany, Switzerland, and Italy was posterior to the publication of the Essays. The descriptions which he gives in his Journal of Rome, of the Pope, and all he saw, are short, but drawn with the hand of a master. A Diary kept on his journey reveals Montaigne eagerly inquiring into the tenets of the Protestants, despite the skeptical tone of his Essays; yet his account of the Reformers is by no means flattering.

The first English translation of the Essays of Montaigne was executed by John Florio, Italian and French tutor to Prince Henry, son of James I. (1603). Charles Cotton's translation appeared about 1680. Our extracts are taken from Hazlitt's revision of Cotton's translation.

THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.

THIS, reader, is a book without guile. It tells thee, at the very outset, that I had no other end in putting it together but what was domestic and private. I had no regard therein either to thy service or my glory; my powers are equal to no such design. It was intended for the particular use of my relations and friends, in order that, when they have lost me, which they must soon do, they may here find some traces of my quality and humor, and may thereby nourish a more entire and lively recollection of me. Had I proposed to court the favor of the world, I had set myself out in borrowed beauties; but 'twas my wish to be seen in my simple, natural and ordinary garb, without study or artifice, for 'twas myself I had to paint. My defects will appear to the life, in all their native form, as far as consists with respect to the public. Had I been born among those nations who, 'tis said, still live in the pleasant liberty of the law of nature, I assure thee I should readily have depicted myself at full length and quite naked. Thus, reader, thou perceivest I am myself the subject of my book; 'tis not worth thy while to take up thy time longer with such a frivolous matter; so fare thee well.

From Montaigne, this 12th of June, 1580.

THE FORCE OF CUSTOM.

HE seems to me to have had a right and true apprehension of the power of custom who first invented the story of a countrywoman, who, having accustomed herself to play with, and carry from the hour of its birth, a calf in her arms, and daily continuing to do so as it grew up, obtained this by custom, that when grown to be a great ox, she was still able to bear it. For, in truth, custom is a violent and treacherous school-mistress. She, by little and little, slily and unperceived, slips in the foot of her authority, but having by this gentle and humble beginning, with the aid of time, fixed and established it, she then unmasks a furious and tyrannic countenance, against which we have no more the courage nor the power so much as to lift up our eyes. We see it at every turn forcing and violating the rules of nature: *Usus efficacissimus rerum omnium magister*, "Custom is the greatest master of all things." I believe in Plato's cave in his Republic, and the physicians, who so often submit the reasons of their art to the authority of habit: as also the story of that king who by custom brought his stomach to that pass as to live on poison; and the girl that Albertus reports to have lived upon spiders; and in that New World of the Indies, there were found great nations, and in very different climates, who lived upon the same diet, made provision of them, and fed them for their tables, as well as grasshoppers, mice, bats and lizards; and in a time of a scarcity, a toad was sold for six crowns; all which they cook, and dish up with several sauces. There were also others found to whom our food and the flesh we eat were venomous and mortal. *Consuetudinis magna vis est: pernoctant venatores in nive; in montibus uri se patiuntur: pugiles cæstibus contusi, ne ingemiscunt quidem.* "The power of custom is very great: huntsmen will one while lie out all night in the snow, and another suffer themselves to be parched with heat on the mountains; and prize-fighters, though beaten almost to a jelly with the cæstus, utter not a groan." These examples will not appear so strange, if we consider what we have ordinary experience of, how much custom dulls our senses. To be satisfied of this we need not go to what is reported of the cataracts of the Nile; and to what philosophers believe of the music of the spheres, that the circles of those bodies being solid and smooth and coming to touch and rub upon one another, cannot fail of creating a wonderful harmony, the changes and cadences of which cause the revolutions and dances of the stars; but that the hearing sense of all creatures here below being universally, like that of the Egyptians, deafened and stupefied with the continual noise, cannot distinguish it, how great soever it be. Smiths, millers and armorers could never be able to live in the perpetual noise of their own trades did it strike their ears as it does ours.

My perfumed doublet gratifies my own nose at first, as well as that of others, but after I have worn it three or four days together, I myself no more perceive it; but it is yet more strange that custom, notwithstanding long intermissions and intervals, should yet have the power to unite, and establish the effect of its impressions upon our senses, as is manifest to such as live near belfries. I myself lie at home in a tower, where every morning and evening a very great bell rings out the Ave Maria, the noise of which shakes my very tower, and at first seemed insupportable to me; but in a little while I got so used to it that I hear it without any manner of offence, and often without awaking at it.

Plato reprehending a boy for playing at some childish game—"Thou reprovest me," said the boy, "for a very little thing." "Custom," replied Plato, "is no little thing." Our greatest vices derive their first propension from our most tender infancy; our principal education depends upon the nurse. Mothers are mightily amused to see a child twist off the neck of a chicken, or divert itself with hurting a dog or a cat; and such wise fathers there are in the world who look upon it as a notable presage of a martial spirit when he hears his son miscall or domineer over a poor peasant or lacquey, that dares not reply or turn again; and a great sign of wit when he sees him cheat and overreach his play-fellow by some sly trick; yet these are the true seeds and roots of cruelty, tyranny and treason. They bud and put out there, and afterwards shoot up vigorously in the hands of custom: and it is a very dangerous mistake to excuse these vile inclinations upon account of the tenderness of their age, and the triviality of the subject; first, it is nature that speaks, whose voice is then more sincere, and whose inward thoughts are more undisguised, as it is younger and more shrill; secondly, the deformity of cozenage does not consist in, nor depend upon, the difference betwixt crowns and pins; but merely upon itself, for a cheat is a cheat, be it more or less; which makes me think it more just to conclude thus, "Why should he not cozen in crowns since he does it in pins?" than as they do, who say, "They only play for pins, he would not do it if it were for crowns." Children should carefully be instructed to abhor vices for themselves, and the natural deformity of those vices ought so to be represented to them that they may not only avoid them in their actions, but so abominate them in their hearts that the very thought should be hateful to them, with what mask soever they may be palliated or disguised.

I know very well, for what concerns myself, that from having been brought up in my childhood to a plain and sincere way of dealing, and from then having had an aversion to all manner of juggling and tricking in my childish sports and recreations (and indeed it is to be noted that the play of children is not really play, but must be judged of as their most serious actions), there is no game so small, wherein from my own bosom naturally, and without study or endeavor, I have not an extreme aversion for deceit. I shuffle and cut, and make as much ado with the cards, and keep as strict account for farthings, as if it were for doubloons; when winning or losing against my wife and daughter, it is indifferent to me, as when I play in good earnest with others for round sums. At all times, and in all things, my own eyes are sufficient to look to my fingers; I am not so narrowly watched by any other, neither is there any I more fear to be discovered by, or to offend, than myself.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

OUR good or ill has no other dependence but on ourselves. 'Tis there that our offerings and our vows are due, and not to fortune: she has no power over our manners; on the contrary, they draw and make her follow in her train, and cast her in their own mould. Why should not I judge Alexander, roaring and drinking at the rate he sometimes used to do? Or, if he played at chess, what string of his soul was not touched by this idle and childish game? I hate and avoid it because it is not play enough —that it is too grave and serious a diversion; and I am ashamed to lay out as much thought and study upon that as would serve to much better uses. He did not more pump his brains about his glorious expedition into the Indies; and another, that I will not name, took not more pains to unravel a passage upon which depends the safety of all mankind. To what a degree then does this ridiculous diversion molest the soul, when all her faculties shall be summoned together upon this trivial account? And how fair an opportunity she herein gives every one to know, and to make a right judgment of, himself? I do not more thoroughly sift myself in any other posture than this. What passion are we exempted from in this insignificant game? Anger, spite, malice, impatience, and a vehement desire of getting the better in a matter wherein it were more excusable to be ambitious of being overcome: for to be eminent, and to excel above the common rate in frivolous things, is nothing becoming in a man of quality and honor. What I say in this example may be said in all others. Every particle, every employment of man, does exhibit and accuse him equally with any other.

Playing With His Cat.

When my Cat and I entertain each other with mutual apish tricks as playing with a garter, who knows but that I make my Cat more sport than she makes me? Shall I conclude her to be simple, that has her time to begin or refuse to play as freely as I myself have? Nay, who knows but that it is a defect of my not understanding her language (for doubtless cats talk and reason with one another) that we agree no better? And who knows but that she pities me for being no wiser, than to play with her, and laughs and censures my folly for making sport with her, when we two play together?

Democritus and Heraclitus.

Democritus and Heraclitus were two philosophers, of whom the first, thinking human condition ridiculous and vain, never appeared abroad but with a jeering and laughing countenance: whereas Heraclitus, commiserating that condition of ours, appeared always with a sorrowful look and tears in his eyes.

"One always, when he o'er his threshold stept,
Laugh'd at the world, the other always wept."

I am clearly for the first humor; not because it is more pleasant to laugh than to weep, but because it is more contemptuous, and expresses more condemnation than the other; for I think we can never be sufficiently despised to our desert. Compassion and bewailing seem to imply some esteem of, and value for, the thing bemoaned: whereas the things we laugh at are by that expressed to be of no moment. I do not think that we are so unhappy as we are vain, or have in us so much malice as folly: we are not so full of mischief as of inanity, nor so miserable as we are vile and mean. And therefore Diogenes, who passed away his time in rolling himself in his tub, and made nothing of the great Alexander, esteeming men no better than flies, or bladders puffed up with wind, was a sharper and more penetrating, and consequently, in my opinion, a juster judge than Timon, surnamed the Man-hater; for what a man hates he lays to heart. This last was furious against mankind, passionately desired our ruin, and avoided our conversation as dangerous, and proceeding from wicked and depraved natures: the other valued us so little that we could neither trouble nor infect him by our contagion, and left us to herd with one another, not out of fear, but contempt of our society, concluding us as incapable of doing good as ill.

CLEMENT MAROT.

To the period of the Renaissance belongs the lyrical poet, Clement Marot (1495–1544). He was the successor of François Villon and the predecessor of the Pléiade and Ronsard. He may be said to have formed the link of union between the crude grace of the vagabond rhymer and the classical conceits of the famous Seven. Francis I., indeed, encouraged Marot to collect the poems of Villon, for he says in the preface that thanks must be given to the king, "who alone was the cause of the undertaking." Marot no doubt found it a comfortable thing thus to shift all the responsibility upon the broad shoulders of the king. Afterwards, however, the Pléiade criticized Marot for having countenanced "so miserable a workman" as Villon and editing "what was worth nothing." Marot could, however, sympathize as a poet with the disgraced ballad-maker; for Marot had, like him, "l'esprit Gaulois" (the Gallic wit). The Style Marotique is said by Masson "to combine Villon's warm coloring, Froissart's simplicity, and Alain Chartier's common sense, with the delicacy of Charles d'Orleans and the keen satire of Jean de Meung." It may be added that the last-named poet's "Roman de la Rose" was edited by Marot.

Marot was Norman-born, the son of the poet-laureate of Anne of Britanny. Sent to Paris, however, he had made himself an adept in the artificial arts of ballade and rondeau of the reigning Rhetoriqueurs, who also adhered to the allegorical method of the previous century. Marot even wrote panegyrics to the head of this school, Guillaume Cretin, the original of Rabelais's Raminagrobis. Before the accession of Francis I., he happily presented that prince with a poem, and soon after we find the young singer styling himself as "facteur (poet) de la reine" to Queen Claude. He found an even more propitious patroness in Marguerite. But after the defeat of Francis I. at the battle of Pavia, where Marot was himself wounded, his luck turned. He was imprisoned on a charge of heresy, during which he wrote his vigorous poem, "L'Enfer" (Hell). Marguerite saved him, and with the king rescued him also from a later imprisonment on the same charge. A third time he was summoned to answer for the same crime, and this time he fled to Ferrara and thence to Venice. Francis I. bestirred himself to secure his pardon from exile, and on his return Marot, who had previously collected his "Adolescence Clementine," wrote his famous translations of the Psalms. They are said to have done much to advance the cause of the Reformation in France. The Sorbonne condemned these Psalms to the flames. Later he was forced again to flee into exile, first to Geneva, where the austere Calvin frowned on him, too, as a freethinker, and at last to Turin, where he died far from his home. He was the first distinctively modern French poet, and still ranks with La Fontaine as a master of French vernacular verse. He wrote many odes, madrigals and epigrams. The Diane of his love poems has been identified—somewhat doubtfully—as Diane de Poitiers.

FRIAR LUBIN.

To gallop off to town post-haste,
 So oft, the times I cannot tell;
To do vile deed, nor feel disgraced,—
 Friar Lubin will do it well.
But a sober life to lead,
 To honor virtue, and pursue it,
That's a pious, Christian deed,—
 Friar Lubin cannot do it.

To mingle, with a knowing smile,
 The goods of others with his own,
And leave you without cross or pile,
 Friar Lubin stands alone.
To say 'tis yours is all in vain,
 If once he lays his finger to it;

For as to giving back again,
  Friar Lubin cannot do it.

With flattering words and gentle tone,
  To woo and win some guileless maid,
Cunning pander need you none,—
  Friar Lubin knows the trade.
Loud preacheth he sobriety,
  But as for water, doth eschew it;
Your dog may drink it,—but not he;
  Friar Lubin cannot do it.

ENVOY.

When an evil deed's to do,
Friar Lubin's stout and true;
Glimmers a ray of goodness through it,
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

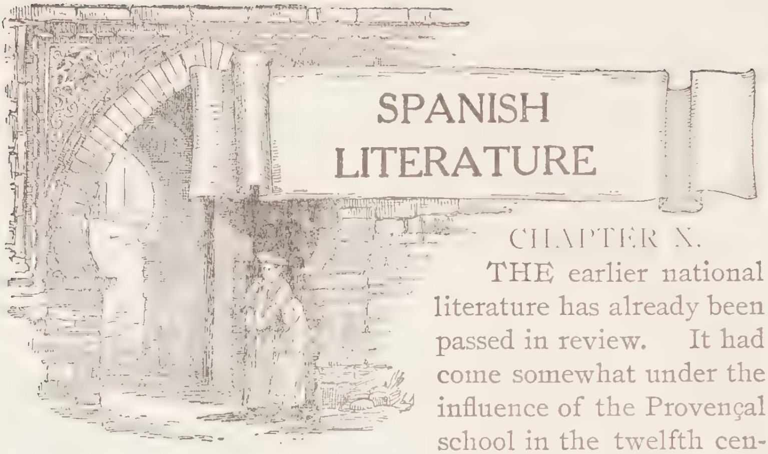
THE PORTRAIT.

THIS dear resemblance of thy lovely face,
  'Tis true, is painted with a master's care,
But one far better still my heart can trace,
  For Love himself engraved the image there.
Thy gift can make my soul blest visions share;
  But brighter still, dear love, my joys would shine,
Were I within thy heart impressed as fair,
  As true, as vividly, as thou in mine!

TO DIANE.

FAREWELL! since vain is all my care,
  Far, in some desert rude,
I'll hide my weakness, my despair;
  And, 'midst my solitude,
I'll pray, that should another move thee,
He may as fondly, truly love thee.

Adieu, bright eyes, that were my heaven!
  Adieu, soft cheeks, where summer blooms!
Adieu! fair form, earth's pattern given,
  Which Love inhabits and illumes!
Your rays have fallen but coldly on me:
One far less fond, perchance, had won ye!



SPANISH LITERATURE

CHAPTER X.

THE earlier national literature has already been passed in review. It had come somewhat under the influence of the Provençal school in the twelfth century, and also under a less conscious influence of the Moors. When the latter were restrained within well-defined limits, and war was no longer the constant occupation of knighthood, the Gothic Christians learned much of the arts of peace from their hated Moslem neighbors. Literature reflected these influences. Moorish songs and ballads were translated into Spanish, and Castilian ballads were composed on Moorish themes.

Meantime prose literature was springing up. It was no longer felt necessary to give the chivalric romances a metrical form. The story of King Arthur had been diffused through Europe by Geoffrey of Monmouth's Latin Chronicle. Of the romances derived from this or attached to it, Amadis of Gaul (Wales) was long the most popular. This story is traced to the Portuguese Vasco Lobeyra, who died in 1403; but the earliest version extant is the Spanish translation made about fifty years later. As Cervantes testifies, it was regarded as the earliest and best of the romances of chivalry. The prose chronicles of this period are not inferior to those of Don Jayme and King Alfonso.

When King Juan II. of Castile set up his courtly school of Italian poetry early in the fifteenth century, he established a fashion which, despite his many troubles, profoundly benefited and permanently colored the nation's literature. Spanish speech and literary form took on new graces, the imported style, as seems inevitable in all experience, prevailed over the native usage, and the growth of international trade aided in broadening the language and general culture. But this was counterbalanced by the decay of much of the old national spirit, especially in its writings. The stirring if crude recitals of heroic deeds in ballad and chronicle began to give place to feebler stuff in artificial phrases. This is illustrated in the famous collection of poetry printed in 1511, the *Cancionero General*, representing the productions of the preceding sixty years. The vigorous note of the early ballads has died out, and in its stead is the weaker versification of the new mode,—fantastic, but colorless. This Italianizing tendency was quickened by the affinity of the two languages, and the fact that the Spanish so readily lends its florid periods to conceal commonplace ideas. The fashion held sway until the end of the century, when Luis de Gongora carried it to the pitch of absurdity in his invention of "the cultivated style," a mere fad, marked by every extravagance of fancy and artificial metaphor, in which a single grain of original thought was overlaid with a bushel of empty verbiage. A similar epidemic raged later through France, among the school of the *Précieuses;* in England its victims were known as the Euphuists, who had their day and left a distinct trace of their influence. Gongoerism, as the Spanish florid style was nick-named, stamped its mark of mysticism so deeply on the national taste that it has never quite disappeared. It was not, however, until between 1520 and 1540 that the Italian modes were systematically introduced, adopted, and fairly naturalized. Two names share what credit may attach to the achievement, Juan Boscan and Garcilaso de la Vega. These were poets of unequal merit, but to them belongs the distinction of having ushered in the Golden Age of their country's literature,—Boscan by illustrating the adaptability of the new vehicle, and Garcilaso, who was a true poet, by his masterly use of it.

But there were influences, other and more radical than that of fashion, which gave character to the literature of the period now under review. A glance at the history of Spain during the sixteenth century will cause surprise that a literature so vast and genuine, and so much of it instinct with true genius, could grow under conditions apparently so discouraging. While the national outlook was bright at the opening of the century, with promise of prosperity unparalleled, with territorial conquests and national wealth waiting to be gathered in, a rare inspiration for the patriot poet, the adverse influence of the Inquisition darkened the horizon. From its establishment in 1481 its secret work of repression of free thought and speech had not been seriously objected to by the Spanish people. Its victims had been the Moors, who were the natural enemies of the native race, and the Jews, for whom they had no love and scant toleration.

The bolder stand taken by the Protestants under Luther and kindred leaders intensified this intolerance, which found vent in the active part taken by Spain in religious wars in Europe, always antagonistic to the Reformation movement, and at home in the issuance of the *Index Expurgatorius* in 1546. By this not only were books and writings condemned, but also those who wrote, bought, sold, or temporarily held them. There was no respect of persons in the carrying out of its decrees. The highest in Church or State or popular esteem had no immunity, and the tribunals, the testimony, and the sentences were secret. Men of learning, sacred and secular, and writers of the popular books came most severely under its ban. Excess of intolerance always defeats its own end; though some of the most famous authors suffered in person for their utterances, and others saw their writings suppressed or mutilated, there grew notwithstanding a heavy crop of light literature, more questionable in morals than in theology. There was the freedom of license under the restriction of liberty. The guiding principle of the Inquisitors permitted them to sanction some of the grosser examples of wanton writing, while harmless productions of the ablest authors were frequently condemned. The people were by no means prone to resist this intellectual tyranny. They had for generations grown into the conviction that whatsoever made for the Church made against evil, so that the pious fervor which had repelled Mohammedanism from the domain of Christianity held itself entitled and impelled to stamp out Judaism, heresy, and the taint of Protestantism, as phases of

Ducal Palace—Grand Canal.—Venice.

the same spirit of enmity to the only truth. Obviously, the writers of poems, plays, and books found their pens, if not their brains, crippled under this rule. Bigotry, hypocrisy, flippancy, mark much of the output of this period, while a defiant note of licentiousness pervaded most of the lighter productions of that century. It was succeeded by the Golden Age of Spanish literature, to which the names of Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Quevedo, Calderon, with those of many minor luminaries, gave a lustre which the contemporary genius of neighboring nations has not dimmed.

Reference has been made to the two pioneers of this new departure. Juan Boscan created nothing original, nor were his poems specially characteristic, but he was the first to introduce the contemporary Italian style, and he successfully transplanted the Petrarchian sonnet and song, the *terza rima* of Dante, and the *ottava rima* of Ariosto, besides exemplifying the powers of blank verse.

Garcilaso de la Vega was a distinguished figure in his day, 1503–1536. A handsome and dashing soldier of noble family, the associate of Boscan and other scholarly men, the inmate of a prison for a time through a quarrel, he met his too early death in the siege of the castle of Frejus. Most of his works are translations or paraphrases from the Italian and Latin, but they are pronounced by his countrymen worthy in all respects of the originals and splendid examples of the Castilian speech.

But though this was an age of foreign imitation and over-refinement in poetical style, and even of rhapsodies and pedantry, there were still proofs of original genius. The noble "Coplas de Manrique," made familiar to English readers by Longfellow's excellent translation, is a splendid elegy on the author's father. At the close of the fifteenth century came the tragic-comedy of "Celestina," which may be regarded as the beginning of both the drama and the novel of modern Spain.

MOORISH BALLADS.

Many Moorish ballads were included in the Spanish collections. They preserve a distinct flavor, yet they show the mutual influence of the two races on Spanish literature. It is impossible to assign exact dates to such of these poems as have been preserved, but they evidently belong to an age in which the old hostile feeling to the Moors had in great measure passed away. They are relics of a lost cause, collected and cherished by descendants of the conquerors.

The Lamentation for Celin.

At the gate of old Granada, when all its bolts are barred,
At twilight, at the Vega-gate, there is a trampling heard;
There is a trampling heard, as of horses treading slow,
And a weeping voice of women, and a heavy sound of woe!—
"What tower is fallen? what star is set? what chief come these bewailing?"
"A tower is fallen! a star is set!—Alas! alas for Celin!"

Three times they knock, three times they cry,—and wide the doors they throw;
Dejectedly they enter, and mournfully they go;
In gloomy lines they mustering stand beneath the hollow porch,
Each horseman grasping in his hand a black and flaming torch;
Wet is each eye as they go by, and all around is wailing,—
For all have heard the misery,—"Alas! alas for Celin!"

Him yesterday a Moor did slay, of Bencerrage's blood,—
'Twas at the solemn jousting, around the nobles stood;
The nobles of the land were by, and ladies bright and fair
Looked from their latticed windows, the haughty sight to share:
But now the nobles all lament,—the ladies are bewailing,—
For he was Granada's darling knight,—"Alas! alas, for Celin!"

Before him ride his vassals, in order two by two,
With ashes on their turbans spread, most pitiful to view;
Behind him his four sisters, each wrapped in sable veil,
Between the tambour's dismal strokes take up their doleful tale;
When stops the muffled drum, ye hear their brotherless bewailing,
And all the people, far and near, cry,—"Alas! alas for Celin!"

Oh, lovely lies he on the bier, above the purple pall,
The flower of Granada's youth, the loveliest of them all!
His dark, dark eyes are closed, his rosy lip is pale,
The crust of blood lies black and dim upon his burnished mail;

And evermore the hoarse tambour breaks in upon their wailing,—
Its sound is like no earthly sound,—"Alas! alas for Celin!"

The Mooress at the lattice stands,—the Moor stands at his door;
One maid is wringing of her hands, and one is weeping sore;
Down to the dust men bow their heads, and ashes black they strew
Upon their broidered garments, of crimson, green, and blue;
Before each gate the bier stands still,—then bursts the loud bewailing,
From door and lattice, high and low,—"Alas! alas for Celin!"

An old, old woman cometh forth, when she hears the people cry,—
Her hair is white as silver, like horn her glazed eye;
'Twas she that nursed him at her breast,—that nursed him long ago;
She knows not whom they all lament, but soon she well shall know!
With one deep shriek, she through doth break, when her ears receive their wailing,—
"Let me kiss my Celin ere I die!—Alas! alas for Celin!"

Woe is Me, Alhama!

This Moorish ballad existed both in Spanish and Arabic. Such was its effect on the Moors that it was forbidden to be sung within Granada, on pain of death. The following translation is by Lord Byron:

The Moorish king rides up and down
Through Granada's royal town;
From Elvira's gates to those
Of Bivarambla on he goes.
Woe is me, Alhama!

Letters to the monarch tell
How Alhama's city fell;
In the fire the scroll he threw,
And the messenger he slew.
Woe is me, Alhama!

He quits his mule, and mounts his horse,
And through the street directs his course;
Through the street of Zacatin
To the Alhambra spurring in.
Woe is me, Alhama!

When the Alhambra walls he gained,
On the moment he ordained
That the trumpet straight should sound
With the silver clarion round.
Woe is me, Alhama!

And when the hollow drums of war
Beat the loud alarum afar,
That the Moors of town and plain
Might answer to the martial strain,—
Woe is me, Alhama!

Then the Moors, by this aware
That bloody Mars recalled them there,
One by one, and two by two,
To a mighty squadron grew.
Woe is me, Alhama!

Out then spake, an aged Moor
In these words the king before:
"Wherefore call on us, O King?
What may mean this gathering?"
Woe is me, Alhama!

"Friends! ye have, alas! to know
Of a most disastrous blow,—
That the Christians, stern and bold,
Have obtained Alhama's hold."
Woe is me, Alhama!

Out then spake old Alfaqui,
With his beard so white to see:

"Good King, thou art justly served,—
Good King, this thou hast deserved.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"By thee were slain, in evil hour,
The Abencerrage, Granada's flower;
And strangers were received by thee,
Of Cordova the chivalry.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"And for this, O King, is sent
On thee a double chastisement:
Thee and thine, thy crown and realm,
One last wreck shall overwhelm.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"He who holds no laws in awe,
He must perish by the law;
And Granada must be won,
And thyself with her undone."
Woe is me, Alhama!

Fire flashed from out the old Moor's eyes;
The monarch's wrath began to rise,
Because he answered, and because
He spake exceeding well of laws.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"There is no law to say such things
As may disgust the ear of kings:"—
Thus, snorting with his choler, said
The Moorish king, and doomed him dead.
Woe is me, Alhama!

Moor Alfaquí! Moor Alfaqui!
Though thy beard so hoary be,
The king hath sent to have thee seized,
For Alhama's loss displeased;—
Woe is me, Alhama!

And to fix thy head upon
High Alhambra's loftiest stone:
That this for thee should be the law,
And others tremble when they saw.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"Cavalier! and man of worth!
Let these words of mine go forth;
Let the Moorish monarch know,
That to him I nothing owe.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"But on my soul Alhama weighs,
And on my inmost spirit preys;
And if the king his land hath lost,
Yet others may have lost the most.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"Sires have lost their children,—wives,
Their lords,—and valiant men, their lives;
One what best his love might claim
Hath lost,—another, wealth or fame.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"I lost a damsel in that hour,
Of all the land the loveliest flower;
Doubloons a hundred I would pay,
And think her ransom cheap that day."
Woe is me, Alhama!

And as these things the old Moor said,
They severed from the trunk his head;
And to the Alhambra's wall with speed
'T was carried, as the king decreed.
Woe is me, Alhama!

And men and infants therein weep
Their loss, so heavy and so deep;
Granada's ladies, all she rears
Within her walls, burst into tears.
Woe is me, Alhama!

And from the windows o'er the walls
The sable web of mourning falls;
The king weeps as a woman o'er
His loss,—for it is much and sore.
Woe is me, Alhama!

SPANISH FICTION

In Spanish literature the sixteenth century is recognized as the Classic Age. The union of Aragon and Castile, the expulsion of the Moors, and the discovery of America, excited and gratified the stronger national spirit and overcame local jealousies. A common culture was diffused throughout the Peninsula, and various local schools of poetry sprang up. The Italian influence introduced by Boscan and Garcilaso de la Vega was thoroughly naturalized, and its products no longer wore a foreign air. Some lyric poets adhered to the older style, but most varied the forms of verse according to the subject treated. But while the poets were more numerous, there were few that rose above a general level of excellence.

It was in prose that the national genius manifested its new powers. On the one hand was the pastoral romance, partly derived from Italy, and partly an easy development of the pastoral songs and ballads already familiar. There are examples of these later pastorals from the hands of Lope de Vega and his greater contemporary Cervantes. On the other hand there arose an entirely original form of fiction in the *picaresque* or rogue novel, which has ever since been characteristic of Spain. The first example is "The Life of Lazarillo de Tormes," which sets forth the adventures of a rogue in the service of various masters. This is usually attributed to Don Diego de Mendoza, otherwise known as a diplomatist and historian. It was followed by Aleman's "Guzman de Alfarache," which aimed to be more eloquent, but fell short of the satirical vigor of the first. Besides numerous romances of the same style there soon appeared novels of adventure, in which Cervantes led the way with his "Exemplary Novels."

But so great is the merit as well as the fame of the masterpiece of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra that it has thrown into the shade all the other productions of his time. His "Adventures of Don Quixote de la Mancha" represents to the world the highest performance of the Spanish literary genius. The way had been prepared for its production by his previous labors, but in this he effected a unity of character and design which raised his achievement to an unimagined loftiness as a work of art. It has usually been considered a satire on chivalry or on the over-wrought romances of chivalry, as he himself states in his Preface, but it is more truly a satire on that exaggerated pride of birth and caste, which is not yet extinct in the Spanish grandee. It is a true patriot's warning against the evils which have reduced the proudest nation in Christendom to a state of degradation. While the people have acknowledged the truth of the picture, they have been far from profiting by its palpable lesson. The instant popularity of the work led a bold forger to attempt to secure part of the author's profit by adding a sequel, but when Cervantes returned to this task after ten years' interval, the master's hand was easily discerned, and the fraudulent imitation was condemned. Later novelists generally contented themselves with imitating the great master's less noted novels of manners and adventures.

SPANISH FICTION

One other story deserves mention; produced in Spain, it has been adopted by the world and can today be found in complete libraries of all civilized nations—Cervantes' *Don Quixote.*

In addition to the tales of chivalry widely known today, there were many which have disappeared, and others are now read only by scholars. *Amadis of Gaul,* appearing between the years 1492 and 1504, recounted knightly deeds, and was excelled only in popularity by The Stories of King Arthur. It was translated into several languages and became so popular that it went through twelve editions in fifty years. Nevertheless, as time passed, the world grew a-weary of the knights and their brave deeds; there came to be a monotony about the monsters they overcame and their many combats. "The giants grew bigger, the sword-cuts more terrific, the combats more numerous, the monsters more hideous, the exalted sentiments swelled till they were less credible than the giants." It was left for Cervantes, in his adventures of Don Quixote, to hasten the end, already apparent to the reader who follows the development of letters to this point. Knighthood had done its service; feudalism was passing.

Having no unified plot, consisting rather of a series of incidents, Don Quixote shows a departure from the plan of the novelle in which all turns upon situation and depends more upon character portrayal. Not only do we come to know the doughty man,—who would fain acquit himself like knights of old,—and his greedy companion, but we see the host of the inn, his family and friends who find infinite amusement in the strangers' insistence upon being knighted; the merchantmen who ride along the way rise up before us and the monks whom he meets in his journeying. Cervantes endowed the children of his brain with life, and it is for this reason, over and above any burlesque which was thus deservedly given to knight-errantry, that his book endures.

AMADIS DI GAULA.

Authorities differ upon the origin of this most popular of the early romances of chivalry. In its present form it is a translation into Spanish by Ordonez de Montalvo, about the close of the fifteenth century, of the original story supposed to have have been written by Vasco de Lobeyra a century earlier. It found its way into France and England and became the favorite romance above the many which followed as imitations. Cervantes admits that it was the best of all the works of chivalry down to his day, when he forever put an end to the type. Amadis is an ideal knight who wanders through England and Wales (here called Gaul), and other lands, on adventure intent. His period is that of King Arthur and the Round Table. The plot is well constructed, and the characters those of real life, despite the marvelous things they see and do before the hero and heroine, Amadis and Oriana, crown their manifold adventures with a happy marriage.

This romance may be read to-day with genuine interest in the plot and the people, due allowance being made for the conditions in which it was produced, when belief in every-day miracles was unshaken by doubt. This story had a remarkable influence upon authorship, and not in Spain only, which entitles it to respectful notice in any conspectus of the literature of fiction. Southey translated it into English.

THE RESCUE OF ORIANA.

THE day was now come whereon King Lisuarte had promised to deliver his daughter Oriana to the Romans to be taken away for marriage to their emperor. Having in vain again attempted to win her consent, he left her in great anger, and went to the Queen whom he bade go and soothe her daughter's distress. Brisena had often attempted in vain to change the King's resolution; she now made no reply, but obeyed him; but Oriana, seeing her mother and sister approach, went to her mother, sobbing aloud, and kissed her hand and said, This parting will be forever! for my death is at hand, and with that she swooned away. The king then had her, senseless as she was, carried on board, and he made Olinda go with her; though that princess on her knees besought him to send her home to her father, he in his rage would not listen, but had her forced on board, and Mabilia and the damsel of Denmark he made embark also. All having thus embarked, he mounted and rode to the port, and then he consoled his child with a father's pity, yet gave he her no hope that his intention was changed. But he himself was moved nevertheless, and wept after he had left her, and besought Salustanquidio and Brondajel and the Archbishop of Talancia to protect her and serve her well; then he returned to his palace, leaving in the ship the greatest grief and lamentation that heart can think.

Salustanquidio, thus having the princesses in his power, put Oriana and Mabilia into a cabin which had been richly fitted up for her, and fastened them in with strong bars and bolts; and he left Queen Sardamira and her company, and many of Oriana's damsels in the ship. But Olinda, of whom he was so passionately enamored, he resolved to carry to his own ship, though she struggled and besought him not to separate her from Oriana, and clung to the door of Oriana's cabin, making such piteous moan that Oriana, at hearing it, swooned away in Mabilia's arms. Thus having disposed of the damsels, they spread their sails and departed, being full joyful that they had accomplished their master's desire. They hoisted the great flag of the emperor upon the mast of the vessel wherein Oriana was, and all the other ships kept round about that to protect it. Thus merrily were they sailing on, when looking to the right they beheld the fleet of Amadis, coming on full speed, to cut them off from the land toward which they went. Agrayes and Don Quadragante, and Dragonis and Listoran of the White Tower had agreed to attack the Romans and attempt the rescue of Oriana before Amadis could come up, and for this purpose they and their ship got between the Romans and the shore. But Florestan and Gavarte of the Perilous Valley, and Orlandin and Ymosil of Burgundy had the same wish, and they sailed up between Agrayes and the enemy. And Amadis came on full sail straight after them, that he might be the first in Oriana's relief.

Now I tell you that when first the Romans beheld this fleet, they thought they were crossing the sea in peace; but seeing how they divided into three squadrons, that two cut off their landing, and that the third made right toward them in pursuit, they cried out, To arms!—to arms! for strangers are coming against us! Presently they ran to arms: the cross-bowmen were placed in their station; the others, with Brondajel of the Rock, were in the vessel with Oriana, which carried the Emperor's flag. At this season the fleets encountered. Agrayes and Don Quadragante hailed the ship of Salustanquidio, who had with him the fair Olinda, and then began a brave battle; and Florestan and Gavarte, sailing through the middle of the fleet, attacked the ships of the Duke of Ancona, and of the Archbishop of Talancia who had a great force on board, so that the battle between them was obstinate. But Amadis steered right for the ship that bore the imperial standard; and he laid his hand on Angriote's shoulder, and said, Sir Angriote, my good friend, remember now the loyalty you have ever manifested toward your friends, and help me manfully in this enterprise. If it please God that I succeed, well now shall I here fulfill my honor, and my good fortune! Angriote replied, Sir, I am ready to die for you! your honor shall be maintained, and God will be with you. The ships were now near each other, and such a discharge was there of arrows and stones and lances, that they fell as fast as though they were rained down. Amadis aimed at nothing but to grapple with the other vessel; but they who were therein, though far more in number, durst not adventure that, seeing how fiercely they were attacked, and defended themselves with iron hooks and sundry other weapons. When Tantiles of Sobradisa, who was the Queen of Sobradisa's high steward, and was now in the ship's castle, saw that Amadis could not bring this to effect, he ordered a great anchor to be brought, fastened to a long chain, and from the castle they threw it into the enemy's ship, and then pulling at the chain with all their might, they brought the ships together, and held them so that they could by no means separate, unless the chain should break.

Then Amadis made way through his own people, who were somewhat dismayed, and setting foot on the edge of his own ship, leaped into the other; it was a great leap, so that he fell upon his knee, and they laid on him many blows before he could rise. Howbeit maugre their efforts, he rose and laid hand to his good sword. Angriote and Don Bruneo had followed him, and they all laid on manfully and shouted, Gaul, Gaul, for Amadis is here! Mabilia heard that cry, and exclaimed to Oriana, Comfort! comfort! you are succored by the blessed Knight, your true servant and constant friend! But Oriana, more dead than alive, recovered only enough to ask what she said, for she had heard nothing, and her sight was almost gone. When Amadis beheld the wonders which his two comrades were performing, and how his men were now fighting beside him, he made at Brondajel, whom by his rich arms he knew to be the chief, and with one blow felled him; then seeing that the rest, terrified at that, had ceased to resist, he tore off Brondajel's helmet, and striking at his face with the pummel of his sword, demanded where Oriana was; the Roman pointed to the chamber that was fastened. Amadis called upon Angriote and Don Bruneo; they joined all their strength, and burst the door, and saw Oriana and Mabilia within. He fell on his knees before his lady to kiss her hand, but she embraced him, and then caught him by the sleeve of his mail which was all bloody,—Ah Amadis! light of the oppressed! you have saved me! Mabilia was on her knees before him, holding by his skirts, for he had not seen her, but then he raised her and embraced her, and called her his dear cousin. Then would he have left the cabin, but Oriana took his hand: For God's sake do not leave me! Fear not, he replied; for Angriote, and Don Bruneo, and Gandales are in the ship, with thirty of our Knights, and I must go elsewhere, for we are engaged in a great battle.

Then Amadis went out of the cabin, and seeing that Ladadin of Fajarque had made them in the castle cry for mercy, he commanded them to cease from farther slaughter. He then got into the galley where Enil and Gandalin were with forty knights, and bade them steer towards where they heard the cry of Agrayes. When they came up, they found that he and Quadragante had boarded Salustanquidio's ship, and when Amadis got on board, the Romans began to leap over, some perishing in the water, others escaping to the other vessels. He went on, seeking his cousin, whom he found with Salustanquidio at his feet, wounded and begging for mercy. Agrayes knew his love for Olinda, and would show him none. Do not slay him, said Quadragante, he is a good prize. Sir Quadragante, said Amadis with a smile, let Agrayes do his will, for else this Roman will not leave one of us alive. While they thus spake, the head of Salustanquidio was smitten off. Now the ship was their own, and the banner of Agrayes and Don Quadragante hoisted on her castle. Agrayes forthwith went into the chamber where Olinda was confined; but Amadis, and Don Quadragante, and Ladadin, and Listoran of the White Tower, went in Enil's galley, to see how Florestan fared. On the way they met Ysanes, a kinsman of Florestan by the mother's side, who told them how he had won all the ships, and taken the Duke of Ancona and the Archbishop; they then looked round, and saw that the Romans were everywhere put to the worst, so that not one ship or boat escaped to carry tidings of their defeat.

With that they went on board the vessel of Oriana, and there disarmed their heads and hands, and washed off the blood. Amadis asked where Florestan was, and was told, that Sardamira had cried out to him to save her, and that she lay fallen at the feet of Oriana, beseeching her to save her from death or dishonor. Amadis went into the cabin, and saw that the Queen was embracing Oriana, and that Florestan held her by the hand; he went before her courteously, and would have kissed her hand, but she withdrew it. Fear nothing, lady, said he, Don Florestan is at your service, and we shall all obey him, even though it were not our will to honor all womankind. Good sir, said Sardamira to Florestan, who is this knight so courteous, and so much your friend? Lady, said he, it is my lord and brother Amadis, with whom we are all come to succor Oriana. She then rose and said, Good Sir Amadis, blame me not, if I have not received you as I ought, for I knew you not. God be praised, that in such a calamity, I am placed under your courtesy, and the protection of Don Florestan. So Amadis seated her beside Oriana; now all this while, Queen Sardamira knew not the death of Salustanquidio, whom she greatly loved. Queen, said Oriana, if I have hitherto heard your words with pain and dislike, now shall I ever honor and love you as you deserve, for what you did to my injury was not your own will, but in whatever was your own will, you were ever courteous and gentle. While they were thus communing, Agrayes and Olinda came in, and affectionately did Oriana embrace them, and thank the other knights as she knew them. Ah, friend Gavarte, said she to him of the Perilous Valley, well have you fulfilled your promise. God knows how truly I thank you, and how I wish to reward you! Lady, he replied, I have done my duty, for you are my natural lady. Whenever time shall be, remember me as one who will be ever at your service.

At this time were all the chief knights assembled on board this vessel, to take counsel how they should proceed. Then Oriana took Amadis aside and said, Dear friend, I beseech and command you now more than ever to conceal our love! Order it so now that they may resolve to carry me to the Firm Island, that being safe there, God may dispose of me as he knows best and as ought to be. Amadis replied, Do you then send Mabilia to propose this, that it may appear to proceed from your will, and not from mine. Accordingly he went among the knights, and they were of divers opinions, for some proposed to take Oriana to the Firm Island; others that she should go to Gaul; others that she should go to Scotland, the country of Agrayes. But presently Mabilia came to them with four other damsels, and said, Sirs, Oriana beseeches you to carry her to the Firm Island, till she be reconciled to her parents, and she implores you as ye have begun so well, that ye would bring this enterprise with the same good courage to good end, and do for her what ye have ever done for other damsels. Quadragante answered, Good Lady, the good and brave Amadis and we who are with him in her rescue, are of one will to serve her till death, and we will protect her against her father and against the Emperor of Rome, if they will not be brought to reason and justice. That answer all the knights approved, and declared that they should not hold themselves acquitted of that promise till Oriana was restored to her own free will, and made sure of her inheritance.

With this accord they departed each to his ship, to give order respecting the prisoners. Don Bruneo, and Ladadin, and the brother of Angriote and Sarquiles, and Orlandin were left in the vessel with Oriana and Queen Sardamira and Enil, the good knight who had received three wounds, but had concealed them like a brave man, and one who could endure all difficulty. These knights were left to guard Oriana till they should arrive at the Firm Island.

THE MARQUÉS DE SANTILLANA.

Toward the close of the fourteenth century the courtier-poets of Castile took a fancy to imitate the foreign schools, particularly the Italian, and their verses have the light lyric ring which, till then, had not been a characteristic of the native muse. One of the earliest and ablest of the new school was the Marqués de Santillana, who was born in 1398. He was descended from the Cid, and in the course of his soldier-statesman life figured as one of the enemies of Alvaro de Luna. His writings are various, the most noteworthy being his collection of proverbs, and his lyrics, of which the best, which is also held to be the best of its kind in the language, is the following quaint little song.

The Milk-Maid of Finojosa.

I ne'er on the border
Saw girl fair as Rosa,
The charming milk-maiden
Of sweet Finojosa.

Once making a journey
To Santa Maria
Of Calataveño,
From weary desire
Of sleep, down a valley
I strayed, where young Rosa
I saw, the milk-maiden
Of la Finojosa.

In a pleasant green meadow,
'Midst roses and grasses,
Her herd she was tending,
With other fair lasses;
So lovely her aspect,
I could not suppose her
A simple milk-maiden
Of la Finojosa.

I think not primroses
Have half her smile's sweetness,
Or modest, mild beauty;—
I speak with discreetness.
Oh, had I beforehand
But known of this Rosa,
The handsome milk-maiden
Of la Finojosa,—

Her very great beauty
Had not me subdued,
For it would have left me
To do as I would!
But I said, "O thou fair one"—
To learn that 'twas Rosa,
The charming milk-maiden
Of sweet Finojosa.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

THE author of "Don Quixote" shines afar as the glory of Spanish literature. His creation of the immortal knight has given him world-wide fame, and his other novels and dramas were sufficient to give him an honorable place among Spanish authors.

Miguel de Cervantes was born at Acala de Henares, and there baptized on the 9th of October, 1547. He assumed the name Saavedra to distinguish himself from other members of the family. In his twenty-second year Cervantes went to Rome in the service of Cardinal Aquaviva, which he left to enlist in the wars against the Turks. A wound received in the battle of Lepanto cost the rash youth the use of his left arm, but Cervantes never ceased to boast of the part he had played in the greatest victory of the age. His comrades honored his bravery by nicknaming him "the cripple of Lepanto," and though in hospital a long time, he served another four years with his regiment. In his twenty-ninth year

Cervantes was captured with his ship by Algerian corsairs, and he was given as slave to a renegade Greek, Deli Mami. Later he became the chattel of one Hassan Pasha, with twenty-five thousand Christian fellow-slaves, who endured endless cruelties. Cervantes made many attempts to escape, and that his life was not forfeited is explained by his possession of letters from important personages, which induced his captors to demand a higher ransom. After five years' durance he was liberated on payment of a sum which impoverished his family. His ten years' absence from Spain enriched his experience, but not his purse. He was reported to the Inquisition as a probable heretic or pervert to Mohammedanism, but pulled through the ordeal safely. After another spell of army service as a private Cervantes roamed into Portugal, where he consorted with a lady of rank, the mother of his only daughter, Isabel, who solaced him in his declining years and then took the veil. She remained in his house after his marriage, in 1584, to a lady who bore him no children.

The crippled veteran became an author. His plays and other writings sustained the household in genteel poverty, diversified by not infrequent visits of the sheriff's officer. In 1590 he petitioned the king for a small office in America. Instead he was made a tax-collector, and soon found himself in jail on a three months' sentence for inability to produce a sum of money which he had foolishly entrusted to the keeping of a friend of the wrong sort. After this he was collecting rents in the little town of Argamasilla, in the district of La Mancha, when he got into some unknown trouble with the local authorities, who imprisoned him in the cellar of a house which still exists and is preserved as a memorial. Within its walls has recently been printed a costly edition of Cervantes' works. It was here, in these depressing conditions, that he composed and wrote the "History of the Ingenious Knight." It appeared in 1605, and became instantly famous. Written when he had turned fifty, the story is enriched by his large knowledge of life in many phases, unequalled as a kindly satire upon the weaknesses of human nature, and as a faithful panorama of Spanish character. It is needless to indicate the features of a work so universally familiar. If Cervantes administered the *coup de grace* to the conventional romance of chivalry, it must be perceived that it was already moribund. He does not portray his knight as a paragon of virtue nor as wholly insane; nor has the picture a tinge of satire aimed at honest but weak endeavor to be good and do good. Cervantes well knew the queerly mixed motives that animate the good and the bad. He knew the ups and downs of life, and in penning the history of his hero's body and mind as a mirror for all other men whatsoever, he seems to have chuckled to himself as he plunges the best-intentioned of mortals into mishaps and woes enough to make a warm purgatory for the wickedest. Such is life. This is why everybody reads Don Quixote, and this is how it is that while all enjoy it few agree as to its grand aim or lesson. There could be no higher tribute to any book.

The second part was published by Cervantes ten years after the first, to which a spurious supplement had been written. As the work of a man near seventy it is a marvel of vigor and brightness, and fitly rounds off a production of supreme and unpretentious genius. His circumstances had improved, and when he died, only five days before Shakespeare breathed his last, Spain lost her greatest writer, as England lost her still greater genius.

THE KNIGHT OF LA MANCHA.

DOWN in a village of La Mancha, the name of which I have no desire to recollect, there lived, not long ago, one of those gentlemen who usually keep a lance upon a rack, an old buckler, a lean horse, and a coursing greyhound. Soup, composed of somewhat more mutton than beef, the fragments served up cold on most nights, lentils on Fridays, collops and eggs on Saturdays, and a pigeon by way of addition on Sundays, consumed three-fourths of his income; the remainder of it supplied him with a cloak of fine cloth, velvet breeches, with slippers of the same for holidays, and a suit of the best homespun, in which he arrayed himself on week-days. His family consisted of a housekeeper above forty, a niece not quite twenty, and a lad who served him both in the field and at home, who could saddle the horse or handle the pruninghook. The age of our gentleman bordered upon fifty years; he was of a strong constitution, spare-bodied, of a meagre visage, a very early riser, and a lover of the chase. Some pretend to say that his surname was Quixada ["jaws"], or Quesada, for on this point his historians differ; though, from very probable conjectures, we may conclude that his name was Quixana. This is, however of little importance to our history; let it suffice that, in relating it, we do not swerve a jot from the truth.

Be it known, then, that the afore-mentioned gentleman, in his leisure moments, which comprised the greater part of the year, gave himself up with so much ardor to the perusal of books of chivalry, that he almost wholly neglected the exercise of the chase, and even the regulation of his domestic affairs; indeed, so extravagant was his zeal in this pursuit, that he sold many acres of arable land to purchase books of knight-errantry, collecting as many as he could possibly obtain. Among them all, none pleased him so much as those written by the famous Feliciano de Silva, whose brilliant prose and intricate style were, in his opinion, infinitely precious; especially those amorous speeches and challenges in which they so abound, such as: "The reason of the unreasonable treatment of my reason so enfeebles my reason, that with reason I complain of your beauty." And again: "The high heavens that, with your divinity, divinely fortify you with the stars, rendering you meritorious of the merit merited by your greatness." These and similar rhapsodies distracted the poor gentleman, for he labored to comprehend and unravel their meaning, which was more than Aristotle himself could do, were he to rise from the dead expressly for that purpose. He was not quite satisfied as to the wounds which Don Belianis gave and received; for he could not help thinking that, however skillful the surgeons were who healed them, his face and whole body must have been covered with seams and scars. Nevertheless he commended his author for concluding his book with the promise of that interminable adventure; and he often felt an inclination to seize the pen himself and conclude it, literally as it is there promised; this he would doubtless have done, and not without success, had he not been diverted from it by meditations of greater moment, on which his mind was incessantly employed.

He often debated with the curate of the village, a man of learning and a graduate of Siguenza, which of the two was the best knight, Palmerin of England or Amadis de Gaul; but Master Nicholas, barber of the same place, declared that none ever came up to the Knight of the Sun: if, indeed, any one could be compared to him, it was Don Galaor, brother of Amadis de Gaul, for he had a genius suited to everything: he was no effeminate knight, no whimperer, like his brother; and in point of courage he was by no means his inferior. In short, he became so infatuated with this kind of study, that he passed whole days and nights over these books; and thus, with little sleeping and much reading, his brains were dried up and his intellect deranged. His imagination was full of all that he had read—of enchantments, contests, battles, challenges, wounds, courtships, amours, tortures, and impossible absurdities; and so firmly was he persuaded of the truth of the whole tissue of visionary fiction, that, in his mind, no history in the world was more authentic. The Cid Ruy Diaz, he asserted, was a very good knight, but not to be compared with the knight of the Flaming Sword, who, with a single back-stroke, cleft asunder two fierce and monstrous giants. He was better pleased with Bernardo del Carpio, because, at Roncesvalles, he slew Roland the Enchanted, by availing himself of the stratagem employed by Hercules upon Antæus, whom he squeezed to death within his arms. He spoke very favorably of the giant Morgante, for, although of that monstrous brood who are always proud and insolent, he alone was courteous and well-bred. Above all he admired Rinaldo de Montalvan, particularly when he saw him sallying forth from his castle to plunder all he encountered, and when, moreover, he seized upon that image of Mahomet which, according to history, was of massive gold. But he would have given his housekeeper, and even his niece into the bargain, for a fair opportunity of kicking the traitor Galalon [Ganelon].

In fine, his judgment being completely obscured, he was seized with one of the strangest fancies that ever entered the head of any madman: this was, a belief that it behooved him, as well for the advancement of his glory as the service of his country, to become a knight-errant, and traverse the world, armed and mounted, in quest of adventures, and to practice all that had been performed by knights-errant of whom he had read; redressing every species of grievance, and exposing himself to dangers which, being surmounted, might secure to him eternal glory and renown. The poor gentleman imagined himself at least crowned Emperor of Trebisond, by the valor of his arm; and thus wrapped in these agreeable delusions, and borne away by the extraordinary pleasure he found in them, he hastened to put his designs into execution.

The first thing he did was to scour up some rusty armor, which had been his great-grandfather's, and had lain many years neglected in a corner. This he cleaned and adjusted as well as he could; but he found one grand defect: the helmet was incomplete, having only the morion; this deficiency, however, he ingeniously supplied, by making a kind of visor of pasteboard, which, being fixed to the morion, gave the appearance of an entire helmet. It is true indeed that, in order to prove its strength, he drew his sword, and gave it two strokes, the first of which instantly demolished the labor of a week; but not altogether approving of the facility with which it was destroyed, and in order to secure himself against a similar misfortune, he made another visor; having fenced this in the inside with small bars of iron, he felt assured of its strength, and, without making any more experiments, held it to be a most excellent helmet.

In the next place he visited his steed; and although this animal had more blemishes than the horse of Gonela, which "*tantum pellis et ossa fuit*" [was only skin and bones], yet, in his eyes, neither the Bucephalus of Alexander nor the Cid's Babieca could be compared with him. Four days was he deliberating upon what name he should give him; for, as he said to himself, it would be very improper that a horse so excellent, appertaining to a knight so famous, should be without an appropriate name; he therefore endeavored to find one that should express what he had been before he belonged to a knight-errant, and also what he now was;

nothing could, indeed, be more reasonable than that, when the master changed his state, the horse should likewise change his name, and assume one pompous and high-sounding, as became the new order he now professed. So after having devised, altered, lengthened, curtailed, rejected, and again framed in his imagination a variety of names, he finally determined upon Rozinante, a name, in his opinion, lofty, sonorous, and full of meaning; importing that he had been only a *rozin*, a drudge-horse, *before* his present condition, and that now he was *before* all the *rozins* in the world.

Having given his horse a name so much to his satisfaction, he resolved to fix upon one for himself. This consideration employed him eight more days, when at length he determined to call himself Don Quixote; whence some of the historians of this most true history have concluded that his name was certainly Quixada, and not Quesada, as others would have it. Then recollecting that the valorous Amadis, not content with the simple appellation of Amadis, added thereto the name of his kingdom and native country, in order to render it famous, styling himself Amadis de Gaul, so he, like a good knight, also added the name of his province, and called himself Don Quixote de la Mancha; whereby, in his opinion, he fully proclaimed his lineage and country, which at the same time, he honored by taking its name.

His armor being now furbished, his helmet made perfect, his horse and himself provided with names, he found nothing wanting but a lady to be in love with; for a knight-errant without the tender passion was a tree without leaves and fruit—a body without a soul. "If," said he, "for my sins, or rather, through my good fortune, I encounter some giant—an ordinary occurrence to knights-errant—and overthrow him at the first onset, or cleave him in twain, or, in short, vanquish him and force him to surrender, must I not have some lady to whom I may send him as a present? that when he enters into the presence of my charming mistress he may throw himself upon his knees before her, and in a submissive, humble voice, say, 'Madam, in me you behold the giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island Malendrania, who, being vanquished in single combat by the never-enough-to-be-praised Don Quixote de la Mancha, am by him commanded to present myself before you, to be disposed of according to the will and pleasure of your highness.' " How happy was our good knight after this harangue! How much more so when he found a mistress! It is said that in a neighboring village, a good-looking peasant girl resided, of whom he had formerly been enamored, although it does not appear that she ever knew or cared about it; and this was the lady whom he chose to nominate mistress of his heart. He then sought a name for her, which, without entirely departing from her own, should incline and approach towards that of a princess or great lady, and determined upon Dulcinea del Toboso (for she was a native of that village), a name, he thought, harmonious, uncommon, and expressive—like all the others which he had adopted.

MAMBRINO'S HELMET.

DON QUIXOTE discovered a man on horseback, who had on his head something which glittered as if it had been of gold; and scarcely had he seen it when, turning to Sancho, he said, "I am of opinion, Sancho, there is no proverb but what is true, because they are all sentences drawn from experience itself, the mother of all the sciences; especially that which says, 'Where one door is shut another is opened.' I say this because, if fortune last night shut the door against what we sought, deceiving us with the fulling-mills, it now opens wide another, for a better and more certain adventure; in which if I am deceived, the fault will be mine, without imputing it to my ignorance of fulling-mills or to the darkness of night. This I say because, if I mistake not, there comes one towards us who carries on his head Mambrino's helmet, concerning which thou mayest remember I swore the oath." "Take care, sir, what you say, and more what you do," said Sancho; "for I would not wish for other fulling-mills, to finish the milling and mashing of our senses." "The devil take thee!" replied Don Quixote: "what has a hemet to do with fulling-mills?" "I know not," answered Sancho; "but, in faith, if I might talk as much as I used to do, perhaps I could give such reasons that your worship would see you are mistaken in what you say." "How can I be mistaken in what I say, thou scrupulous traitor?" said Don Quixote. "Tell me, seest thou not yon knight coming towards us on a dapple-gray steed, with a helmet of gold on his head?" "What I see and perceive," answered Sancho, "is only a man on a gray ass like mine, with something on his head that glitters." "Why, that is Mambrino's helmet," said Don Quixote. "Retire, and leave me alone to deal with him, and thou shalt see how, in order to save time, I shall conclude this adventure without speaking a word, and the helmet I have so much desired remain my own." "I shall take care to get out of the way," replied Sancho; "but Heaven grant, I say again, that it may not prove another fulling-mill adventure." "I have already told thee, Sancho, not to mention those fulling-mills, nor even think of them," said Don Quixote: "if thou dost—I say no more, but I vow to mill thy soul for thee!" Sancho held his peace, fearing lest his master should perform his vow, which had struck him all of a heap.

Now the truth of the matter concerning the helmet, the steed, and the knight which Don Quixote saw, was this There were two villages in that neighborhood, one of them so small that it had neither shop nor barber, but the other adjoining to it had both; therefore the barber of the larger served also the less, wherein one customer now wanted to be let blood, and another to be shaved, to perform which the barber was now on his way, carrying with him his brass basin; and it so happened that while upon the road it began to rain, and to save his hat, which was a new one, he clapped the basin on his head, which being lately scoured, was seen glittering at the distance of half a league; and he rode on a gray ass, as Sancho had affirmed. Thus Don Quixote took the barber for a knight, his ass for a dapple-gray stead, and his basin for a golden helmet; for whatever he saw was quickly adapted to his knightly extravagances; and when the poor knight drew near, without staying to reason the case with him, he advanced at Rozinante's best speed, and couched his lance, intending to run him through and through; but, when close upon him, without checking the fury of his career, he cried out, "Defend thyself, caitiff! or instantly surrender what is justly my due." The barber, so unexpectedly seeing this phantom advancing upon him, had no other way to avoid the thrust of the lance than to slip down from the ass; and no sooner had he touched the ground than, leaping up nimbler than a roebuck, he scampered over the plain with such speed that the wind could not overtake him. The basin he left on the ground, with which Don Quixote was satisfied, observing that the pagan had acted discreetly, and in imitation of the beaver, which, when closely pursued by the hunters, tears off with his teeth that which it knows by instinct to be the object of pursuit.

Sancho, taking up the helmet and holding it, said, "Before Heaven, the basin is a special one, and is well worth a piece of eight, if it is worth a farthing." He then gave it to his master, who immediately placed it upon his head, turning it round in search of the vizor; but not finding it he said, "Doubtless the pagan for whom this famous helmet was originally forged must have had a prodigious head—the worst of it is that one-half is wanting." When Sancho heard the basin called a helmet, he could not forbear laughing, which, however, he instantly checked on recollecting his master's late choler. "What dost thou laugh at, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "I am laughing," answered he, "to think what a huge head the pagan had who owned that helmet, which is for all the world just like a barber's basin." "Knowest thou, Sancho, what I conceive to be the case? This famous piece, this enchanted helmet, by some strange accident must have fallen into the possession of one who, ignorant of its true value as a helmet, and seeing it to be of the purest gold, hath inconsiderately melted down the one-half for lucre's sake, and of the other half made this, which, as thou sayest, doth indeed look like a barber's basin; but to me, who know what it really is, its transformation is of no importance, for I will have it so repaired in the first town where there is a smith, that it shall not be surpassed nor even equalled by that which the god of smiths himself made and forged for the god of battles. In the meantime I will wear it as I best can, for something is better than nothing, and it will be sufficient to defend me from stones." "It will so," said Sancho, "if they do not throw them with slings, as they did in the battle of the two armies, when they crossed your worship's chaps, and broke the cruse of that most blessed liquor which made me vomit up my inside." "The loss of that balsam gives me no concern," said Don Quixote: "for knowest thou, Sancho, I have the recipe by heart?" "So have I too," answered Sancho; "but if ever I make or try it again while I live, may I be fixed and rooted to this place. Besides, I do not intend to put myself in the way of requiring it; for I mean to keep myself, with all my five senses, from being wounded, or from wounding anybody. As to being tossed again in a blanket, I say nothing, for it is difficult to prevent such mishaps; and if they do come, there is nothing to be done but wink, hold one's breath, and submit to go whither fortune and the blanket shall please." "Thou art no good Christian, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "since thou dost not forget an injury once done thee; but know, it is inherent in generous and noble minds to disregard trifles. What leg of thine is lamed, or what rib or head broken, that thou canst not forget that jest?—for, properly considered, it was a mere jest and pastime, otherwise, I should long ago have returned thither, and done more mischief in revenging thy quarrel than the Greeks did for the carrying off of Helen, who, had she lived in these times, or my Dulcinea in those, would never have been so famous for beauty as she is!" and here he heaved a sigh, and sent it to the clouds.

"Let it pass, then, for a jest," said Sancho, "but I know of what kind the jests and the earnest were, and I know also they will no more slip out of my memory than off my shoulders. But, setting this aside, tell me, sir, what shall we do with this dapple-gray steed which looks so much like a gray ass, and which that caitiff whom your worship overthrew has left behind here to shift for itself? For, by his scouring off so hastily, he does not think of ever returning for him: and, by my beard, the beast is a special one." "It is not my custom," said Don Quixote, "to plunder those whom I overcome, nor is it the usage of chivalry to take from the vanquished their horses, and leave them on foot, unless the victor had lost his own in the conflict; in such a case it is lawful to take that of the enemy, as fairly won in battle. Therefore, Sancho, leave this horse, or ass, or whatever thou wilt have it to be, for when we are gone, his owner will return for him." "God knows whether it were best for me to take him," replied Sancho, "or at least to exchange him for mine, which, methinks, is not so good. Verily, the laws of chivalry are very strict if they do not even allow the swapping of one ass for another; but I would fain know whether I might exchange furniture, if I were so inclined?" "I am not very clear as to that point," answered Don Quixote; "and, being a doubtful case, until better information can be had, I think thou mayest make the exchange, if thou art in extreme want of them." "So extreme," replied Sancho, "that I could not want them more if they were for my own proper person." Thus authorized, he proceeded to an exchange of caparisons, and made his own beast three parts in four the better for his new furniture. This done, they breakfasted on the remains of the plunder from the sumpter-mule, and drank of the water belonging to the fulling-mills, but without turning their faces towards them—such was the abhorrence in which they were held, because of the effect they had produced. Being thus refreshed and comforted both in body and mind, they mounted; and, without determining upon what road to follow, according to the established custom of knights-errant, they went on as Rozinante's will directed, which was a guide to his master and also to Dapple, who always followed, in love and good-fellowship, wherever he led the way.

The Distressed Damsel.

They were now interrupted by the voice of Sancho Panza, who, not finding them where he left them, began to call out loudly; they went instantly to meet him, and were eager in their inquiries after Don Quixote. He told them that he had found him stripped to his shirt, feeble, wan, and half-dead with hunger, sighing for his lady Dulcinea; and though he had informed him that it was her express desire that he should leave that place and repair to Toboso, where she expected him, his answer was, that he "positively would not appear before her beauty until he had performed exploits that might render him worthy of her favor:" If his master, he added, persisted in that humor, he would run a risk of never becoming an emperor, as in honor bound; nor even an archbishop, which was the least he could be: so they must consider what was to be done to get him away. The licentiate begged him not to give himself any uneasiness on that account, for they should certainly contrive to get him out of his present retreat.

The priest then informed Cardenio and Dorothea of their plan for Don Quixote's cure, or at least for decoying him to his own house. Upon this Dorothea said she would undertake to act the distressed damsel better than the barber, especially as she had apparel with which she could perform it to the life; and they might have reliance upon her, as she had read many works of chivalry, and was well acquainted with the style in which distressed damsels were wont to beg their boons of knights-errant. "Let us, then, hasten to put our design into execution," exclaimed the curate, "since fortune seems to favor all our views."

Dorothea immediately took from her bundle a petticoat of very rich stuff, and a mantle of fine green silk, and out of a casket a necklace and other jewels, with which she quickly adorned herself, in such a manner that she had all the appearance of a rich and noble lady. They were charmed with her beauty, grace and elegance. But her greatest admirer was Sancho Panza, who thought that in all his life he had never seen so beautiful a creature, and he earnestly desired the priest to tell him who this beautiful lady was, and what she was looking for in those parts. "This beautiful lady, friend Sancho," answered the priest, "is, to say the least of her, heiress, in the direct male line, of the great kingdom of Micomicon; and she comes in quest of your master, to beg a boon of him, which is, to redress a wrong or injury done her by a wicked giant: for it is the fame of your master's prowess which is spread over all Guinea, that has brought this princess to seek him." "Now, a happy seeking and a happy finding!" quoth Sancho Panza; "especially if my master is so fortunate as to redress that injury, and right that wrong, by killing the rascally giant you mention: and kill him he certainly will, if he encounters him, unless he be a goblin, for my master hath no power at all over goblins. But one thing I must again beg of your worship, Signor Licentiate, and that is, to prevent my master from taking it into his head to be an archbishop, and advise him to marry this princess out of hand; for then, not being qualified to receive archiepiscopal orders, he will come with ease to his kingdom, and I to the end of my wishes; for I have considered the matter well, and find by my account it will not suit me for my master to be an archbishop, as I am unfit for the Church, being a married man; and for me to be now going about to procure dispensations for holding Church living, having, as I have, a wife and children, would be an endless piece of work. So that, sir, the whole business rests upon my master's marrying this lady out of hand—not knowing her grace, I cannot call her by name." "The Princess Micomiconia is her name," said the priest, "for as her kingdom is named Micomicon, of course she must be called so." "To be sure," answered Sancho, "for I have known many take their title and surname from their birthplace, as Pedro de Alcala, John de Ubeda, Diego de Valladolid; and for aught I know it may be the custom in Guinea for queens to take the names of their kingdoms." "It is certainly so," said the priest; "and as to your master marrying this princess, I will promote it to the utmost of my power." With this assurance Sancho was no less satisfied than the priest was amazed at his simplicity in thus entering into the extravagant fancies of his master.

Dorothea had now mounted the priest's mule, and the barber had fitted on the ox-tail beard. They desired Sancho to conduct them to Don Quixote, cautioning him not to say that he knew the licentiate or the barber, since on that depended all his fortune. Neither the priest nor Cardenio would go with them: the latter, that he might not remind Don Quixote of the dispute which he had had with him; and the priest, because his presence was not then necessary; the others, therefore, went on before, while they followed slowly on foot. The priest would have instructed Dorothea in her part; but she would not trouble him, assuring him that she would perform it precisely according to the rules and precepts of chivalry.

Having proceeded about three-quarters of a league, they discovered Don Quixote in a wild, rocky recess, at that time clothed, but not armed. Dorothea now whipped on her palfrey, attended by the well-bearded squire; and having approached the knight, the squire leaped from his mule to assist his lady, who, lightly dismounting, went and threw herself at Don Quixote's feet, where, in spite of his efforts to raise her, she remained kneeling, as she thus addressed him:

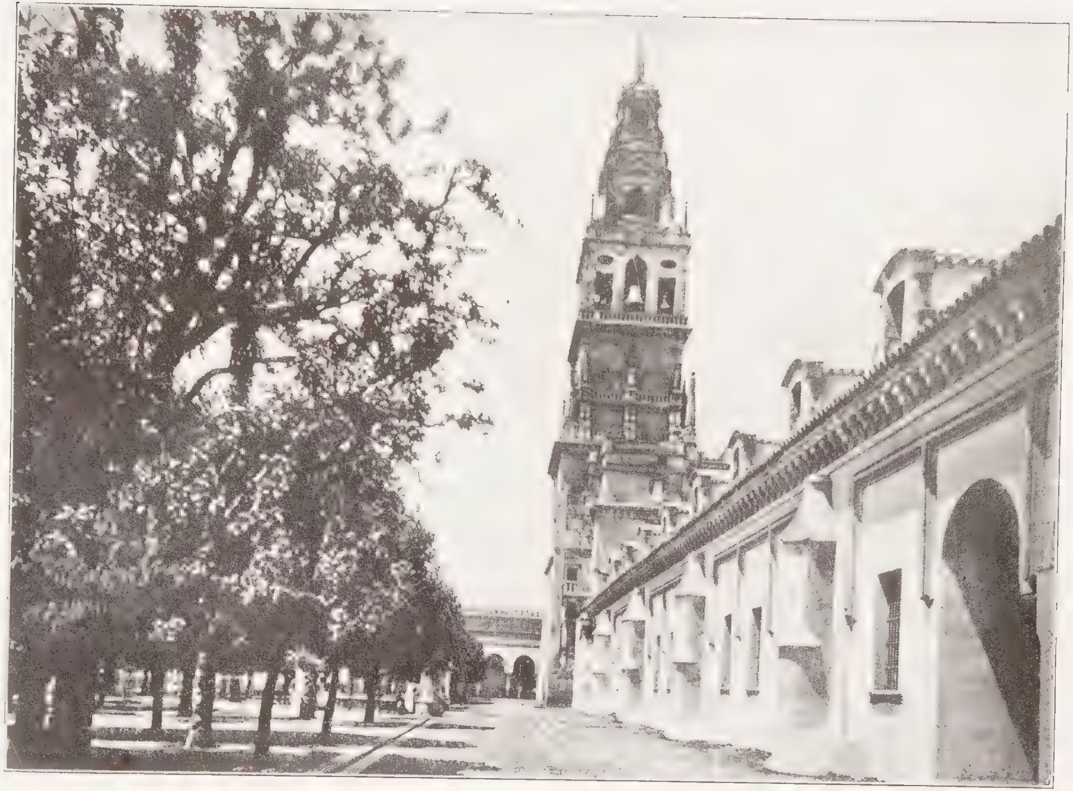
"I will never arise from this place, O valorous and redoubted knight, until your goodness and courtesy vouchsafe me a boon which will redound to the honor and glory of your person, and to the lasting benefit of the most disconsolate and aggrieved damsel the sun has ever beheld. And if the valor of your puissant arm correspond with the report of your immortal fame, you are bound to protect an unhappy wight, who, attracted by the odor of your renown, is come from distant regions to seek at your hands a remedy for her misfortunes."

"It is impossible for me to answer you, fair lady," said Don Quixote, "while you remain in that posture." "I will not arise, signor," answered the afflicted damsel, "until your courtesy shall vouchsafe the boon I ask." "I do vouchsafe and grant it to you," answered Don Quixote, "provided my compliance be of no detriment to my king, my country, or to her who keeps the key of my heart and liberty." "It will not be to the prejudice of either of these, dear sir," replied the afflicted damsel. Sancho, now approaching his master, whispered softly in his ear, "Your worship may very safely grant the boon she asks, for it is a mere trifle—only to kill a great lubberly giant, and she who begs it is the mighty Princess Micomicona, Queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon, in Ethiopia." "Whosoever the lady may be," answered Don Quixote, "I shall act as my duty and my conscience dictate, in conformity to the rules of my profession;" then addressing himself to the damsel, he said, "Fairest lady, arise; for I vouchsafe you whatever boon you ask." "My request, then, is," said the damsel, "that your magnanimity will go whither I shall conduct you, and that you will promise not to engage in any other adventure until you have avenged me on a traitor who, against all right, human and divine, has usurped my kingdom." "I grant your request," answered Don Quixote; "and therefore, lady, dispel that melancholy which oppresses you, and let your fainting hopes recover fresh life and strength; for, by the help of Heaven and my powerful arm, you shall soon be restored to your kingdom and seated on the throne of your ancient and high estate, in despite of all the miscreants who would oppose it; and therefore we will instantly proceed to action, for there is always danger in delay." The distressed damsel would fain have kissed his hands; but Don Quixote, who was in every respect a most gallant and courteous knight, would by no means consent to it, but, making her arise, embraced her with much politeness and respect, and ordered Sancho to look after Rozinante's girth, and to assist him to arm. Sancho took down the armor from a tree, where it hung like a trophy; and having got Rozinante ready, quickly armed his master, who then cried, "In God's name, let us hasten to succor this great lady."

The barber was still upon his knees, and under much difficulty to forbear laughing, and keep his beard from falling—an accident which might have occasioned the miscarriage o their ingenious stratagem; but seeing that the boon wa already granted, and that Don Quixote was prepared to fulfil his engagement, he got up and took his lady by the other hand, when they both assisted to place her upon the mule, and then mounted themselves. Sancho alone remained on foot, which renewed his grief for the loss of his Dapple; but he bore it cheerfully, reflecting that his master was now in the right road, and just upon the point of becoming an emperor; for he made no doubt but that he was to marry that princess, and be at least King of Micomicon. One thing only troubled him, which was, that his kingdom being in the land of negroes, his subjects would all be blacks; but presently recollecting a special remedy, he said to himself, "What care I, if my subjects be blacks?—what have I to do but to ship them off to Spain, where I may sell them for ready money, with which money I may buy some title or office, on which I may live at ease all the days of my life? See whether I have not brains enough to manage matters, and sell thirty or ten thousand slaves in the turn of a hand! Before Heaven, I will make them fly, little and big; and let them be ever so black, I will turn them into white and yellow boys. Let me alone to lick my own fingers." After these reflections, he went on in such good spirits that he forgot the fatigue of traveling on foot.

THE CONVALESCENT KNIGHT.

DURING a whole month the priest and the barber refrained from seeing Don Quixote, lest they should revive in his mind the remembrance of things past. However, they paid frequent visits to his niece and housekeeper, charging them to take great care of him, and to give him good nourishing diet, as that would be salutary to his heart and his brain, whence all the mischief proceeded. The good women assured them of their continual care of the patient, and said they occasionally observed in him symptoms of returning reason. The priest and the barber were greatly pleased to hear this,



Mosque and Court of Oranges.—Cordova.

and congratulated themselves on the success of the scheme they had adopted of bringing him home enchanted in the ox-wagon, as it is related in the last chapter of the First Part of this no less great than accurate history. They resolved, therefore, to visit him and make trial of his amendment: at the same time, thinking it scarcely possible that his cure could be complete, they agreed not to touch upon the subject of knight-errantry, lest they might open a wound which must yet be so tender.

They found him sitting on his bed, clad in a waistcoat of green baize, with a red Toledo cap on his head, and so lean and shrivelled that he looked like a mummy. He received them with much politeness, and when they inquired after his health, he answered them in a very sensible manner, and with much elegance of expression. In the course of their conversation they touched upon matters of state and forms of government, correcting this abuse and condemning that, reforming one custom and exploding another; each of the three setting himself up for a perfect legislator, a modern Lycurgus, or a spick-and-span new Solon; and, by their joint efforts, they seemed to have clapped the commonwealth into a forge, and hammered it into quite a new shape. Don Quixote delivered himself with so much good sense upon every subject they had touched upon, that the two examiners were inclined to think that he was now really in full possession of all his mental faculties. The niece and the housekeeper were present at the conversation, and hearing from their master such proofs of a sound mind, thought they could never sufficiently thank Heaven.

The priest, changing his former purpose of not touching upon matters of chivalry, was now resolved to put the question of his amendment fairly to the test; he therefore mentioned, among other things, some intelligence lately brought from court, that the Turk was advancing with a powerful fleet, and that, his object being unknown, it was impossible to say where the storm would burst; that all Christendom was in great alarm, and that the king had already provided for the security of Naples, Sicily, and the island of Malta. To this Don Quixote replied, "His majesty has acted with great prudence in providing in time for the defence of his dominions, that he may not be taken by surprise; but, if my counsel might be taken, I would advise him to a measure which probably never yet entered into his majesty's mind." On hearing this, the priest said within himself, "Heaven defend thee, poor Don Quixote! for methinks thou art about to fall from the summit of thy madness into the depth of folly!"

The barber, who had made the same reflection, now asked Don Quixote what the measure was which he thought would be so advantageous, though, in all probability, it was like the impertinent advice usually given to princes. "Mine, Master Shaver," answered Don Quixote, "shall not be impertinent, but to the purpose." "I mean no offence," replied the barber; "only experience has shown that all or most of the projects so offered to his majesty are either impracticable, absurd, or prejudicial to himself or his kingdom." "True," answered Don Quixote; "but mine is neither impracticable nor absurd, but the most easy, the most just, and also the most reasonable and expeditious that ever entered the mind of a projector." "Signor Don Quixote," quoth the priest, "you keep us too long in suspense." "I do not choose," replied Don Quixote, "that it should be told here now, that another may carry it by daybreak to the lords of the privy-council, and thereby intercept the reward which is due only to me." "I give you my word," said the barber, "here and before Heaven, that I will not reveal what your worship shall say, either to king, or to rook, or to any mortal man—an oath which I learned from the romance of 'The Priest,' where he gives the king information of the thief that robbed him of the hundred pistoles and his ambling mule." "I know not the history," said Don Quixote; "but I presume the oath is a good one, because I am persuaded Master Barber is an honest man." "Though he were not," said the priest, "I will pledge myself for him, and engage, under any penalty you please, that he shall be as silent as the dumb on this affair." "And who will be bound for your reverence, Master Priest?" said Don Quixote. "My profession," answered the priest, "which enjoins secrecy as an indispensable duty."

"Body of me!" cried Don Quixote; "has his majesty anything to do but to issue a proclamation ordering all the knights-errant who are now wandering about Spain to repair on an appointed day to court? If not more than half a dozen came, there might be one of that number able, with his single arm, to destroy the whole power of the Turk. Pray, gentlemen, be attentive, and listen to me. Is it anything new for a single knight-errant to defeat an army of two hundred thousand men, as if they had all but one throat or were made of pastry? How many examples of such prowess does history supply! If, in an evil hour for me (I will not say for any other), the famous Don Belianis, or some one of the numerous race of Amadis de Gaul, were in being at this day to confront the Turk, in good faith I would not farm his winnings! But God will protect his people, and provide some one, if not as strong as the knights-errant of old, at least not inferior to them in courage. Heaven knows my meaning. I say no more!" "Alas!" exclaimed the niece at this instant; "may I perish if my uncle has not a mind to turn knight-errant again!" Whereupon Don Quixote said, "A knight-errant I will live and die; and let the Turk come, down or up, when he pleases, and with all the forces he can raise—once more I say, Heaven knows my meaning!"

"Gentlemen," said the barber, "give me leave to tell you a short story of what happened once in Seville; for it comes so pat to the purpose that I cannot help giving it to you." Don Quixote and the priest signified their consent, and the others being willing to hear, he began thus:

"A certain man, being deranged in his intellects, was placed by his relations in the madhouse of Seville. He had taken his degrees in the canon law at Ossuna; but, had it been at Salamanca, many are of opinion he would nevertheless have been mad. This graduate, after some years' confinement, took it into his head that he was quite in his right senses, and therefore wrote to the archbishop, beseeching him, with great earnestness and apparently with much reason, that he would be pleased to deliver him from that miserable state of confinement in which he lived, since, through the mercy of God, he had regained his senses; adding that his relations, in order to enjoy part of his estate, kept him still there, and, in spite of the clearest evidence, would insist upon his being mad as long as he lived. The archbishop, prevailed upon by the many sensible epistles he received from him, sent one of his chaplains to the keeper of the madhouse to inquire into the truth of what the licentiate had alleged, and also to talk with him, and if it appeared that he was in his senses, to set him at liberty. The chaplain accordingly went to the rector, who assured him that the man was still insane; for though he sometimes talked very sensibly, it was seldom for any length of time without betraying his derangement, as he would certainly find on conversing with him. The chaplain determined to make the trial, and during the conversation of more than an hour, could perceive no symptom of incoherence in his discourse; on the contrary, he spoke with so much sedateness and judgment that the chaplain could not entertain a doubt of the sanity of his intellects. Among other things, he assured him that the keeper was bribed by his relations to persist in reporting him to be deranged; so that his large estate was his great misfortune, to enjoy which his enemies had recourse to fraud, and pretended to doubt of the mercy of Heaven in restoring him from the condition of a brute to that of a man. In short, he talked so plausibly that he made the rector appear venal and corrupt, his relations unnatural, and himself so discreet that the chaplain determined to take him immediately to the archbishop, that he might be satisfied he had done right. With this resolution the good chaplain desired the keeper of the house to restore to him the clothes which he wore when he was first put under his care. The keeper again desired him to beware what he did, since he might be assured that the licentiate was still insane; but the chaplain was not to be moved either by his cautions or entreaties; and as he acted by order of the archbishop, the keeper was compelled to obey him. The licentiate put on his new clothes, and now finding himself rid of his lunatic attire, and habited like a rational creature, he entreated the chaplain, for charity's sake, to permit him to take leave of his late companions in affliction.

"Being desirous of seeing the lunatics who were confined in that house, the chaplain, with several other persons, followed him upstairs, and heard him accost a man who lay stretched in a cell, outrageously mad, though just then composed and quiet. 'Brother,' said he to him, 'have you any commands for me? For I am going to return to my own house, God having been pleased, of His infinite goodness and mercy, without any desert of mine, to restore me to my senses. I am now sound and well, for with God nothing is impossible: put your whole trust and confidence in Him, and He will doubtless restore you also. I will take care to send you some choice food; and fail not to eat it, for I have reason to believe, from my own experience, that all our distraction proceeds from empty stomachs and brains filled with wind. Take heart, then, my friend, take heart; for despondence under misfortune impairs our health and hastens our death.'

"This discourse was overheard by another madman, the tenant of an opposite cell, who, rising from an old mat, whereon he had been lying stark naked, asked who it was that talked of going away restored to his senses. 'It is I, brother, that am going,' answered the licentiate; 'for, thanks to Heaven, my stay here is no longer necessary.' 'Take heed, friend, what you say,' replied the maniac; 'let not the the devil delude you: stir not a foot, but keep where you are, and you will spare yourself the trouble of being brought back.' 'I know,' answered the other, 'that I am perfectly well, and shall have no more occasion to visit the station-churches.' 'You well, truly?' said the madman; 'we shall soon see that. Farewell! but I swear by Jupiter, whose majesty I represent on earth, that for this single offence of setting thee at large, and pronouncing thee to be in thy sound senses, I am determined to inflict such a single punishment on this city, that the memory thereof shall endure forever and ever. And knowest thou not, pitiful fellow, that I have the power to do it? I, who am the thundering Jove, and grasp in my hands the flaming bolts with which I might instantly destroy the world!—but, remitting that punishment, I will chastise their folly by closing the flood-gates of heaven, so that no rain shall fall upon this city or the surrounding country for three years, reckoning from this very day and hour on which my vengeance is denounced. You at liberty!—you recovered, and in your right senses, and I here a madman, distempered, and in bonds!—I will no more rain than I will hang myself.'

"This rhapsody was heard by all present; and our licentiate, turning to the chaplain, 'My good sir,' said he, seizing both his hands, 'regard not his foolish threats, but be perfectly easy; for should he, being Jupiter, withhold his rain, I, who am Neptune, the god of water, can dispense as much as I please, and whenever there shall be occasion.' To which the chaplain answered, 'Nevertheless, Signor Neptune, it would not be well at present to provoke Signor Jupiter; therefore, I beseech you, remain where you are, and when we have more leisure and a better opportunity, we will return for you.' The rector and the rest of the party laughed, and put the chaplain quite out of countenance. In short the licentiate was immediately disrobed, and he remained in confinement; and there is an end of my story."

"This, then, Master Barber," said Don Quixote, "is the story which was so much to the purpose that you could not forbear telling it? Ah, Signor Cut-beard! Signor Cut-beard! he must be blind indeed who cannot see through a sieve! Is it possible you should be ignorant that comparisons of all kinds, whether as to sense, courage, beauty or rank, are always offensive? I, Master Barber, am not Neptune, god of the waters, nor do I set myself up for a wise man; all I aim at is to convince the world of its error in not reviving those happy times when the order of knight-errantry flourished. But this our degenerate age deserves not to enjoy so great a blessing as that which was the boast of former ages, when knights-errant took upon themselves the defence of kingdoms, the protection of orphans, the relief of damsels, the chastisement of the haughty, and the reward of the humble. The knights of these times rustle in damask and brocade, rather than in coats of mail. Where is the knight now who will lie in the open field, exposed to the rigor of the heavens, in complete armor from head to foot? or leaning on his lance, take a short nap without quitting his stirrups, like the knights-errant of old times? You have no one now who, issuing out of a forest, ascends some mountain, and thence traverses a barren and desert shore of the sea, commonly stormy and tempestuous; and, finding on the beach a small skiff, without oars, sail, mast or tackle of any kind, he boldly throws himself into it, committing himself to the implacable billows of the deep ocean, which now mount him up to the skies, and then cast him down to the abyss; and he, opposing his courage to the irresistible hurricane, suddenly finds himself above three thousand leagues from the place where he embarked; and, leaping on the remote and unknown shore, encounters accidents worthy to be recorded, not on parchment, but on brass.

"But in these days, sloth triumphs over activity, idleness over labor, vice over virtue, arrogance over bravery, and the theory over the practice of arms, which only existed and flourished with knights-errant in those ages of gold. For, tell me, I pray, where was there so much valor and virtue to be found as in Amadis de Gaul? Who was more discreet than Palmerin of England? Who more affable and obliging than Tirante the White? Who more gallant than Lisuarte of Greece? Who gave or received more cuts and slashes than Don Belianis? Who was more intrepid than Perion of Gaul? Who more enterprising than Felixmarte of Hyrcania? Who more sincere than Esplandian? Who more daring than Don Ciriongilio of Thrace? Who more brave than Rodomonte? Who more prudent than King Sobrino? Who more intrepid than Rinaldo? Who more invincible than Orlando? And who more gallant and courteous than Ruggierio, from whom, according to Turpin's Cosmography, the present dukes of Ferrara are descended? All these and others that I could name, Master Priest, were knights-errant, and the light of chivalry; and such as these are the men I would advise his majesty to employ. He then would be well served, a vast expense would be spared, and the Turk might go tear his beard for very madness. So now I will stay at home, since the chaplain does not fetch me out; and if Jupiter is determined to withhold his rain, here am I, who will rain whenever I think proper--Goodman Basin will see that I understand him."

Sancho Panza and the Duchess.

Sancho Panza did not take his afternoon sleep, but in compliance with his promise went immediately after his dinner to see the duchess, who, being delighted to hear him talk, desired him to sit down by her on a stool, although Sancho, out of pure good manners, would have declined it; but the duchess told him that he must be seated as a governor and talk as a squire, since in both those capacities he deserved the very seat of the famous champion Cid Ruy Diaz. Sancho therefore submitted, and placed himself close by the duchess, while all her damsels and duennas drew near and stood in silent attention to hear the conversation. "Now that we are alone," said the duchess, "where nobody can overhear us, I wish Signor Governor would satisfy me as to certain doubts that have arisen from the printed history of the great Don Quixote: one of which is that as honest Sancho never saw Dulcinea—I mean the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso—nor delivered to her the letter of Don Quixote, which was left in the pocket-book in the Sierra Morena, I would be glad to know how he could presume to feign an answer to that letter, or assert that he found her win-

nowing wheat, which he must have known to be altogether false, and much to the prejudice of the peerless Dulcinea's character, as well as inconsistent with the duty and fidelity of a trusty squire."

At these words, without making any reply, Sancho got up from his stool, and with his body bent, and the tip of his forefinger on his lips, he stepped softly round the room, lifting up the hangings; this done, he sat himself down again, and said, "Now, madam, that I am sure nobody but the company present can hear us, I will answer, without fear, to all you ask of me. The first thing I tell you is that I take my master, Don Quixote, for a downright madman; and though sometimes he will talk in a way which, to my thinking, and in the opinion of all who hear him, is so much to the purpose that Satan himself could not speak better, yet, for all that, I believe him to be really and truly mad. Now, this being so, as in my mind it is, nothing is more easy than to make him believe anything, though it has neither head nor tail; like that affair of the answer to the letter, and another matter of some six or eight days' standing, which is not yet in print—I mean the enchantment of my mistress, Donna Dulcinea, for you must know I made him believe she was enchanted, though it was no more true than that the moon is a horn lantern."

The duchess desired him to tell her the particulars of that enchantment or jest; and Sancho recounted the whole exactly as it had passed, very much to the entertainment of his hearers. "From what honest Sancho has told me," said the duchess, "a certain scruple troubles me, and something whispers in my ear, saying, 'Since Don Quixote de la Mancha is such a lunatic and simpleton, surely Sancho Panza, his squire, who knows it, and yet follows and serves him, relying on his vain promises, must be more mad than his master! Now, this being the case, it will surely turn to bad account, lady duchess, if to such a Sancho Panza thou givest an island to govern; for how should he who rules himself so ill be able to govern others?'"

"Faith, madam," quoth Sancho, "that same scruple is an honest scruple, and need not speak in a whisper, but plain out, or as it lists, for I know it says true, and had been wise, I should long since have left my master; but such is my lot, or such my evil-errantry, I cannot help it—follow him I must: we are both of the same town, I have eaten his bread, I love him, and he returns my love; he gave me his ass-colts; above all, I am faithful, so that nothing in the world can part us but the sexton's spade and shovel; and if your highness does not choose to give me the government you promised, God made me without it, and perhaps it may be all the better for my conscience if I do not get it; for, fool as I am, I understand the proverb, 'The pismire had wings to her sorrow;' and perhaps it may be easier for Sancho the squire to get to heaven than for Sancho the governor. They make as good bread here as in France, and by night all cats are gray; unhappy he who has not breakfasted at three; and no stomach is a span bigger than another, and may be filled, as they say, with straw or with hay. Of the little birds in the air, God himself takes care; and four yards of coarse cloth of Cuenza are warmer than as many of fine Segovia serge; and in traveling from this world to the next the road is no wider for the prince than the peasant. The Pope's body takes up no more room than that of the sexton, though a loftier person; for in the grave we must pack close together, whether we like it or not; so good night to all. And let me tell you again that if your highness will not give me the island because I am a fool, I will be wise enough not to care a fig for it. I have heard say the devil lurks behind the cross: all is not gold that glitters. From the plough-tail Bamba was raised to the throne of Spain, and from his riches and revels was Roderigo cast down to be devoured by serpents, if ancient ballads tell the truth."

"And how should they lie?" said the duenna Rodriguez, who was among the attendants. "I remember one that relates to a king named Roderigo, who was shut up all alive in a tomb full of toads, snakes and lizards; and how, after two days' imprisonment his voice was heard from the tomb, crying in a dolorous tone, 'Now they gnaw me, now they gnaw me, in the part by which I sinned the most!' And, according to this, the gentleman has much reason to say he would rather be a poor laborer than a king, to be devoured by such vermin."

The duchess was highly amused with Sancho's proverbs and philosophy, as well as the simplicity of her duenna. "My good knight Sancho knows full well," said she, "that the promise of a knight is held so sacred by him that he will perform it even at the expense of life. The duke, my lord and husband, though he is not of the errant order, is nevertheless a knight, and therefore will infallibly keep his word as to the promised government. Let Sancho, then, be of good cheer; for in spite of the envy and malice of the world, before he is aware of it he may find himself seated in the state chair of his island and territory, in full possession of a government for which he would refuse one of brocade three stories high. What I charge him is to take heed how he govern his vassals, and forget not that they are well born and of approved loyalty." "As to the matter of governing," answered Sancho, "let me alone for that. I am naturally charitable and good to the poor, and 'None shall dare the loaf to steal from him that sifts and kneads the meal.' By my beads! they shall put no false dice upon me. An old dog is not to be coaxed with a crust, and I know how to snuff my eyes and keep the cobwebs from them; for I can tell where the shoe pinches. All this I say to assure your highness that the good shall have me hand and heart, while the bad shall find neither one nor t'other. And as to governing well, the main point, in my mind, is to make a good beginning; and that being done, who knows but that by the time I have been fifteen days a governor, my fingers may get so nimble in the office that they will manage it better than the drudgery I was bred to in the field?"

"You are in the right, Sancho," quoth the duchess, "for everything needs time; men are not scholars at their birth, and bishops are made of men, not of stones. But to return to the subject we were just now upon, concerning the transformation of the Lady Dulcinea. I have reason to think that Sancho's artifice to deceive his master, and make him believe the peasant girl to be Dulcinea enchanted, was, in fact, all a contrivance of some one of the magicians who persecute Don

Quixote; for, really and in truth, I know from very good authority that the country wench who so lightly sprung from her ass was verily Dulcinea del Toboso herself, and that my good Sancho, in thinking he had deceived his master, was himself much more deceived; and there is no more doubt of this than of any other things that we never saw. For Signor Sancho Panza must know that here also we have our enchanters, who favor us and tell us faithfully all that passes in the world: and believe me, Sancho, the jumping wench was really Dulcinea, and is as certainly enchanted as the mother that bore her; and when we least expect it, we shall see her again in her own true shape: then will Sancho discover that it was he who has been imposed upon, and not his master."

"Well," quoth Sancho Panza, "if my lady be enchanted, so much the worse for her. I do not think myself bound to quarrel with my master's enemies, for they must needs be many and very wicked ones, too. Still I must say, and it cannot be denied, that she I saw was a country wench; a country wench at least I took her to be, and such I thought her; and if that same lass really happened to be Dulcinea, I am not to be called to account for it, nor ought it to be laid at my door. Sancho, truly, would have enough to do if he must answer for all, and at every turn to be told that Sancho said it, Sancho did it, Sancho came back, Sancho returned; as if Sancho were any body they pleased, and not that very Sancho Panza handed about in print all the world over, as Sampson Carrasco told me, who, at least, has been bachelorized at Salamanca; and such persons cannot lie, unless they have a mind to do so, or when it may turn to good account; so that there is no reason to meddle or make with me, since I have a good name, and, as I have heard my master say, a good name is better than bags of gold. Case me but in that same government, and you shall see wonders, for a good squire will make a good governor."

"Sancho speaks like an oracle," quoth the duchess; "but, as it grows late, go, Sancho, and repose yourself, and we will talk of these matters again hereafter, and orders shall speedily be given about casing you, as you call it, in the government."

EDUCATION.

Our word educate comes from two Latin words *e* and *duco,* meaning literally *to lead out,* or *to lead forth.* Thus to educate a person is to lead him out from an unthinking, unknowing state into a conscious knowledge of the world and his relation to it. All civilized peoples have recognized the need of a certain prescribed training for the young, this undergoing constant change as the ideas and ideals of each nation developed. In antiquity, education was rudimentary indeed; in Greece and Rome, while more ample, it was reserved for the favored few; in the Middle Ages learning was bound down by the fetters of authority. In modern times it has continued to grow more abundant until today the educational systems maintained by the states of our republic exceed anything previously known.

No country has more generously contributed to the maintenance of schools than the United States. The famous Ordinance of 1787 sounded the note that has echoed since from one portion of the land to other portions, as these in turn have been reclaimed from wildernesses to habitations for men. "Education, morality and religion, being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged." So schools have multiplied, colleges been raised, until single states now embrace more than several European countries. Providing instruction for the youngest and crowning its system by a state university, surely it is evident that the training of the youth is not being neglected in our states. In the city of Chicago, for example, it is possible for a child to enter a kindergarten and take his doctorate at the university, under one system from beginning to end.

Yet it is apparent that many problems of education are still unsolved. Serious indeed is the charge that the children of the country possess less vitality than those of two generations ago; nor is the lack of physical endurance noticeable alone among the children. Where are the fathers of today who could survive such a winter as Washington's soldiers spent at Valley Forge, and how many families as we meet them could rise above the privations of pioneering, as did our early settlers?

It is evident at once that the lack of vigor in the children of today involves conditions other than those of the school. Indeed, many a so-called "school problem" would be found, upon slight examination, to be in reality a problem involving our entire modern system of living.

Quickly the schools have responded to the demand for improved living conditions for the children. Few cities today that have not inaugurated open-air school rooms and various facilities for out-of-door exercise. However, it should be noted in this connection that so long as families continue to house as they do in insufficient quarters, whether in the disheartening tenements or in the more elaborate city apartments, if these be devoid of sunshine and wholesome air, the schools will be powerless to produce noticeable improvement in the vitality of children, generally speaking. Nor should the matter of proper food and sleep be forgotten.

Two generations ago children had duties other than those relating to their school life. Boys helped in the gardens and on the farms, and girls knew from tender years the functions of the household. Since large cities have quickly developed, the majority, perhaps, have come to live under conditions, which, to a marked extent, eliminate the opportunity for these earlier activities. Accordingly, with this change has come a demand for manual training in the schools. Girls are now being taught to properly set a table, to make palatable dishes, to sew and become accomplished with the needle; boys are trained to use tools and to grow seeds and plants. Here again have new duties been thrust upon the schools by changed conditions in the method of living.

Whereas, men were formerly content to earn a living and comfortably provide for their families, the spectacle of fortunes amassed within a few brief years has tended to stimulate all to wish to improve their lot and add to their substance as rapidly as possible. For this reason parents begrudge the years their children spend with the purely cultural branches, and they have demanded and are demanding that the public system prepare the young for immediate entrance upon money-making vocations. To meet this desire, schools have added business courses to their curriculums, and in several cities it is possible for boys in the public schools to learn trades during those years formerly given up to the ordinary school branches.

Finally, present-day life, causing humanity to mass in crowded centers, has produced moral conditions unknown of a hundred years ago. The hold of the church and the home upon the child has steadily lessened and the dangers confronting him have multiplied, and here again has the demand been made that the schools shall train children ethically—no religious instruction so far devised being deemed either sufficiently liberal on the one hand, or sufficiently narrow on the other, to meet the needs of all.

When one stops to reflect that the public schools of the United States are today struggling—in one part of the country or the other—with the bathing, feeding, strengthening, teaching, not only those branches long conceded to regular school life, but others which recently have been so considered; when teachers are constantly told that with them rests the future Republic, industrially, intellectually, politically, morally, is it any wonder that "problems" continue to overwhelm the educator, give occasion for civic clubs to busy themselves in school affairs, and to print lengthy treatises overburdening our journals with pros and cons? Add to this the fact that the great majority of teachers hold their positions dependent upon the favor of those who are themselves periodically subjected to popular vote, and one has a situation that invites consideration and merits thought.

While it is impossible to foresee the adjustments that may result from present day agitation of school problems, one may well wonder if some savior of his generation may not arise to sing, not of war, but of the limitations of the school, however perfect; of the abiding duties of parents and the obligations of the home; to say so effectively that men will heed the saying that so long as the state requires much of its teachers and nothing of its parents, so long as many years of training are obligatory to the slightest position in the public schools wherein children remain for six hours daily, and not one month for those who have in their keeping the other eighteen hours, that the school must continue to present its problems—the state to build reformatories and prisons.

There being at the present time no crystallized theory, generally accepted and successfully applied, to offer, phases of education as viewed by educators are cited for their suggestive value. Some views are at direct contradiction to others, as we should meet them in conversation with any dozen people who are earnestly thinking along these lines. From those whose cry of warning is "The Slaughter of the Innocents!" to the satisfied citizen who believes all reasonable needs to have been met, and not forgetting the cynic who sneers that they never will be met, harping ever upon the old-time education, modified expressions of these widely divergent opinions can be paralleled in any club or assembly. Nor should the original conception be lost sight of, however tangled the way may become, to educate is to lead out, from the known to the unknown, from darkness to the light, from the prejudice of localities to the universality of the world.

SCHOOLS AND EDUCATION.

AT a recent meeting of the National Educational Association, the Chairman of the Committee having in charge this topic, "The Culture Element and Economy of Time in Education," began his report with the following words: "Last year, by error, the subject was printed on the program, 'The Culture Element in Education;' this year it reads, 'The Culture Element and Economy of Time in Education,' next year it will probably read, 'Economy of Time in Education;' and the next year it may read, 'The Reorganization of American Education.'"

One of the important educators who discussed the report said: "During the year the chorus of dissatisfaction with the results of our educational system from the layworld, as well as from members of our own profession, has grown louder and louder. I view with satisfaction the turning of the tide of sentiment toward the problem of discovering and saving the scholar, and of finding and providing for others educational paths that lead to efficient activities."

These utterances from the "intellectuals" themselves gave heart of grace to the masses—to parents, students, leaders, women's clubs, teachers, social workers and others who, in spite of much expense of time and strength given to organized effort, have in the main been too timid to give tongue to the bold belief above quoted. The organized layman has not been powerful to any great extent in educational reform, because necessarily his ranks are recruited from the workers of the world. To the business man, the ever engrossed mother, the philanthropist and the often over-worked teacher, the problems of the school are most pressing and insistent. Yet these groups of people, from lack of time, and in many instances wanting the trained mind, can not work man to man with the profession, and, therefore, are not potent in bringing the so ardently desired new order which is aptly phrased by the great scholar, as the "Reorganization of American Education."

To them, if they will be the leaven in this exalted undertaking—as they should be, on account of practical world knowledge and the wider experience of conditions—must be brought in simple direct fashion the light and leading which comes through the study of the history and problems of the past.

A few illustrations from The World's Progress may make the demonstration.

Suppose years ago the layman had realized the playground idea, as exemplified in the "Social Life of Greece." Quoting a few words from page 435, Part II:

"The gymnastic training was given in special open fields, reserved in various parts of the city. Here under the direction of a master, boys learned to wrestle, box, run, jump, throw the discus, and cast the spear. After energetic exercises of this kind they took a plunge in water, which was also provided near by, that they might learn to swim, etc." If this "long view," doubtless known in all its phases by the cult, could have been as familiar to the early city builders, many of the moral and physical evils of this nation would never have existed.

Again, the constantly discussed subject of the over crowded curriculum by educational bodies, as well as among the laity, ends too often with the query, what after all should be the foundation of an education suitable to the children of a democracy? Possibly the answer which would suit the ordinary mind is at hand in Part IV, page 470 of this work, in the very interesting account of Schools and Education in the Middle Age, quoting:

"Learning was divided into seven branches: grammar, rhetoric, dialectics, music, arithmetic, geometry and astronomy. The first three were the more elementary, the remaining four, the studies for advanced students." Not a weak platform to say the least upon which to begin the aforesaid "reorganization."

Again on page 471, Part IV, comes the fascinating story of Charlemagne, which conveys this day's lesson so perfectly. "Although he (Charlemagne) never had opportunity for learning, until he was a middle aged man, and could never write his name, he was ambitious for his own children and those of his kingdom. All his life he used his influence in favor of thorough study. He exhorted the churches to be more accurate in their work—not to mispronounce words in their singing and not to allow crudities to slip into their speech." An extract from his famous letter to the Abbots of monasteries is not inappropriate to even a president's message itself in this day of careless and slangy speech, which is fast doing away with English "pure and undefiled." "During the past year we have often received letters from different monasteries informing us that at their sacred services the brethren offered up prayers on our behalf; and we have observed that the thoughts contained in these letters, though in themselves most just, were expressed in uncouth language, and while pious devotion dictated the sentiments, the unlettered tongue was unable to express them aright."

Many other examples carrying stimulating lessons might be cited. Not only then through this work is there the opportunity for comparison and contrast, with its consequent enlightenment, but of great value also, are lists of references and topics, if one has inclination to follow up a theme.

Especially does this presentation appeal to the untrained or busy investigator.

Among the latter to some degree may be classed perhaps the organized women's clubs of this and other countries. The foundation of this mighty body known as the General Federation of Women's Clubs, which now has a membership of over half a million women, extending into almost every city and town in our own land—was and is the literary club. In the beginning these clubs or societies were organized partly because of the opportunity offered for social intercourse, but mainly in case of many older women to supplement the lack of educational opportunities, which prevailed before liberal training was as available as it is today.

The evolution of this idea has been interesting and wonderful. It soon came to be realized that literature is life, and that study and mental culture upon any subject may be classified as "literary." So out of the rather restricted beginning has come not only the study of literature, but art, philosophy, music, science, philanthropy, civics, legislation and many living subjects.

With this advance, however, has come also in many instances the change in the club program, which, while perhaps following the trend of the time, is not wholly advantageous, nor will it build a permanent structure. In the old day before the broader activities of the literary club absorbed the time of its members, the lectures, papers and discussions were wholly the product of the work and study of the individual member of the organization, to her infinite advantage. With the later day has come all too frequently the paid lecturer or the miscellaneous or purely entertaining program.

Doubtless much of this change has been brought about by the hurry and rush of life with its many demands, and the difficulty of giving time for proper research. For this reason this present work appeals, in that it gives interesting and delightful facts without the masses of dry details, while the supplementary reading and study outlines make discussion and investigation a pleasure.

It must never be forgotten that with the other great work of the women's clubs, their highest and best attainment has been the surprising stimulus which has been given to the study of literature, science and history in hundreds of homes and communities, because of the membership and activities of the women of the literary and study clubs, and a work of this nature brings within easy access treasures of the educational and literary world to the busy club member, which will stimulate anew the fundamental idea of the club movement, viz., the Literary Club, which is, after all, the medium through which it has attained its present proportions and great achievements.

Development.

The aim and object of parental care, in the domestic and family circle, is to awaken and develop, to quicken all the powers and natural gifts of the child, to enable all the members and organs of man to fulfill the requirements of the child's powers and gifts. The natural mother does all this instinctively, without instruction and direction; but this is not enough; it is needful that she should do it consciously, as a conscious being acting upon another being which is growing into consciousness, and consciously tending toward the continuous development of the human being, in a certain inner living connection.

The child—your child, ye fathers—follows you wherever you are, wherever you go, in whatever you do. Do not harshly repel him; show no impatience about his ever-recur-ring questions. Every harshly repelling word crushes a bud or shoot of his tree of life. Do not, however, tell him in words much more than he could find himself without your words. For it is, of course, easier to hear the answer from another, perhaps, to only half hear and understand it, than it is to seek and discover it himself. To have found one-fourth of the answer by his own efforts is of more value and importance to the child than it is to half hear and half understand it in the words of another; for this causes mental indolence. Do not, therefore, always answer your children's questions at once and directly; but as soon as they have gathered sufficient strength and experience, furnish them with the means to find the answers in the sphere of their own knowledge.

On the part of parents and educators the period of infancy demands chiefly *fostering care.* During the succeeding period of childhood, which looks upon man predominantly as a unit, and would lead him to unity, *training* prevails. The period of boyhood leads man chiefly to the consideration of particular relationships and individual things, in order to enable him later on to discover their inner unity. The inner tendencies and relationships of individual things and conditions are sought and established.

Such a process constitutes the *school* in the widest sense of the word. The school, then, leads man to a knowledge of external things, and of their nature in accordance with the particular and general laws that lie in them; by the presentation of the external, the individual, the particular, it leads man to a knowledge of the internal, of unity, of the universal. Therefore, on entering the period of boyhood, man becomes at the same time a *schoolboy.* With this period, school begins for him, be it in the home or out of it, and taught by the father, the members of the family, or a teacher. School, then, means here by no means the schoolroom, nor schoolkeeping, but *the conscious communication of knowledge, for a definite purpose and in definite inner connection.*

On the other hand, as it has appeared and continues to appear in every aspect, the development and cultivation of man, for the attainment of his destiny, and the fulfillment of his mission, constitute an unbroken whole, steadily and continuously progressing, gradually ascending. The feeling of community, awakened in the infant, becomes in the child impulse, inclination; these lead to the formation of the disposition and of the heart and arouse in the boy his intellect and will. *To give firmness to the will, to quicken it, and to make it pure, strong, and enduring, in a life of pure humanity, is the chief concern, the main object in the guidance of the boy, in instruction and the school.*

Will is the mental activity, ever consciously proceeding from a definite point in a definite direction towards a definite object, in harmony with the man's nature as a whole. This statement contains everything, and indicates all that parent and educator, teacher and school, should be or should give to the boy in example and precept during these years. The starting point of all mental activity in the boy should be energetic and sound; the source whence it flows, pure, clear, and ever flowing; the direction, simple, definite; the object, fixed, clear, living and life giving, elevating, worthy of the effort, worthy of the destiny and mission of man, worthy of his essential nature, and tending to develop it and give it full expression.

Instruction in example and in words, which later on become precept and example, furnishes the means for this. Neither example alone nor words alone will do: not example alone, for it is particular and special, and the word is needed to give to particular individual examples universal applicability; not words alone, for example is needed to interpret and explain the word which is general, spiritual, and of many meanings. But instruction and example alone and in themselves are not sufficient; they must meet a good, pure heart, and this is an outcome of proper educational influences in childhood.

In the family the child sees the parents, and other members at work, producing, doing something; the same he notices with adults generally in life and in those active interests with which his family is concerned. Consequently, the child, at this stage, would like himself to represent what he sees. He would like to represent—and tries to do so—all he sees his parents and other adults do and represent in work, all which he thus sees represented by human power and human skill.

What formerly the *child* did only *for the sake of the activity,* the *boy* now does *for the sake of the result* or product of his activity; the child's instinct of activity has in the boy become a *formative instinct,* and this occupies the whole outward life, the outward manifestation of boy life at this period. How cheerfully and eagerly the boy and girl at this age begin to share the work of father and mother—not the easy work, indeed, but the difficult work, calling for strength and labor!

By no means, however, do all the plays and occupations of boys at this age aim at the representation of things; on the contrary, many are predominantly mere practice and trials of strength, and many aim simply at display of strength. Nevertheless, the play of this period always bears a peculiar character, corresponding with its inner life. For, while during the previous period of childhood the aim of play consisted simply in *activity* as such, its aim lies now in a *definite, conscious purpose;* it seeks *representation* as such, or the thing to be represented in the activity. This character is developed more and more in the free boyish games as the boys advance in age.

It is the sense of rare and reliable power, the sense of its increase, both as an individual and as a member of the group, that fills the boy with all-pervading, jubilant joy during these games. It is by no means, however, only the physical power that is fed and strengthened in these gains; intellectual and moral power, too, is definitely and steadily gained and brought under control. Indeed, a comparison of the relative gains of the mental and of the physical phases would scarcely yield the palm to the body. Justice, moderation, self-control, truthfulness, loyalty, brotherly love, and, again, strict impartiality—who, when he approaches a group of boys engaged in such games, could fail to catch the fragrance of these delicious blossomings of the heart and mind, and of a firm will; not to mention the beautiful, though perhaps less fragrant blossoms of courage, perseverance, resolution, prudence, together with the severe elimination of indolent indulgence? Whoever would inhale a fresh, quickening breath of life, should visit the playgrounds of such boys.

The existence of the present teaches man the existence of the past. This, too, which was before he was, he would know. Then there is developed in the boy at this age the desire and craving for tales, for legends, for all kinds of stories, and later on for historical accounts. This craving, especially in its first appearance, is very intense; so much so, that, when others fail to gratify it, the boys seek to gratify it themselves, particularly on days of leisure, and in times when the regular employments of the day are ended.

Man is by no means naturally bad, nor has he originally bad or evil qualities or tendencies; unless, indeed, we consider as naturally evil, bad, and faulty, the *finite,* the *material,* the *transitory,* the *physical,* as such, and the logical consequences of the existing of these phenomena, namely, that man must have the possibility of failure in order to be good and virtuous, that he must be able to make himself a slave in order to be truly free. Yet these things are the necessary concomitants of the manifestation of the eternal in the temporal, of unity in diversity, and follow necessarily from man's destiny to become a conscious, reasonable, and free being.

A suppressed or perverted good quality—a good tendency, only repressed, misunderstood, or misguided—lies originally at the bottom of every shortcoming in man. Hence, the only and infallible remedy for counteracting any shortcomings and even wickedness is to find the originally good source, the originally good side of the human being that has been repressed, disturbed, or misled into the shortcoming, and then to foster, build up, and properly guide this good side. Thus the shortcoming will at last disappear, although it may involve a hard struggle *against habit, but not against original depravity* in man; and this is accomplished so much the more rapidly and surely because man himself tends to abandon his shortcomings, for man prefers right to wrong. —*Froebel.*

THE CHILD'S EDUCATION.

No education would be worth a jot that resulted in a loss of manliness and lightness of heart. So long as there is joy in the child's face, ardor and enthusiasm in all his games, so long as happiness accompanies most of his impressions, there is nothing to fear. Short moments of self-subjugation quickly followed by new interests and new joys do not dishearten. To see peace and happiness resulting from habits of order and obedience is the true preparation for social life.

Be in no hurry to get on, but make the first step sound before moving; in this way you will avoid confusion and waste.

Order, exactness, completion—alas, not thus was my character formed. And in the case of my own child in particular, I am in great danger of being blinded by his quickness and rapid progress, and, dazzled by the unusual extent of his knowledge, of forgetting how much ignorance lurks behind this apparent development, and how much has yet to be done before we can go farther. Completeness, orderliness, absence of confusion—what important points.

Lead your child out into nature, teach him on the hilltops and in the valleys. There he will listen better, and the sense of freedom will give him more strength to overcome difficulties. But in these hours of freedom, let him be taught by Nature rather than by you. Let him fully realize that she is the real teacher, and that you, with your art, do nothing more than walk quietly at her side. Should a bird sing or an insect hum on a leaf, at once stop your talk; bird and insect are teaching him; you may be silent.

I would say to the teacher, be thoroughly convinced of the immense value of liberty; do not let vanity make you anxious to see your efforts producing premature fruit; let your child be as free as possible, and seek diligently for every means of insuring his liberty, peace of mind and good humor. Teach him absolutely nothing by words that you can teach him by the things themselves; let him see for himself, hear, find out, fall, pick himself up, make mistakes; no word, in short, when action is possible. What he can do for himself, let him do it; let him always be occupied, always active; and let the time you leave him to himself represent by far the greatest part of his childhood. You will then see that nature teaches him better than men. . . .

The path of nature, which develops the forces of humanity, must be easy and open to all; education, which brings true wisdom and peace of mind, must be simple and within everybody's reach. . . .

Thou who wouldst be a father to thy child, do not expect too much of him till his mind has been strengthened by practice in the things he can understand; and beware of harshness and constraint. . . ,

When men are anxious to go too fast, and are not satisfied with nature's method of development, they imperil their inward strength, and destroy the peace and harmony of their souls. . . .

The schools hastily substitute an artificial method of words for the truer method of nature, which knows no hurry, and is content to wait. . . . —*Pestalozzi.*

EDUCATION AND LIFE.

How to live? That is the essential question for us. Not how to live in the mere material sense only, but in the widest sense. The general problem which comprehends every special problem is, the right ruling of conduct in all directions under all circumstances. In what way to treat the body; in what way to treat the mind; in what way to manage our affairs; in what way to bring up a family; in what way to behave as a citizen; in what way to utilize all those sources of happiness which nature supplies; how to use our faculties to the greatest advantage of ourselves and others; how to live completely? And this being the great thing needful for us to learn, is, by consequence, the great thing which education has to teach. To prepare us for complete living is the function which education has to discharge; and the only rational mode of judging of any educational course is, to judge in what degree it discharges such function.

This test, never used in its entirety, but rarely even partially used, and used then in a vague, half-conscious way, has to be applied consciously, methodically, and throughout all cases. It behooves us to set before ourselves, and ever to keep clearly in view, complete living as the end to be achieved; so that in bringing up our children we may choose subjects and methods of instruction with deliberate reference to this end. Not only ought we to cease from the mere unthinking adoption of the current fashion in education, which has no better warrant than any other fashion, but we must also rise above that rude, empirical style of judging displayed by those more intelligent people who do bestow some care in overseeing the cultivation of their children's minds. It must not suffice simply to *think* that such or such information will be useful in after life, or that this kind of knowledge is of more practical value than that; but we must seek out some process of estimating their respective values, so that as far as possible we may positively *know* which are most deserving of attention.

Doubtless the task is difficult—perhaps never to be more than approximately achieved. But considering the vastness of the interests at stake, its difficulty is no reason for pusillanimously passing it by, but rather for devoting every energy to its mastery. And if we only proceed systematically, we may very soon get at results of no small moment.

Our first step must obviously be to classify, in the order of their importance, the leading kinds of activity which constitute human life. They may naturally be arranged into: 1. Those activities which directly minister to self-preservation. 2. Those activities which, by securing the necessaries of life, indirectly minister to self-preservation. 3. Those activities which have for their end the rearing and discipline of offspring. 4. Those activities which are involved in the maintenance of proper social and political relations. 5. Those miscellaneous activities which make up the leisure part of life, devoted to the gratification of the tastes and feelings.

That these stand in something like their true order of subordination, it needs no long consideration to show. The actions and precautions by which, from moment to moment, we secure personal safety must clearly take precedence of all others. Could there be a man ignorant as an infant of all surrounding objects and movements, or how to guide himself among them, he would pretty certainly lose his life the first time he went into the street, notwithstanding any amount of learning he might have on other matters. And as entire ignorance in all other directions would be less promptly fatal than entire ignorance in this direction, it must be admitted that knowledge immediately conducive to self-preservation is of primary importance.

That next after direct self-preservation comes the indirect self-preservation, which consists in acquiring the means of living, none will question. That a man's industrial functions must be considered before his parental ones is manifest from the fact, that, speaking generally, the discharge of the parental functions is made possible only by the previous discharge of the industrial ones. The power of self-maintenance necessarily preceding the power of maintaining offspring, it follows that knowledge needful for self-maintenance has stronger claims than knowledge for family welfare—is second in value to none save knowledge needful for immediate self-preservation.

As the family comes before the state in order of time—as the bringing up of children is possible before the state exists, or when it has ceased to be, whereas the state is rendered possible only by the bringing up of children—it follows that the duties of the parent demand closer attention than those of the citizen. Or, to use a further argument, since the goodness of a society ultimately depends on the nature of its citizens, and since the nature of its citizens is more modifiable by early training than by anything else, we must conclude that the welfare of the family underlies the welfare of society. And hence knowledge directly conducing to the first must take precedence of knowledge directly conducing to the last.

Those various forms of pleasurable occupation which fill up the leisure left by graver occupations—the enjoyment of music, poetry, painting, etc.—manifestly imply a pre-existing society. Not only is a considerable development of them impossible without a long-established social union, but their very subject-matter consists in great part of social sentiments and sympathies. Not only does society supply the conditions to their growth, but also the ideas and sentiments they express. And consequently that part of human conduct which constitutes good citizenship is of more moment than that which goes out in accomplishments or exercise of the tastes; and, in education, preparation for the one must rank before preparation for the other.

Such then, we repeat, is something like the rational order of subordination: That education which prepares for direct self-preservation; that which prepares for indirect self-preservation; that which prepares for parenthood; that which prepares for citizenship; that which prepares for the miscellaneous refinements of life. We do not mean to say that these divisions are definitely separable. We do not deny that they are intricately entangled with each other in such way that there can be no training for any that is not in some measure a training for all. Nor do we question that of each division there are portions more important than certain portions of the preceding divisions: That, for instance, a man of much skill in business, but little other faculty, may fall farther below the standard of complete living than one of but moderate power of acquiring money but great judgment as a parent; or that exhaustive information bearing on right social action, joined with entire want of general culture in literature and the fine arts, is less desirable than a more moderate share of the one joined with some of the other. But after making all qualifications, there still remain these broadly marked divisions; and it still continues substantially true that these divisions subordinate one another in the foregoing order, because the corresponding divisions of life make one another *possible* in that order.

Of course the ideal of education is complete preparation in all these divisions. But failing this ideal, as in our phase of civilization every one must do more or less, the aim should be to maintain *a due proportion* between the degrees of preparation in each. Not exhaustive cultivation in any one, supremely important though it may be,—not even an exclusive attention to the two, three, or four divisions of greatest importance; but an attention to all—greatest where the value is greatest, less where the value is less, least where the value is least. For the average man (not to forget the cases in which peculiar aptitude for some one department of knowledge rightly makes that one the bread-winning occupation)—for the average man, we say, the desideratum is a training that approaches nearest to perfection in the things which most subserve complete living, and falls more and more below perfection in the things that have more and more remote bearings on complete living.

—*Herbert Spencer.*

THE COMMON SCHOOL.

Without undervaluing any other human agency, it may be safely affirmed that the common school, improved and energized as it can easily be, may become the most effective and benignant of all the forces of civilization. Two reasons sustain this position. In the first place, there is a universality in its operation, which can be affirmed of no other institution whatever. If administered in the spirit of justice and conciliation, all the rising generation may be brought within the circle of its reformatory and elevating influences. And, in the second place, the materials upon which it operate, are so pliant and ductile as to be susceptible of assuming a greater variety of forms than any other earthly work of the Creator. The inflexibility and ruggedness of the oak, when compared with the lithe sapling or the tender germ, are but feeble emblems to typify the docility of childhood when contrasted with the obduracy and intractableness of man. It is these inherent advantages of the common school, which, in our own state, have produced results so striking, from a system so imperfect, and an administration so feeble. In teaching the blind and the deaf and dumb, in kindling the latent spark of intelligence that lurks in an idiot's mind, and in the more holy work of reforming abandoned and outcast children, education has proved what it can do by glorious experiments. These wonders it has done in its infancy, and with the lights of a limited experience; but when its faculties shall be fully developed, when it shall be trained to wield its mighty energies for the protection of society against the giant vices which now invade and torment it,—against intemperance, avarice, war, slavery, bigotry, the woes of want, and the wickedness of waste,—then there will not be a height to which these enemies of the race can escape which it will not scale, nor a Titan among them all whom it will not slay.

I proceed, then, in endeavoring to show how the true business of the schoolroom connects itself, and becomes identical, with the great interests of society. The former is the infant, immature state of these interests; the latter, their developed, adult state. As "the child is father to the man," so may the training of the schoolroom expand into the institutions and fortunes of the state. —*Herbert Spencer.*

Physical Education.

My general conclusion, then, under this head, is that it is the duty of all the governing minds in society—whether in office or out of it—to diffuse a knowledge of these beautiful and beneficent laws of health and life throughout the length and breadth of the state; to popularize them; to make them, in the first place, the common acquisition of all, and through education and custom the common inheritance of all, so that the healthful habits naturally growing out of their observance shall be inbred in the people, exemplified in the personal régime of each individual, incorporated into the economy of every household, observable in all private dwellings, and in all public edifices, especially in those buildings which are erected by capitalists for the residence of their work people, or for renting to the poorer classes; obeyed by supplying cities with pure water; by providing public baths, public walks, and public squares; by rural cemeteries; by the drainage and sewerage of populous towns, and by whatever else may promote the general salubrity of the atmosphere; in fine, by a religious observance of all those sanitary regulations with which modern science has blessed the world.

For this thorough diffusion of sanitary intelligence, the common school is the only agency. It is, however, an adequate agency. Let human physiology be introduced as an indispensable branch of study into our public schools; let no teacher be approved who is not master of its leading principles, and of their application to the varying circumstances of life; let all the older classes in the schools be regularly and rigidly examined upon this study by the school committees,—and a speedy change would come over our personal habits, over our domestic usages, and over the public arrangements of society. Temperance and moderation would not be such strangers at the table. Fashion, like European sovereigns, if not compelled to abdicate and fly, would be forced to compromise for the continual possession of her throne, by the surrender to her subjects of many of their natural rights. A sixth order of architecture would be invented,—the hygienic,—which, without subtracting at all from the beauty of any other order, would add a new element of utility to them all. The "health regulations" of cities would be issued in a revised code,—a code that would bear the scrutiny of science. And, as the result and reward of all, a race of men and women, loftier in stature, firmer in structure, fairer in form, and better able to perform the duties and bear the burdens of life, would revisit the earth. The minikin specimens of the race, who now go on dwindling and tapering from parent to child, would reascend to manhood and womanhood. Just in proportion as the laws of health and life were discovered and obeyed, would pain, disease, insanity, and untimely death, cease from among men. Consumption would remain; but it would be consumption in the active sense. —*Horace Mann.*

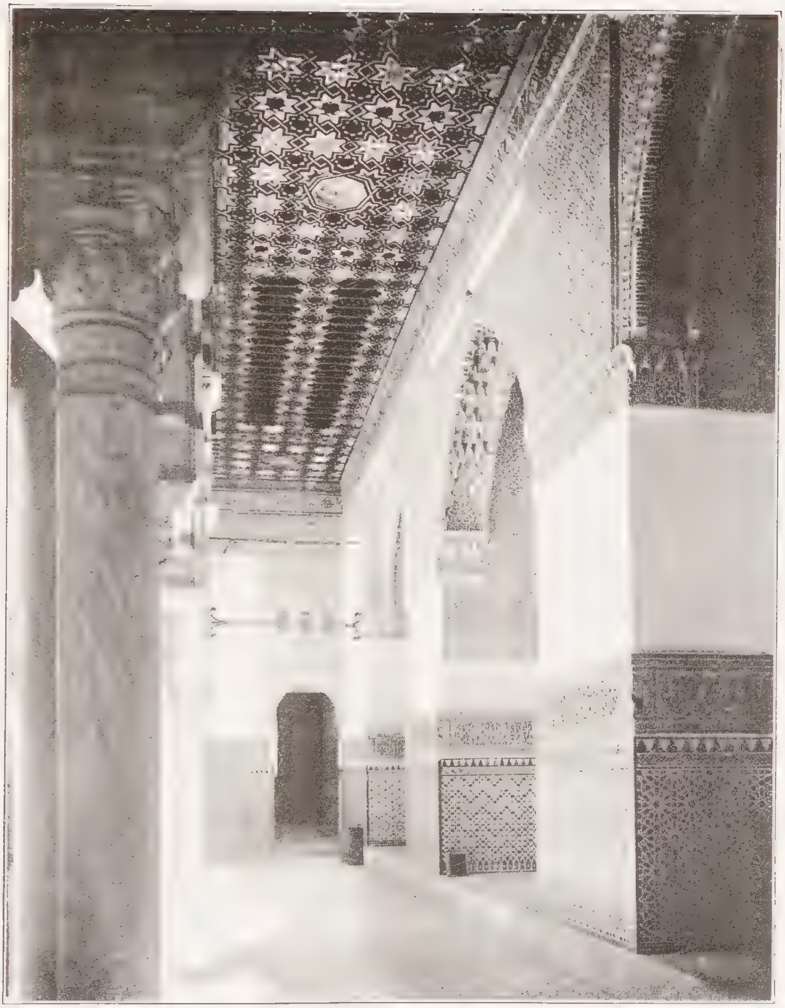
CITIZENSHIP AND THE SCHOOLS.

In the discussion of public school education of whatever grade, from the primary school to the university and professional schools, it is especially fitting to consider it somewhat carefully from the social and political standpoints. If private individuals are to receive their education at the hands of the state, at the expense of the public, the public should receive an equivalent service in return. It is also very desirable, although I fear at the present time not very common, that the individual recipient of this education should recognize his obligations to the state therefor.

It has been customary for our teachers to say that the primary purpose in education is the development of the individual, self-realization, the training of one's natural powers to their fullest extent; and there is no particular objection to considering this as the purpose of education, provided that in the development of the individual we are to secure also the development of the citizen. We are to fit the pupils through their individual development for the best service in business and social life and politics.

From the social and political points of view, as well as from the highest ethical point of view, we may say that a man's value is measured in terms of service to his fellowmen. Our problem as educators, then, is to fit our pupils so that each one will, on the whole, and in the long run, in his own place in society and in his own way, by and through this self-development, render to his fellowmen the best service of which he is capable.

It must not be overlooked, however, that the services of individuals and of the state are reciprocal. Not merely is the individual bound to use his powers for the good of his fellowmen, but society has its organization as a state in order that its individual members may receive their highest development. It is only through the best equipped individuals that we can have the greatest advance in society and the most perfect state; but it is likewise true, on the other hand, that only in the best



Gallery of Grand Patio.—Spain.

equipped and best organized state are we likely to secure the influences which will produce individuals of the highest type.

The problem of the social side of education must be treated from two points of view—that of society in the broad sense of the word, and that of the state, society organized for purposes of government.

We shall need to consider somewhat in detail the real meaning, the fundamental nature of society, in order to see its relations to our public schools. The conception itself is a very complex one, or perhaps it would be better to say that the word "society" embodies a number of different conceptions more or less closely allied one to the other. By a society we do not mean merely people together, but people so grouped together that there are certain relations existing between them which are more or less permanent.

The various kinds of societies may then be classified in many different ways. For our use in this discussion, they are perhaps most easily grouped by the purposes for which they are organized. The church, for example, means a group of people united for the gratification of their religious desires. Not a number of people bowing together in unison would constitute a church, unless this act of bowing together gives mutual religious aid. There must, too, be some form of organization and this organization must contribute toward the satisfaction of religious desire. Generally speaking, churches are completely organized with rules of admission, rules for dismissal, obligations for mutual aid which members take upon themselves, confessions of belief by which people of harmonious desires are brought together, and other methods to secure the purpose of the organization.

The school is an excellent example of a society with its definite organization and government contributing directly to the purpose of training its pupils. The school system of a city is another society of a wider range for the same purpose, as is also a university or a polytechnic school. There are, of course, debating and literary societies of all kinds in schools and colleges and in the community that have a more or less definite organization which determines the membership, and which aids in contributing to the purpose of the society itself. In the same way, so-called clubs have their organizations, their officers, their rules for admission and dismissal, all contributing toward the common end.

In a much more general sense we speak of "society" in the fashionable world, or the community of general social intercourse in any locality where there is, to be sure, a fashion, but where fashion is local, and the people are not ordinarily considered "fashionable." Even in this society, although there is no formal organization, there is an informal organization which is well understood, so much so that certain individuals are regularly spoken of as "leaders" in each society, and their will largely determines what that society shall do. So, also, largely as a matter of custom, certain rules of good society (i. e., practically, laws,) come to be quite generally recognized. Persons are admitted into each social group; and, if a person sins too flagrantly against the generally accepted customs of "society," he, or more likely she, will find herself excluded as effectively as one dismissed from a church organization, although no formal vote will be taken and no formal procedure has been followed. We see, nevertheless, that even in this meaning of the word "society," complex as it is and vague as it is, there exist the elements of organization and purpose—that of common activity or common amusement in ordinary affairs of life. One is a member of this society ordinarily without any will of his own, without any formal action, even being unconscious often of the fact that there is any organization; but the reality of such a society and its influence in our political life and in the progress of the world cannot be questioned.

Somewhat more definite, although perhaps no less complex, and possibly quite as wide in its influence upon civilization, is economic society. By economic society, we mean, of course, that grouping of individuals and organizations of all types by which we carry on business so as to satisfy our desires for goods of all kinds, tangible and intangible. Ordinarily we do not recognize how extremely complex is this economic society, and how interrelated in this society are most of the actions of all its individual members. At your breakfast table this morning, perhaps, you had a cup of coffee. To give you that cup of coffee were required the services of your cook and the grocer; but the coffee was perhaps grown in

Brazil or in far-off Java, and in order that you might have coffee suited to your taste, skilled experts along that line had probably blended different kinds from different quarters of the globe. To bring it to your table had required the complex organization of the railways and the services of sailors on probably more than one steamship line, the planters and their servants, the importing and exporting merchants with the bankers who negotiated the money exchanges, and the lawmakers of different states that formulated the rules under which all these lines of business have been carried on. And even this omits the other group, or complex of various groups, that must be added to bring you sugar, provided you take sugar in your coffee, to say nothing of the farmers and farmers' organizations that probably contribute their share also if cream is added. It is probably no exaggeration whatever to say that, in order to give you one cup of coffee suited to your taste, thousands of people and hundreds of thousands of dollars had to work together in harmony performing this service for you. Generally speaking, also, each one of those employed in this great complexity of services has received his pay in proportion to the value of service that he has rendered, although, to be sure, there may have been cases of unjust oppression which have prevented due compensation being rendered for some service; and if you in turn have done your share in paying your bills for your coffee and sugar and cream, you have rendered full compensation in due proportion to each one of these thousands that have worked for you. You have worked for each of them. Everywhere in our home lives we meet with like examples, illustrating the great complexity of our economic organization and the interrelation which exists and must exist among all individuals if society of anything but the lowest type is to be developed.

The subject, too, may well be considered from the moral point of view. When John Wesley once saw staggering along the road a drunken vagrant on his way from the ditch to the jail, he exclaimed: "But for the grace of God, there goes John Wesley!" In these days, in our common terminology, we are more likely to say "environment," or to intimate some special personal influence than to say "grace of God"; but in either case, we recognize that some power outside of the individual has great influence in molding his character and determining his course in life. If, in a fit of drunken rage, a father kills his child, who is responsible? Himself primarily, of course; he ought to have known better than to get drunk. But, perhaps, was not his father responsible also in part for not having properly trained him in his youth? Did not possibly his teacher at school fail in his duty to give him proper discipline and higher ideals? Were not, perchance, his fellow pupils responsible in part for their mistreatment of him for minor faults, or possibly merely for minor personal qualities for which he was in no way to blame, but which drove him out of the uplifting influence of their companionship? Possibly many of the better citizens should, also in part, be held responsible from the fact that they have neglected to make right laws regulating the sale and use of intoxicating liquors. Possibly some of us, in our anxiety to look after our own welfare by securing laws that would help our business, have put into our legislatures short-sighted men whose time has been devoted to "playing politics" instead of caring for the good of society, and we are all of us more or less responsible. It is hard to escape the conclusion that for almost every crime or every ill of whatever nature under which society suffers, we are all of us, we and our ancestors, responsible, each to a greater or less degree in proportion to the conscientiousness and thoughtfulness with which we have tried to discharge our duties toward our fellows. . . .

Of far greater significance for progress than any other form of society is the political society which we call the state. By the state we mean society organized for purposes of governing, with the understanding that this organized society will employ force upon its individual members, if need be, in order to carry out its wishes.

By our government we mean the group of men, who, acting together, constitute the organ by which the will of the state is formulated into definite rules or laws and carried out in practice.

There are many ways in which the state differs from other societies, such as the church, or universities, or literary societies, or even economic society. In the first place, it is supreme in power within its own recognized territory. Other societies are subordinate. While they have their rules and enforce them, the authority by which they enforce them must come from the state.

Second, its power is inclusive, extending over all persons within the territory, and determining to a very great extent the lives of all. The social status to a considerable degree and even the legal rights of the unborn babe are determined by the state. The state makes provisions for the proper care and nurture and training of children until they become able to direct their own affairs. The conditions under which people may make marriage contracts and enter into the marital relations, as well as the obligations resting upon husband and wife, are fixed by the state. It also determines the rules and regulations by which men must earn their living in civilized society; it often controls to a considerable extent their food and dwellings, even their clothing, and their amusements; it imposes upon them many duties toward their fellowmen, and rigidly prescribes their duties in support of the state itself even to the extent of calling upon them to sacrifice their lives, if need be, in its interest. In many cases it makes special provision for the care and relief from duties of the aged and infirm, while leaving to them as far as possible the rights and privileges accorded to all persons of normal intellect. Even the conditions of death are largely controlled by the state. Questions of sanitation, questions of the treatment of epidemics, the regulation of modes of burial or cremation are rigidly controlled, so that it is scarcely too much to say that no person living within the state is ever free from its domination, or ever lacks its protecting care.

In what ways the state shall exercise this control, in what ways it shall administer this care, how great its activity shall be, or how small, is a matter which only the state itself can determine. The individual members of the state, as such, have no powers of direction. The judgment of the community organized for government, the state, is the one controlling power.

But while we speak of the state in these general terms, it is not an abstraction. The state is made up of the persons in the community,—the weak and the strong, the indolent and the active. We, ourselves, compose the state, and in our organized capacity, acting together, we select our own agents of government and determine under whatever form our government may take, what they shall do.

The state also, far from being a mere abstract entity without feeling, is distinctly human in its activity, and in many cases is subject even to the whims and passions of individual humanity; for the government, although the agent of the combined wills of the individual members of the state, is nevertheless itself composed of a few men who act, naturally, subject to a considerable extent to their own passions and weaknesses, inasmuch as they are given usually a large amount of discretion. The state, in consequence, if under a despotic form of government, may be great, powerful, decisive in its actions, if its ruling monarch is a man of will and decision; or it may be timid and vacillating, if its monarch is a weakling. Even in a republic where the rulers are directly chosen by the people and where the government is made up of numerous individuals, it frequently happens that a man in an important position is of so positive a nature that the state at once assumes a new attitude toward all important questions; or, again, the counsels of a number of weak officials may be so halting and vacillating that the state itself takes on that tone.

What we, as individuals, think of the state as a rule, depends upon our own circumstances in the state and upon how we feel that we are treated by the officials. If we are poor, unfortunate, and lacking in self-reliance, particularly if we feel that the under officials with whom we perhaps may come most often in contact, and who therefore represent for us the state, are arbitrary and cruel, we shall look upon the state with aversion and fear. If, on the other hand, those officials with whom our relations are most intimate, are wise and temperate, and if we feel that the state through its schools or postoffice or other department nearest our activities is aiding us in every way possible, we shall look upon the state as a beneficent institution to which we owe our all.

So, also, the activities of the state, in the long run, and the effects which it produces upon the population are really determined by what we ourselves as citizens, acting in our corporate capacity, desire. We may make the state control many activities, or we may limit its powers most rigidly. We may give to ourselves rulers wise and benevolent, provided we ourselves have the wisdom to select such rulers, or we may permit the state to drift into the hands of the active corrupt, who will control us and our means for their own selfish interests and against the welfare of the public.

It is of vital importance that we ourselves realize exactly what our relations to the state are, and that we see to it that the pupils in our schools realize the nature of society and of the state (that organization of society which positively directs and controls the actions of society in governmental matters), provided we wish to have our schools train not merely self-centered individuals, but citizens whose actions will be wise, practical, unselfish, and directed toward the common good.

In our school organization, and in our teaching, therefore, we must keep continually in mind the interrelations of different individuals each to the other. We must impress upon our pupils the thought that the test of value for the individual is the service which he can render to his fellowmen. We must see that direct action in society is largely dependent upon the state and compulsory force, and that as educators we are to fit our pupils for service to the public by making them individuals of the highest type, and by showing them how they can use their power of control through the state in the wisest and most beneficent way. —*F. W. Jenks.*

Education in Democratic Society.

What the function of education shall be in a democracy will depend on what is meant by democratic education.

Too many of us think of education for the people as if it meant only learning to read, write, and cipher. Now, reading, writing, and simple ciphering are merely the tools by the diligent use of which a rational education is to be obtained through years of well-directed labor. They are not ends in themselves, but means to the great end of enjoying a rational existence. Under any civilized form of government, these arts ought to be acquired by every child by the time it is nine years of age. Competent teachers, or properly conducted schools, now teach reading, writing, and spelling simultaneously, so that the child writes every word it reads, and, of course, in writing, spells the word. Ear, eye, and hand thus work together from the beginning in the acquisition of the arts of reading and writing. As to ciphering, most educational experts have become convinced that the amount of arithmetic which an educated person who is not some sort of computer needs to make use of, is but small, and that real education should not be delayed or impaired for the sake of acquiring a skill in ciphering, which will be of little use either to the child or to the adult. Reading, writing, and arithmetic, then, are not the goal of popular education.

The goal in all education, democratic or other, is always receding before the advancing contestant, as the top of a mountain seems to retreat before the climber, remoter and higher summits appearing successively as each apparent summit is reached. Nevertheless, the goal of the moment in education is always the acquisition of knowledge, the training of some permanent capacity for productiveness or enjoyment, and the development of character. Democratic education being a very new thing in the world, its attainable objects are not yet fully perceived. Plato taught that the laborious classes in a model commonwealth, needed no education whatever. That seems an extraordinary opinion for a great philosopher to hold; but, while we wonder at it, let us recall that only one generation ago, in some of our southern states, it was a crime to teach a member of the laborious class to read. In feudal society education was the privilege of some of the nobility and clergy, and was one source of the power of these two small classes. Universal education in Germany dates only from the Napoleonic wars; and its object has been to make intelligent soldiers and subjects, rather than happy freemen. In England the system of public instruction is but twenty-seven years old. Moreover, the fundamental object of democratic education—to lift the whole population to a higher plane of intelligence, conduct, and happiness—has not yet been perfectly apprehended even in the United States. Too many of our own people think of popular education as if it were only a protection against dangerous superstitions, or a measure of police, or a means of increasing the national productiveness in the arts and trades. Our generation may, therefore, be excused if it has but an incomplete vision of the goal of education in a democracy.

I proceed to describe briefly the main elements of instruction and discipline in a democratic school. As soon as the easy use of what I have called the tools of education is acquired, and even while this familiarity is being gained, the capacities for productiveness and enjoyment should begin to be trained through the progressive acquisition of an elementary knowledge of the external world. The democratic school should begin early—in the very first grades—the study of nature; and all its teachers should, therefore, be capable of teaching the elements of physical geography, meteorology, botany, and zoology, the whole forming in the child's mind one harmonious sketch of its complex environment. This is a function of the primary school teacher which our fathers never thought of, but which every passing year brings out more and more clearly as a prime function of every instructor of little children. Somewhat later in the child's progress towards maturity, the great sciences of chemistry and physics will find place in its course of systematic training. From the seventh or eighth year, according to the quality and capacity of the child, plane and solid geometry, the science of form, should find a place among the school studies, and some share of the child's attention that great subject should claim for six or seven successive years. The process of making acquaintance with external nature through the elements of these various sciences should be interesting and enjoyable for every child. It should not be painful, but delightful; and throughout the process the child's skill in the arts of reading, writing, and ciphering should be steadily developed.

There is another part of every child's environment with which he should early begin to make acquaintance, namely, the human part. The story of the human race should be gradually conveyed to the child's mind from the time he begins to read with pleasure. This story should be conveyed quite as much through biography as through history; and with the descriptions of facts and real events should be entwined charming and uplifting products of the imagination. . . .

Into the education of the great majority of children there enters as an important part their contribution to the daily labor of the household and the farm, or, at least, of the household. It is one of the serious consequences of the rapid concentration of population into cities and large towns, and of the minute division of labor which characterizes modern industries, that this wholesome part of education is less easily secured than it used to be when the greater part of the population was engaged in agriculture. Organized education must, therefore, supply in urban communities a good part of the manual and moral training which the co-operation of children in the work of father and mother affords in agricultural communities. Hence the great importance in any urban population of facilities for training children to accurate handwork, and for teaching them patience, forethought, and good judgment in productive labor.

Lastly, the school should teach every child, by precept, by example, and by every illustration its reading can supply, that the supreme attainment for any individual is vigor and loveliness of character. Industry, persistence, veracity in word and act, gentleness, and disinterestedness should be made to thrive and blossom during school life in the hearts of the children who bring these virtues from their homes well started, and should be planted and tended in the less fortunate children. Furthermore, the pupils should be taught that what is virtue in one human being is virtue in any group of human beings, large or small—a village, a city, or a nation; that the ethical principles which should govern an empire are precisely the same as those which should govern an individual; and that selfishness, greed, falseness, brutality, and ferocity are as hateful and degrading in a multitude as they are in a single savage.

The education thus outlined is what I think should be meant by democratic education. It exists today only among the most intelligent people, or in places singularly fortunate in regard to the organization of their schools; but though it be the somewhat distant ideal of democratic education, it is by no means an unattainable ideal. It is the reasonable aim of the public school in a thoughtful and ambitious democracy. It, of course, demands a kind of teacher much above the elementary school teacher of the present day, and it also requires a larger expenditure upon the public school than is at all customary as yet in this country. But that better kind of teacher and that larger expenditure are imperatively called for, if democratic institutions are to prosper, and to promote continuously the real welfare of the mass of the people. The standard of education should not be set at the now attained or the now attainable. It is the privilege of public education to press toward a mark remote.

From the total training during childhood there should result in the child a taste for interesting and improving reading, which should direct and inspire its subsequent intellectual life. That schooling which results in this taste for good reading, however, unsystematic or eccentric the schooling may have been, has achieved a main end of elementary education; and that schooling which does not result in implanting this permanent taste has failed. Guided and animated by this impulse to acquire knowledge, and exercise his imagination through reading, the individual will continue to educate himself all through life. Without that deep-rooted impulsion he will soon cease to draw on the accumulated wisdom of the past and the new resources of the present, and, as he grows older, he will live in a mental atmosphere which is always growing thinner and emptier. Do we not all know many people who seem to live in a mental vacuum—to whom, indeed, we have great difficulty in attributing immortality, because they apparently have so little life except that of the body? Fifteen minutes a day of good reading would have given any one of this multitude a really human life. The uplifting of the democratic masses depends on this implanting at school of the taste for good reading.

Another important function of the public school in a democracy is the discovery and development of the gift or capacity of each individual child. This discovery should be made at the earliest practicable age, and, once made, should always influence, and sometimes determine, the education of the individual. It is for the interest of society to make the most of every useful gift or faculty which any member may fortunately possess; and it is one of the main advantages of fluent and mobile democratic society that it is more likely than any other society to secure the fruition of individual capacities. To make the most of any individual's peculiar power, it is important to discover it early, and then train it continuously and assiduously. It is wonderful what apparently small personal gifts may become the means of conspicuous service or achievement, if only they get discovered, trained, and applied. A quick eye for shades of color enables a blacksmith to earn double wages in sharpening drills for quarrymen. A delicate sense of touch makes the fortune of a wool buyer. An extraordinary perceptive forefinger gives a surgeon the advantage over all his competitors. A fine voice, with good elocution, and a strong memory for faces and parliamentary rules, may give striking political success to a man otherwise not remarkable. In the ideal democratic school no two children would follow the same course of study or have the same tasks, except that they would all need to learn the use of the elementary tools of education—reading, writing, and ciphering. The different children would hardly have any identical needs. There might be a minimum standard of attainment in every branch of study, but no maximum. The perception or discovery of the individual gift or capacity would often be effected in the elementary school, but more generally in the secondary; and the making of these discoveries should be held one of the most important parts of the teacher's work. The vague desire for equality in a democracy has worked great mischief in democratic schools. There is no such thing as equality of gifts, or powers, or faculties, among either children or adults. On the contrary, there is the utmost diversity; and education and all the experience of life increase these diversities, because school, and the earning of a livelihood, and the reaction of the individual upon his surroundings, all tend strongly to magnify innate diversities. The pretended democratic school with an inflexible programme is fighting not only against nature, but against the interests of democratic society. Flexibility of programme should begin in the elementary school, years before the period of secondary education is reached. There should be some choice of subjects of study by ten years of age, and much variety by fifteen years of age. On the other hand, the programmes of elementary, as well as of secondary schools, should represent fairly the chief divisions of knowledge, namely, language and literature, mathematics, natural science, and history, besides drawing, manual work, and music. If school programmes fail to represent the main varieties of intellectual activity, they will not afford the means of discovering the individual gifts and tendencies of the pupils. . . .

The next function of education in a democracy should be the firm planting in every child's mind of certain great truths which lie at the foundation of the democratic social theory. The first of these truths is the intimate dependence of each human individual on a multitude of other individuals, not in infancy alone, but at every moment of life—a dependence which increases with civilization and with the development of urban life. This sense of mutual dependence among multitudes of human beings can be brought home to children during school life so clearly and strongly that they will never lose it. By merely teaching children whence come their food, drink, clothing, and means of getting light and heat, and how these materials are supplied through the labors of many individuals of many races scattered all over the world, the school may illustrate and enforce this doctrine of intricate interdependence, which really underlies modern democracy—a doctrine never more clearly expressed than in these two Christian sentences: "No man liveth to himself," and "We are every one members one of another." The dependence of every family, and indeed every person, on the habitual fidelity of mechanics, purveyors, railroad servants, cooks and nurses, can be easily brought to children. Another mode of implanting this sentiment is to trace in history the obligations of the present generation to many former generations. These obligations can be easily pointed out in things material, such as highways, waterworks, fences, houses, and barns, and, in New England, at least, the stone walls and piles of stone gathered from the arable fields by the patient labor of predecessors on the family farm. But it may also be exhibited to the pupils of secondary schools, and, in some measure, to the pupils of elementary schools, in the burdens and sufferings which former generations have borne for the establishment of freedom of conscience and of speech, and of toleration in religion, and for the development of the institutions of public justice. Of course history is full of examples of the violation of this fundamental democratic doctrine of mutual help. Indeed, history, as commonly written, consists chiefly in the story of hideous violations of this principle, such as wars and oppressions, and the selfish struggles of class against class, church against church, and nation against nation. But these violations, with the awful sufferings that follow from them, may be made to point and emphasize the truth of the fundamental doctrine; and unless the teaching of history in our public schools does this, it were better that the subject should not be taught at all.

Another ethical principle which a democracy should teach to all its children is the familiar Christian doctrine that service rendered to others is the surest source of one's own satisfaction and happiness. This doctrine is a tap-root of private happiness among all classes and conditions of men; but in a democracy it is important to public happiness and well-being. In a democracy the public functionary is not a master, but a trusted servant. By excellence of service he earns not only a pecuniary consideration, but also respect and gratitude. This statement applies just as well to a letter-carrier, a fireman, or a village selectman, as it does to a high school teacher, a judge, or a governor. Democracy applies literally the precept: "If any man would be great among you, let him be your servant." The quality of this faithful service and its rewards should be carefully taught in school to all children of a democracy. The children should learn that the desire to be of great public service is the highest of all ambitions; and they should be shown in biography and in history how the men and women who, as martyrs, teachers, inventors, legislators, and judges, have rendered great service, have thereby won enduring gratitude and honor.

Since it is a fundamental object of a democracy to promote the happiness and well-being of the masses of the population, the democratic school should explicitly teach children to see and utilize the means of happiness which lie about them in the beauties and splendors of nature. The school should be a vehicle of daily enjoyment, and the teacher should be to the child a minister of joy. Democratic society has already learned how to provide itself, at least in the more intelligent communities, with open grounds in cities, and parks in suburbs, and has in these ways begun to provide directly for the wholesome pleasures of the population. It should be a recognized function of the democratic school to teach the children and their parents how to utilize all accessible means of innocent enjoyment.

Finally, the democratic school must teach its children what the democratic nobility is. The well-trained child will read in history and poetry about patricians, nobles, aristocrats, princes, kings, and emperors, some of them truly noble, but many vile; and he will also read with admiring sympathy of the loyalty and devotion which through all the centuries have been felt by generous men and women of humbler condition toward those of higher. He will see what immense virtues these personal loyalties have developed, even when the objects of loyalty have been unworthy; and he will ask himself: "What are to be the corresponding virtues in a democracy?" The answer is: Fidelity to all forms of duty which demand courage, self-denial, and zeal, and loyal devotion to the democratic ideals of freedom, serviceableness, unity, toleration, public justice, and public joyfulness. The children should learn that the democratic nobility exists, and must exist if democracy is to produce the highest types of character; but that it will consist only of men and women of noble character, produced under democratic conditions by the combined influences of fine inherited qualities, careful education, and rich experience. They should learn to admire and respect persons of this quality, and to support them, on occasion, in preference to the ignoble. They should learn that mere wealth has no passport to the democratic nobility, and that membership in it can be transmitted to children only through the transmission of the sound mental and moral qualities which are its sole warrant. This membership should be the rightful ambition of parents for their children, and of children for their future selves. Every person of the true quality, no matter what his station or vocation, is admitted of right to this simple democratic nobility, which home, church, and school unite in recruiting; and there are, consequently, more real nobles under the democratic form of government than under any other.

—*Dr. Eliot.*

ETHICS IN THE SCHOOLS.

Within a few years a strong demand has arisen for ethical teaching in the schools. Teachers themselves have become interested, and wherever they are gathered the question, "What shall this teaching be?" is eagerly discussed. The educational journals are full of it. Within a year there have been published seven books on the subject. Several of them—

it would be hardly an exaggeration to say all—are books of marked excellence. Seldom does so large a percentage of books in a single year, in a single country, and on a single subject, reach so high a level of merit. I shall not criticize them, however, nor even engage in the popular discussion of which they form a part. That discussion concerns itself chiefly with the methods by which ethics may be taught. I wish to go behind this controversy and to raise the previous question whether ethics should be taught to boys and girls at all.

Evidently there are strong reasons why it should be. Always and everywhere it is important that men should be good. To be a good man! It is more than half the fulfillment of life. Better to miss fame, wealth, learning, than to miss righteousness. And in America, too, we must demand not the mere trifle that men shall be good for their own sakes, but good in order that the life of the state may be preserved. A widespread righteousness is in a republic a matter of necessity. Where all rule all, each man who falls into evil courses infects his neighbour, corrupting the law, and corrupting still more its enforcement. The question of manufacturing moral men becomes, accordingly, in a democracy, urgent to a degree unknown in a country where but a few selected persons guide the state.

There is also special urgency at the present time. The ancient and accredited means of training youth in goodness, are becoming, I will not say broken, but enfeebled and distrusted. Hitherto a large part of the moral instruction of mankind has been superintended by the clergy. In every civilized state the expensive machinery of the Church has been set up and placed in the hands of men of dignity, because it has been believed that by no other engine can we so effectively render people upright. I still believe this, and I am pretty confident that a good many years will pass before we shall dispense with the ennobling services of our ministers. And yet it is plain that much of the work which formerly was exclusively theirs, is so no longer. Much of it is performed by books, newspapers, and facilitated human intercourse. Ministers do not now speak with their old authority; they speak merely as other men speak; and we are all asking whether in the immense readjustment of faith now going on something of their peculiar power of moral as well as of intellectual guidance may not slip away.

The home, too, which has hitherto been the fundamental agency for fostering morality in the young, is just now in sore need of repair. We can no longer depend upon it alone for moral guardianship. It must be supplemented, possibly reconstructed. New dangers to it have arisen. In the complex civilization of city life, in the huge influx of untutored foreigners, in the substitution of the apartment for the house, in the greater ease of divorce, in the larger freedom now given to children, to women, in the breaking down of class distinctions and the readier accessibility of man to man, there are perils for boy and girl which did not exist before. And while these changes in the outward form of domestic life are advancing, certain protections against moral peril which the home formerly afforded have decayed. It would be curious to ascertain in how many families of our immediate time daily prayers are used, and to compare the number with that of those in which the holy practice was common fifty years ago. It would be interesting to know how frequently parents today converse with their children on subjects serious, pious or personal. The hurry of modern life has swept away many uplifting intimacies. Even in families which prize them most, a few minutes only can be had each day for such fortifying things. Domestic training has shrunk, while the training of haphazard companions, the training of the streets, the training of the newspapers, have acquired a potency hitherto unknown. . . .

I have stated somewhat at length the considerations in behalf of ethical instruction in the schools because those considerations on the whole appear to me illusory. I cannot believe such instruction feasible. Were it so, of course it would have my eager support. But I see in it grave difficulties, difficulties imperfectly understood; and a difficulty disregarded becomes a danger, possibly a catastrophe. Let me explain in a few words where the danger lies.

Between morals and ethics there is a sharp distinction, frequently as the two words are confused. Usage, however, shows the meaning. If I call a man a man of bad morals, I evidently mean to assert that his conduct is corrupt; he does things which the majority of mankind believe he ought not to do. It is his practice I denounce, not his intellectual formulation. In the same way we speak of the petty morals of society, referring in the phrase to the small practices of mankind, the unnumbered actions which disclose good or bad principles unconsciously hidden within. It is entirely different when I call a man's ethics bad. I then declare that I do not agree with his comprehension of moral principles. His practice may be entirely correct. I do not speak of that; it is his understanding that is at fault. For ethics, as was long ago remarked, is related to morals as geometry to carpentry: the one is a science, the other its practical embodiment. In the former, consciousness is a prime factor; from the latter, it is often absent altogether.

Now what is asked of us teachers is that we invite our pupils to direct study of the principles of right conduct, that we awaken their consciousness about their modes of life, and so by degrees impart to them a science of righteousness. This is theory, ethics; not morals, practice; and in my judgment it is dangerous business, with the slenderest chance of success. Useless it is to say that the aim of such instruction need not be ethical, but moral. Whatever the ultimate aim, the procedure of instruction is necessarily scientific. It operates through intelligence, and only gets into life so far as the instructed intelligence afterwards becomes a director. This is the work of books and teachers everywhere; they discipline the knowing act, and so bring within its influence that multitude of matters which depend for excellent adjustment on clear and ordered knowledge. Such a work, however, is evidently but partial. Many matters do not take their rise in knowledge at all. Morality does not. The boy as soon as born is adopted unconsciously into some sort of moral world. While he is growing up and thinking of other things, habits of character are seizing him. By the time he comes to school he is incrusted with customs. The idea that his moral education can be fashioned by his teacher in the same way as his education in geography is fantastic. It it is only his ethical training which may now begin. The attention of such a boy may be called to habits already formed; he may be led to dissect those habits, to pass judgment on them as right or wrong, and to inquire why and how they may be bettered. This is the only power teaching professes: it critically inquires, it awakens interest; it inspects facts, it discovers laws. And this process applied in the field of character yields ethics, the systemized knowledge of human conduct. It does not primarily yield morals, improved performance.

Nor indeed is performance likely to be improved by ethical enlightenment if, as I maintain, the whole business of self-criticism in the child is unwholesome. By a course of ethical training a young person will, in my view, much more become demoralized than invigorated. What we ought to desire, if we would have a boy grow morally sturdy, is that introspection should not set in early and that he should not become accustomed to watch his conduct. And the reason is obvious. Much as we incline to laud our prerogative of consciousness and to assert that it is precisely what distinguishes us from our poor relations, the brutes, we still must acknowledge that consciousness has certain grave defects when exalted into the position of a guide. Large tracts of life lie altogether beyond its control, and the conduct which can be affected by it is apt—especially in the initial stages—to be rendered vague, slow, vacillating and distorted. Only instinctive action is swift, sure, and firm. For this reason we distrust the man who calculates his goodness. We find him vulgar and repellant. We are far from sure that he will keep that goodness long. If I offer to shake hands with a man with precisely that degree of warmth which I have decided it is well to express, will he willingly take my hand? A few years ago there were some nonsense verses on this subject going the rounds of the English newspapers. They seemed to me capitally to express the morbid influence of consciousness in a complex organism. They ran somewhat as follows:

> The centipede was happy, quite,
>   Until the toad, for fun,
> Said, "Pray, which leg comes after which?"
> This worked her mind to such a pitch
> She lay distracted in a ditch,
>   Considering how to run.

And well she might! Imagine the hundred legs steered consciously—now it is time to move this one, now to move that! The creature would never move at all, but would be as incapable of action as Hamlet himself. And are the young less complex than centipedes? Shall their little lives be suddenly turned over to a fumbling guide? Shall they not rather be stimulated to unconscious rectitude, gently led into those blind but holy habits which make goodness easy, and so be saved from the perilous perplexities of marking out their own way? So thought the sagacious Aristotle. To the crude early opinion of Socrates that virtue is knowledge, he opposed the ripened doctrine that it is practice and habit.

This, then, is the inexpungable objection to the ethical instruction of children: the end which should be sought is performance, not knowledge, and we cannot by supplying the latter, induce the former. But do not these considerations cut the ground from under practical teaching of every kind? Instruction is given in other subjects in the hope that it may finally issue in strengthened action, and I have acknowledged that as a fact this hope is repeatedly justified. Why may not a similar result appear in ethics? What puts a difference between that study and electricity, social science, or manual training? This: according to the work studied includes a creative element and is intended to give expression to a personal life, consciousness becomes an increasingly dangerous dependence. Why are there no classes and text-books for the study of deportment? Is it because manners are unimportant? No, but because they make the man, and to be of any worth must be an expression of his very nature. Conscious study would tend to distort rather than to fashion them. Their practice cannot be learned in the same way as carpentry. . . .

And a similar pair of dangers await the young student of the laws of conduct. On the one hand, it is highly probable that he will not understand what his teacher is talking about. He may learn his lesson; he may answer questions correctly; but he will assume that these things have nothing to do with him. He becomes dulled to moral distinctions, and it is the teaching of ethics that dulls him. We see the disastrous process in full operation in a neighboring field. There are countries which have regular public instruction in religion. The argument runs that schools are established to teach what is of consequence to citizens, and religion is of more consequence than anything else. Therefore introduce it, is the conclusion.

Therefore keep it out, is the sound conclusion. It lies too near the life to be announced in official propositions and still to retain a recognizable meaning. I have known a large number of German young men. I have yet to meet one whose religious nature has been deepened by his instruction in school. And the lack of influence is noticeable not merely in those who have failed in the study, but quite as much in those who have ranked highest. In neither case has the august discipline meant anything. The danger would be wider, the disaster from the benumbing influence more serious, if ethical instruction should be organized; wider, because morality underlies religion, and insensitiveness to the moral claim is more immediately and concretely destructive. Yet here, as in the case of religion, of manners, or of speech, the child will probably take to heart very little of what he said. At most he will assume that the text-book statement of the rules of righteousness represents the way in which the game of life is played by some people; but he will prefer to play it in his own way still. Young people are constructed with happy protective arrangements; they are enviously impervious. So in expounding moral principles in the schoolroom, I believe we shall touch the child in very few moral spots. Nevertheless, it becomes dulled and hardened if it listens long to sacred words untouched.

But the benumbing influence is not the gravest danger; analogies of speech suggest a graver still. If we try to teach speech too early and really succeed in fixing the child's attention upon its tongue, we enfeeble its power of utterance. Consciousness once awakened, the child is perpetually enquiring whether the word is the right word, and suspecting that it is not quite sufficiently right to be allowed free passage. Just so a momentous trouble appears when the moral consciousness has been too early stirred. That self-questioning spirit springs up which impels its tortured possessor to be continually fingering his motives in unwholesome preoccupation with himself. Instead of entering heartily into outward interests, the watchful little moralist is "questioning about himself whether he has been as good as he should have been, and whether a better man would not have acted otherwise." No part of us is more susceptible of morbidness than the moral sense; none demoralizes more thoroughly when morbid. The trouble, too, affects chiefly those of the finer fibre. The majority of healthy children, as has been said, harden themselves against theoretic talk, and it passes over them like the wind. Here and there a sensitive soul absorbs the poison, and sets itself seriously to work installing duty as the mainspring of its life. We all know the unwholesome result; the person from whom spontaneity is gone, who criticizes everything he does, who has lost his sense of proportion, who teases himself endlessly and teases his friends—so far as they remain his friends—about the right and wrong of each petty act. It is a disease, a moral disease, and takes the place in the spiritual life of that which the doctors are fond of calling "nervous prostration" in the physical. Few countries have been so desolated by it as New England. It is our special scourge. Many here carry a conscience about with them which makes us say, "How much better off they would be with none!" I declare, at times when I see the ravages which conscientiousness works in our New England stock, I wish these New Englanders had never heard moral distinctions mentioned. Better their vices than their virtues. The wise teacher will extirpate the first sproutings of the weed; for a weed more difficult to extirpate when grown there is not. We run a serious risk of implanting it in our children when we undertake their class instruction in ethics.

Such, then, are some of the considerations which should give us pause when the public is clamoring at our schoolhouse doors and saying to us teachers, "We cannot bring up our children so as to make them righteous citizens. Undertake the work for us. You have done so much already that we turn to you again, and entreat your help." I think we must sadly reply, "There are limits to what we can do. If you respect us, you will not urge us to do the thing that is not ours. By pressing into certain regions we shall bring upon you more disaster than benefit." —*Palmer.*

Efficiency of our Schools.

Of the effectiveness of the public schools in the several states, the universities of each state respectively may judge. From Harvard, Yale and Princeton to California and Stanford the judgment is a groan. Is the fault with the schools? or is the standard of requirement too high? or is the basis of conclusion in each case too narrow? The reply may best be given by one who examines pupils of all states.

"Probably nowhere else," writes Colonel Larned, of the United States Military Academy, in the North American Review of September, 1908, "probably nowhere else can the general effectiveness of our public schools be so well gauged as at the academies at West Point and Annapolis. Their candidates are drawn from every Congressional District of every state and territory of the Union, and largely from the class of our citizens who send their children to the primary and high schools supported by the states." The subjects of examination are elementary: algebra, geometry, grammar, composition and literature, geography and history. "The examinations are written, and abundant time is given for their completion, even by those of inferior capacity and preparation. The papers are marked on a scale of one hundred as a maximum; sixty-six being the normal minimum standard of proficiency." Generally speaking, deficiency in one subject constitutes deficiency in the whole examination. Out of 314 candidates who attempted the entrance papers in March, 1908, 265 failed: 56 in one subject, 209 in two or more subjects. Of the failures there were 44 per cent. in algebra; 67 per cent. in geometry; 37 per cent. in grammar; 40 per cent. in composition and literature. "Out of the 314 examined mentally it appears that 295, or 90 per cent., had been educated in public schools, and that the average number of years of attendance in these schools was nine years, eleven months. Separating this into primary and secondary attendance, we find that the average attendance in High Schools was three years, three months; and in Grammar Schools, six years, eight months. One hundred and three candidates had private schooling wholly or in part, 135 had college education of one year or more; 189 studied the classics. Of the 135 who had gone so far as a college education of one year or more, 82 failed to enter.

"Altogether," comments the writer, "it is a sorry showing from whatever standpoint it is viewed. . . . Many of these young men secured their nominations through competitive examinations; and few, if any, could have been taken haphazard, with no regard to qualifications and antecedents; while all could have been employed some nine months in private preparation. That 314 youths, nearly all trained in our costly public schools, with an average of almost ten years' attendance (supplemented in the case of one-third of their number by private schooling, and in the case of 43 per cent. by college training), should show 84 per cent. of failure and the various deficiencies analyzed above, is surely a state of affairs that should make the judicious grieve and our educators sit up and take notice."

"If," continues the compiler of this unanswerable arraignment, "if education is concerned with mental development alone, it is fair to ask: If 16,596,503 boys and girls, taught in our public schools at a cost of $376,996,472, average no better in intellectual attainments than is evidenced by the foregoing, does the result justify the outlay and the ten or more years' apprenticeship of youth it demands?"

The boy enters our colleges "a badly damaged article." One-sidedly prepared, or not prepared at all, he goes through college accumulating courses, but not education; desperately selecting studies least foreign to his slender capability for assimilation, or most easy to slur, or most likely to turn to superficial ends. He is by no means always lazy, nor oblivious that now is the chance of his life; but he has no core of knowledge to which the facts he fumbles may cling, no keen-edged linguistic or scientific tools with which to cut to the heart of the matter; no memory trained and enriched, no taste, no imagination, no judgment balanced by frequent trial, no habits of remorseless application. He has bluff, but not confidence; he has promise, but not power. The subjects of his study have not been correlated. The goal has been neither discipline nor intrinsic worth. He has probably never studied one thing thoroughly. He has not been guided; he has not been taught; he has not conquered work. He has been distracted; he has been amused. In college he is thrown with comrades of like equipment. None probably has had all the fundamentals requisite to any one study. . . .

We turn out from our American departments of the liberal arts, many clean and manly men, noble and earnest women. But how many even of these know the rudiments of one subject thoroughly, can think clearly, reason accurately, express a thought lucidly, effectively, correctly? How many can spell, how many write a letter not illiterate, how many use a diction simple, pure and idiomatic, clearly enounced, justly pronounced? How many know the difference between Sennacherib and a floating rib, the Maid of Orleans and the Maid of Athens, the Witch of Endor and the Widow of Nain, Dionysius and Dionysus, the Jewels of Cornelia and the diamond necklace, the Lion of Judah and the Lion of the North? Or, if some have some vague impression of some of these things, for how many do they possess an historical or literary flavor?

With what real command of any foreign language do our students go forth? It is well for us that the peoples of Europe are the most courteous of men. Long ago they learned from Aristotle that it was inartistic to laugh at painful impotence or deformity. . . .

Our graduates are characterized by lack of information, lack of grasp, lack of culture. This is no prejudiced account of the case. It is attested by the verdict of our leaders at the bar, on the bench, in the pulpit and in the hospital, and by our captains of industry. Also by educated foreigners. Our Rhodes scholars should certainly represent the flower of our scholarship. But even kindly critics in Oxford, while admiring the sociability, good sense, good humor, broad outlook of the American student, will tell you: "The American student is, with few exceptions, deficient in his own language, spoken or written; and has but the smattering of any other. He is more often superficial than ours, and is more easily satisfied. He does not seem to understand what it is independently to master a subject, to grasp it in all its ramifications, and retain it in his memory as a whole." This criticism, be it noted, applies more particularly to our students of the humanities. In the pursuit of natural science and in the special discipline of the law our Rhodes scholars have made a better showing. But in general, their cultural, especially linguistic, limitations, are a raising of the eyebrow for don and student of English training.

—*Gayley.*

CREATIVE EDUCATION.

It is to education that we look for protection against the spirit of

> "Raw haste, half-sister to delay"—

against the blind and reckless temper of gambling—against the stupid idolatry of mere riches, either in the form of servile flattery or in the disguise of merely servile envy. Education must give us better standards of success and higher tests of greatness than gold can measure. Education must clarify public opinion, calm and allay popular excitability, tranquilize and steady American energy, dispel local and sectional prejudice, and strengthen the ties which bind together all parts of our common country.

Now, these are great expectations. We cannot hope to have them realized, even in part, unless we give to our whole educational effort, which is really bound together from the primary school up to the university, the highest aim, the true, direction, the right movement. What, then, is the true ideal of education in a great democracy like the United States?

It is not a sufficient answer to this question to observe that since education is derived from the Latin *e-duco,* its true purpose must be the bringing out of what is in man. This definition is simple, but not satisfactory. There are many things in man, and there are various methods of bringing them out. The question is, What are the best things, and which is the best method of development?

There is, for example, a method of bringing out the grain of wood by a combination of stain and varnish. It is a superficial way of enhancing the natural difference between pine and poplar and black walnut. Sometimes it is used as a device for disguising the difference between cherry and mahogany. Is this a true type of education?

There is also a method of bringing out the resources of the earth by working it for the largest immediate returns in the market. Farms are exhausted by overcropping; pastures desolated by overstocking; mines worked out for a record yield. Fictitious values are evolved and disposed of at transitory prices. Much that is marketable is brought out in this way. Is this a true type of education?

There is also a method of bringing out the possibilities of a living plant by culture, giving it the needed soil and nourishment, defending it from its natural enemies, strengthening its vitality and developing its best qualities. This method has been used, in the experiments of Mr. Luther Burbank, in a way that seems almost miraculous, changing the bitter to the sweet, the useless to the useful, and proving that by a progressive regeneration one may hope in time to gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles. Is this a true type of education?

These three illustrations of different methods of "bringing things out" represent in picture the three main educational ideals which men have followed. Back of our various academic schemes and theories, back of the propositions which are made by college presidents for the adoption of new methods or the revival of old methods, back of the fluent criticisms which are passed upon our common schools and universities, lies the question of the dominant aim in teaching and learning. What should be the ideal of education in a democracy—the decorative ideal, the marketable ideal, or the creative ideal?

I speak of the decorative ideal first, because, strangely enough, it is likely to take precedence in order of time, and certainly it is pre-eminent in worthlessness. Barbarous races prefer ornament to decency or comfort in dress. Alexander von Humboldt observed that the South American Indians would endure the greatest hardships in the matter of insufficient clothing rather than go without the luxury of brilliant paint to decorate their naked bodies. Herbert Spencer used this as an illustration of the preference of the ornamental to the useful in education.

The decorative conception of education seems to be the acquisition of some knowledge or accomplishment which is singular. The impulse which produces it is not so much a craving for that which is really fine, as a repulsion from that which is supposed to be common. It is a desire to have something in the way of intellectual or social adornment which shall take the place of a mantle of peacock's feathers or a particularly rich and massive nose-ring.

This ideal not only rejects, condemns, and abhors the useful, but it exhibits its abhorrence by exalting, commending, and cherishing the useless, chiefly because it is less likely to be common. It lays the emphasis upon those things which have little or no relation to practical life. It speaks a language of its own which the people cannot understand. It pursues accomplishments whose chief virtue is that they are comparatively rare, and puts particular stress upon knowledge which is supposed to bestow a kind of gilding or enamel upon the mind. This ideal is apt to be especially potent in the beginning of a democracy, and to produce a crop of "young ladies' finishing schools" and "young gentlemen's polishing academies" singularly out of proportion to the real needs of the country. In its later development it brings forth all kinds of educational curiosities and abortions. . . .

At the opposite extreme from the decorative ideal lies the marketable ideal of education. Its object, broadly stated, is simply to bring out a man's natural abilities in such a way that he shall be able to get the largest return in money for his work in the practical affairs of life. Nothing is of value, according to this ideal, which is not of direct utility in a business or a profession. Nothing counts which has not an immediate cash value in the world's market.

"Send my boy to high school and college!" says the keen man of business. "What good will that do him? Seven years at the dead languages and higher mathematics will not teach him to make a sharp bargain or run a big enterprise." He thinks he has summed up the whole argument. But he has only begged the question. The very point at issue is whether the boy is a tool, to be ground and sharpened for practical use, or a living creature, whose highest value is to be realized by personal development.

The influence of this cash-value theory of culture may be seen in many directions.

It shows itself in certain features of our common school system, not in the places where it is at its best, but in the places where it is controlled by politicians, sectarians, or cranks. It is far too mechanical. The children are run through a mill. They are crammed with rules and definitions, while their ideas and feelings are left to take care of themselves. Their imagination, that most potent factor of life, is entrusted to the guidance of the weekly story-paper, and their moral nature to the guidance of chance. The overworked and underpaid teacher is forced, by a false system of competition, to pack their little minds as full as possible of rules which they do not understand, and definitions which do not define, and assorted fragments of historical, geographical, chemical, mechanical, and physiological knowledge, which are supposed to have a probable market value.

It would be a good thing if the cities and towns of America would spend twice as much as they are spending today for common school education. It would be a good thing if we could have twice as many teachers, and twice as intelligent, especially for the primary grades. And then it would be a good thing if we could sweep away half the "branches" that are now taught, and abolish two-thirds of the formal examinations, and make an end of competitions and prizes, and come down, or rather come up, to the plain work of teaching children to read intelligently and write clearly and cipher accurately—the foundation of a solid education.

The marketable ideal of culture makes itself felt, also, to a considerable extent, in some of the higher institutions of learning. We can trace its effects in the tendency to push the humanities aside and to train the young idea, from the earliest possible period, upon the trellis of a particular trade. Every branch, every tendril which does not conform to these lines must be cut off. The importance of studies is to be measured by their direct effect upon professional and industrial success. The plan is to educate boys, not for living, but for making a living. They are to be cultivated not as men, but as journalists, surveyors, chemists, lawyers, physicians, manufacturers, mining engineers, sellers of wet and dry goods, bankers, accountants, and what not.

In obedience to this theory, the attention of the student is directed from the outset to those things for which he can see an immediate use in his chosen pursuit. Literature is spoken of in academic circles as a mere embellishment of the solid course; and philosophy is left to those odd fellows who are going into the ministry or into teaching. The library is no longer regarded as a spiritual palace where the student may live with the master-minds of all the ages. It has taken on the aspect of a dispensary where useful information can be procured in small doses for practical purposes. Half-endowed technical schools spring up all over the land, like mushrooms after a shower. We have institutes of everything, from stenography to farriery; it remains only to add a few more, such as an Academy of Mesmerism, a College of Mind Healing, and a Chiropodists' University, to round out the encyclopædia of complete culture according to the commercial ideal.

Let no one imagine that I mean to say a word against trade schools. On the contrary, I would speak most heartily in their support. So far as they do their work well they are an admirable and neeedful substitute for the earlier systems of apprenticeship for the various trades. Democracy needs them. They are really worth all the money that is put into them. But the error lies in supposing that they can take the place of the broader and higher education. By their own confession they move on another level. They mean business. But business is precisely the one thing which education does not mean. It may, doubtless it will, result in making a man able to do his own special work in a better spirit and with a finer skill. But this result is secondary, and not primary. It is accomplished by forgetting the specialty and exalting the man.

True education must begin and continue with a fine disregard of pecuniary returns. It must be catholic, genial, disinterested. Its object is to make the shoemaker go beyond his last—*"Sutor ultra crepidam"*—and the clerk beyond his desk, and the surveyor beyond his chain, and the lawyer beyond his brief, and the doctor beyond his prescription, and the preacher beyond his sermon. . . .

The educated man is a new man. It is not merely that he knows more. It is not merely that he can do more. There is something in him which was not there when his education began. And this something gives him a new relation to the past, of which it is the fruit, and to the future, of which it is the promise. It is of the nature of an original force which draws its energy from a new contact with the world and with mankind, and which distributes its power throughout life in all its channels.

This, it seems to me, is the real object and the right result of education; to create out of the raw stuff that is hidden in the boy a finer, stronger, broader, nobler type of man.

In using this language I am not dealing in glittering generalities. The better manhood of which I speak as the aim of education is no vague and nebulous thing—the dim delight of sensational preachers and virile novelists. It has four definite marks: The power to see clearly, the power to imagine vividly, the power to think independently, and the power to will nobly. These are the objects that the creative ideal sets before us, and in so doing it gives us a standard for all educational effort, from the kindergarten to the university; a measure of what is valuable in old systems and of what is desirable in new theories; and a test of new success in teaching and learning.

I care not whether a man is called a tutor, an instructor, or a full professor; nor whether any academic degrees adorn his name; nor how many facts or symbols of facts he has stored away in his brain. If he has these four powers—clear sight, quick imagination, sound reason, and right, strong will —I call him an educated man and fit to be a teacher.

I use the word "sight" to denote all those senses which are the natural inlets of knowledge. Most men are born with five, but comparatively few learn the use of even one. The majority of people are like the idols described by the psalmist: "Eyes have they, but they see not; they have ears, but they hear not; noses have they, but they smell not." They walk through the world like blind men at a panorama, and find it very dull. There is a story of an English woman who once said to the great painter Turner, by way of comment on one of his pictures: "I never saw anything like that in nature." "Madam," said he, "what would you give if you could?"

The power to use the senses to their full capacity, clearly, sensitively, penetratingly, does not come by nature. It is the fruit of an attentive habit of veracious perception. Such a habit is the result of instruction applied to the opening of blind eyes and the unsealing of deaf ears. The academic studies which most influence in this direction are those which deal principally with objective facts, such as nature-study, language, numbers, drawing, and music.

But the education of perceptive power is not, and cannot be, carried on exclusively in the study and the class-room. Every meadow and every woodland is a college, and every city square is full of teachers. Do you know how the stream flows, how the kingfisher poises above it, how the trout swims in it, how the ferns uncurl along its banks? Do you know how the human body balances itself, and along what lines and curves it moves in walking, in running, in dancing, and in what living characters the thoughts and feelings are written on the human face? Do you know the structural aspect of man's temples and palaces and bridges, of nature's mountains and trees and flowers? Do you know the tones and accents of human speech, the songs of birds, the voices of the forests and the sea? If not, you need creative culture to make you a sensitive possessor of the beauty of the world.

Every true university should make room in its scheme for life out of doors. There is much to be said for John Milton's plan of a school whose pupils should go together each year on long horseback journeys and sailing cruises in order to see the world. Walter Bagehot said of Shakespeare that he could not walk down a street without knowing what was in it. John Burroughs has a college on a little farm beside the Hudson; and John Muir has a university called Yosemite. If such men cross a field or a thicket they see more than the Seven Wonders of the World. That is culture. And without it, all scholastic learning is arid, and all the academic degrees known to man are but china oranges hung on a dry tree.

But beyond the world of outward perception there is another world of inward vision, and the key to it is imagination. To see things as they are—that is a precious gift. To see things as they were in their beginning, or as they will be in their ending, or as they ought to be in their perfecting; to make the absent, present; to rebuild the past out of a fragment of carven stone; to foresee the future harvest in the grain of wheat in the sower's hand; to visualize the face of the invisible, and enter into the lives of all sorts and conditions of unknown men—that is a far more precious gift.

Imagination is more than a pleasant fountain; it is a fertilizing stream. Nothing great has ever been discovered or invented without the aid of imagination. It is the medium of

Sistine Madonna.—Raphael.

all human sympathy. No man can feel with another unless he can imagine himself in the other man's place.

The chief instrument in the education of imagination is literature. The object of literary culture is very simple. It is to teach a man to distinguish the best books, and to enable him to read them with inward vision. The man who has read one great book in that way has become a new creature and entered a new world. But in how many schools and colleges does that ideal prevail? We are spending infinite toil and money to produce spellers and parsers and scanners. We are trying hard to increase the number of people who can write with ease, while the race of people who can read with imagination is left to the care of chance. I wish that we might reverse the process. If our education would but create a race of readers, earnest, intelligent, capable of true imaginative effort, then the old writers would not be forgotten, and the new ones would get a wiser welcome when they arrive.

But the design of education is not accomplished unless a man passes beyond the power of seeing things as they are, and beyond the power of interpreting and appreciating the thoughts of other men, into the power of thinking for himself. To be able to ask "Why?" and to discover what it means to say "Because"—that is the intellectual triumph of education.

"To know the best that has been thought and said in the world," is what Matthew Arnold calls culture. It is an excellent attainment. But there is a step beyond it that leads from culture into manhood. That step is taken when the student, knowing something of the best that other men have thought and said, begins to think his own thoughts clearly through and to put them into his own words. Then he passes through instruction into education. Then he becomes a real person in the intellectual world.

The mere pursuit of knowledge is not necessarily an emancipating thing. There is a kind of reading which is as passive as massage. There is a kind of study which fattens the mind for examination like a prize pig for a county fair. No doubt the beginning of instruction must lie chiefly in exercises of perception and memory. But at a certain point the reason and the judgment must be awakened and brought into voluntary play. As a teacher I would far rather have a pupil give an incorrect answer in a way which showed that he had really been thinking about the subject, than a literally correct answer in a way which showed that he had merely swallowed what I had told him, and regurgitated it on the examination paper. . . .

But one more factor is included in the creative ideal of education, and that is its effect upon the will. The power to see clearly, to imagine vividly, to think independently, will certainly be wasted, will be shut up in the individual and kept for his own selfish delight, unless the power to act nobly comes to call the man into action and gives him, with all his education, to the service of the world.

An educated man is helpless until he is emancipated. An emancipated man is aimless until he is consecrated. Consecration is simply concentration, plus a sense of duty.

The final result of true education is not a selfish scholar, nor a scornful critic of the universe, but an intelligent and faithful citizen who is determined to put all his powers at the service of his country and mankind.

What part are our colleges and universities to play in the realizing of this ideal of creative education? Their true function is not exclusive, but inclusive. They are to hold this standard of manhood steadily before them, and recognize its supreme and universal value wherever it is found.

—*Van Dyke.*

THE DRAMA AND EDUCATION.

Has the drama any relations to education? I have looked carefully through the prospectus of your studies for the coming season, and with the exception of a class for elocution, I do not find any evidence of the existence of such relations. Surely if there were any direct and vital relations between the drama and education, it would be at once apparent in the programme of an institution like the City of London College. I stand appalled at the range and depth of your studies. You oppress me with your encyclopædic knowledge. I am embarrassed in assuming anything that approaches to the attitude or manner of a teacher in such an assembly as this. Therefore I propose to talk over with you this matter of the relations of the drama to education in a questioning, open-minded spirit. . . .

"What is the object of education? We hear a great deal about the technical education, that special training which is to fit a man for some special place he is to occupy in life. I notice that many of your classes supply a special kind of knowledge not likely to be very valuable or useful except to those whose business or hobby it is to acquire it. I have lately read of a naturalist who spent all his life in acquiring an exhaustive knowledge of the forehead of a carp. At the end of his days he knew almost all that could be known of his subject. . . .

Tell me, what science is of the utmost importance to every one of us, irrespective of occupation, position, age or sex, and for lack of whose knowledge men and women are destroyed? The science of life, the science of living.

How to live wisely is a far more necessary study for a man than anything that is taught in board-schools or in universities. And apart from mere technical knowledge and skill, apart from mere bread-and-cheese considerations, all education is only of value as a means to this end, as a help to the art of science of living.

Some of us can perhaps remember old men and women of the days before school-boards and board-schools, men and women who could not write their names, or do an addition sum, or read a word, yet who did possess a natural wisdom and shrewdness and insight, a natural health and integrity of character, a perception of the cardinal facts and duties of life that certainly made them better educated people than the average scholar that the board-school is turning out today. That is, they understood and practiced the art or science of living. This last generation has seen a wonderful increase in the means and appliances of education; the State gives a wider and, on the whole, a better education to every child of England than two generations back was in the reach of any except a few of the privileged classes. That education has been beneficial only if and so far as it has taught its recipients, not how to scramble for material advantages and to outwit each other in the race for money, but if and so far as it has taught them what is the lasting and final end of all education—the science of living. . . .

Those of us who are engaged in writing and producing plays are constantly startled to find how magnifying and concentrating is the power of the theater, how it isolates, how it vivifies, how it enlarges, how it inflames! The outside world is for the time annihilated, it does not exist. There on the stage in front of you is the whole drama of humanity being played out; no other men and women are alive; there is the very sum and substance and essence of human life. Now in this great power of presenting life and the realities of life in such a way as to give the spectator the same knowledge of them as he would possess after years of observation and experience, the stage is supreme.

But is this wide knowledge of life desirable? How far does it tend to perfect the science of wise living, which is the ultimate end of all education? I say the two are inseparable. Though in individual cases there is or seems to be no necessary connection between full knowing and wise doing, though there is an eternal warfare between man's passions and man's peace, between what men preach and what they practice, between aspiration and accomplishment, yet, taking a wide survey, there is a constant ration between what a nation or race *knows* and what it *does*, between what it holds as the highest truths and the smallest daily actions of its people. Intellectual advance means sooner or later moral advance, and intellectual advance always comes first.

I say then that this wide knowledge of life, of good and evil, is a good in itself. And further, we live in an age when there is a loud and general demand to know the truth about life. It is an age of upheavals, of inquiry, of searching. Smug half-truths and wandering benighted prejudices are everywhere being challenged and stripped. "Come out into the daylight" is the cry of this age to national beliefs and institutions. "Unmuffle! let us see whether you are an eternal truth or only a notion."

You cannot quench this demand for knowledge of what life is and what life means. It is not only on the stage that this demand is made; it meets you everywhere—in the reviews, in the latest novel, in drawing-rooms, in the talk of the street, in the pulpit itself. And unless I much mistake the drift of modern thought, it will not be easily quieted and answered.

I have said enough, I hope, to convince you that, while the drama claims a right to deal fearlessly with the whole nature of man, to blink nothing, to shirk nothing, to extenuate nothing, but to proclaim the whole truth about him, yet if this is done in a reverent and faithful way, I hope I have said enough to convince you that you need not hesitate to entrust your dramatists with the plenary powers that this implies, and you need not fear that anything but good can come in the long-run if the widest and most searching knowledge of the heart of man is shown you and taught you by means of the stage.

But the stage is not merely the most vivid and forcible teacher of the truths and wisdom of life. It is also the most flexible, the most humane, the most tolerant teacher. Schools and creeds, by their very nature, tend to become rigid and inadaptive to the ever-changing necessities of their supporters. The drama, by its nature, is the most flexible, the most adaptive, the most humane and large-hearted teacher. Consider the magnificent humanity and tolerance and wide sympathy of the drama! With how large and kindly an eye it can afford to look on human littleness and human transgression! It is not constrained to damn anybody. It has no party to conciliate or to support; the very clique and feuds among its own votaries are a part of its own subject-matter; the quarrels of this school or that school, even the disagreements of critics, if I dare whisper it, are all a part of that delightful imbroglio, that great, perpetual tragi-comedy, human life.

But beyond giving a deep and searching knowledge of the heart of man and the great truths of life, the stage has a lighter and pleasanter task in teaching good manners and the delicacies and amenities of social intercourse. Our old comedies are, I fear, to be commended rather as teachers of manners than as teachers of morals. Their good manners are widely different from the good manners of to-day, but they have a charm and distinction of their own, which when they are well rendered on our modern stage (alas, how rarely they are well rendered!) contain a much-needed lesson in deportment to a democratic age. . . .

I hope, then, I have convinced you that the drama has very strong claims to be considered as a teacher, that it has very real and permanent relations with education. Taking the word "education" in its wide derivative sense as that which "leads, draws forth, trains, and exercises the powers of the mind, the passions, affections, dispositions, habits, and manners," there is no instrument so powerful, so instant, so effective as the drama.

I have perhaps persuaded you that the drama has so much to teach that it is a very serious, nay a very dull affair indeed; in fact, that it is, or ought to be, a good deal like a sermon. Not a bit of it. I hasten to reassure you on this point. If you remember, we not only set out to discover if the drama did teach and what it teaches, but we also proposed to ask how and by what methods it teaches. I hope our chairman will not take it unkindly if I dare to suggest that the stage has an advantage over the pulpit not only in the matter but also in the methods of its teaching. The pulpit is a direct, an absolute teacher. So are all your other teachers who come here to instruct you. The drama is not. I am going to give you a paradox, yet a profound truth. The drama does teach, must teach, is a potent influence and also a great art in direct proportion as it does teach; yet *the moment it sets out to teach,* *the moment it takes the professional chair, the moment it assumes the professorial robes, it stultifies itself, it usurps a function and an authority that it has no right to or business with, and it becomes a meddler and a bungler. The drama cannot directly and explicitly affirm or teach or solve or prove anything.* . . .

You will tell me I am contradicting all the earlier part of my lecture. No, I am not. I am giving you the two sides of the same truth. The paradox I am putting before you is the paradox of all art, nay, the paradox of life itself. What does life teach? Can you tell me? Does life teach you that honesty is the best policy? Are all the honest men you know in the best positions of their class? If life teaches anything directly about honesty at all, I think it rather inclines to that fine bit of worldly wisdom and Bible teaching which you will find in Ecclesiastes: "Be not righteous over much: why shouldest thou destroy thyself?" Again, does life teach that lying does not prosper, that virtue leads to happiness? You know it does not teach these things directly, for every case that goes to prove these maxims could be matched with one that contradicts them. No, life does not teach directly. It is profounder than any copy-book. But does life teach nothing? Yes, it teaches us these great truths in a large, indirect way. We all read our own interpretation into life's experience. It teaches us all just what we find in its book. And sooner or later we all find these great central truths written there.

Again, what is the end or meaning of life? It always escapes you; you never pluck the heart out of its mystery. So with the great masterpieces of the drama. You can read into them any meaning or any teaching that you please; their secret will always escape you. What does *Hamlet* prove? Nothing, no more than life itself. What does it teach? Just whatever you please; just whatever you like to read into it.

This is the paradox of life, and it is equally the paradox of art—that though it must have a meaning and an end, they always elude you when you search for them. Therefore I say that the drama is following life, is following nature when it teaches in the same way, not directly, not absolutely, nor for an immediate result, but hiddenly, silently, implicitly, and with results and consequences that are removed and far-reaching, and not obvious at the first glance to the average man.

To sum up then on both points. The drama should teach; if it does not it is meaningless, empty, puerile, trivial. It should never teach directly and with a set purpose; if it does, it is meddlesome, one-sided, intolerant, irritating, and tiresome. Briefly we may say, it should teach, but it should never preach. —*Henry Arthur Jones.*

ART OF CONVERSATION.

INTRODUCTORY.

Several epochs in modern history have been productive of brilliant conversationalists. In Shakespeare's time, for example, we know that congenial spirits found greatest pleasure in conversing and it may be taken for granted that a keen wit and ready response characterized the sparkling flow of language.

Dr. Johnson and his coterie of friends passed many delightful hours in interchange of ideas at the coffee houses; if it be said that it happened frequently that Johnson talked and the rest listened, it must be remembered that good conversation presupposes sympathetic listeners as well as clever talkers. Johnson's expression for having spent a pleasant evening invariably was: "We had a good talk." To a friend who would lead him away to inviting country scenes, this lover of men had an answer ready: "When you have seen one lane, you've seen all lanes. I like men. Come, let us walk down Piccadilly." This profound interest in humanity doubtless accounts for the delight he found in mingling with them and extracting their differences and similarities of thought.

During the empire in France, the *salons* were filled with men and women who talked well. Madame de Staël, although never looked upon favorably by Napoleon, was always the center of brilliant conversation.

It is frequently said that this art is passing away. One who scans the prevalent articles written to advise debutantes upon entrance into society would think it might. Their burden is: "Talk, talk, talk—no matter whether you say anything or not." The cynic might well observe that one generation of adherence to such counsel would bring to all conversational efforts a well deserved end. But not so; the old maxim about not being able to mislead all the people all of the time prevails; there are those remaining who have matters to talk about and who can talk of them acceptably on any occasion. However, it must be admitted that the profusion of light literature and circulating journals have removed the necessity of finding easiest diversion in discussions and in chat.

Selfishness lies at the bottom of present day disinclination to enter often into converse with others; intent upon personal concerns, each has less desire to make himself agreeable than was the case before life became so strenuous and competitive. Unless men can talk with some hope of gain, for the promotion of business interests or personal advantage, they evince less eagerness to carry on prolonged conversations than did the men of Johnson's generation.

The present ebb in the conversational tide has drawn out much timely criticism which has its attraction for the opening years of the new century.

The Principles of Conversation.

There can be no doubt that of all the accomplishments prized in modern society that of being agreeable in conversation is the very first. It may be called the social result of western civilization, beginning with the Greeks. Whatever contempt the North American Indian or the Mohammedan Tartar may feel for talking as mere chatter, it is agreed among us that people must meet frequently, both men and women, and that not only is it agreeable to talk, but that it is a matter of common courtesy to say something, even when there is hardly anything to say. Every civilized man and woman feels, or ought to feel, this duty; it is the universal accomplishment which all must practise, and as those who fail signally to attain it are punished by the dislike or neglect of society, so those who succeed beyond the average receive a just reward, not only in the constant pleasure they reap from it, but in the esteem which they gain from their fellows. Many men and many women owe the whole of a great success in life to this and nothing else. An agreeable young woman will always carry away the palm in the long run from the most brilliant player or singer who has nothing to say. And though men are supposed to succeed in life by dead knowledge, or by acquaintance with business, it is often by their social qualities, by their agreeable way of putting things, and not by their more ponderous merits that they prevail. In the high profession of diplomacy, both home and foreign, this is pre-eminently the case.

But quite apart from all these serious profits, and better than them all, is the daily pleasure derived from good conversation by those who can attain to it themselves or enjoy it in others. It is a perpetual intellectual feast, it is an ever-ready recreation, a deep and lasting comfort, costing no outlay but that of time, requiring no appointments but a small company, limited neither to any age nor any sex, the delight of prosperity, the solace of adversity, the eternal and essential expression of that social instinct which is one of the strongest and best features in human nature. . . .

There are no physical conditions absolutely necessary for becoming a good talker. I have known a man with a painful impediment in his speech far more agreeable than all the fluent people in the room. But when a man comes to consider by what conditions conversation can be improved, and turns first of all to his own side to see what he can do for himself in that direction, he will find that certain natural gifts which he may possess, or the absence of which he may regret, are of no small importance in making him more agreeable to those whom he meets in society. It seems desirable to mention these at the outset for completeness' sake, and also that educators may lay their foundations in children for after use in the world.

The old Greeks set it down as an axiom that a loud or harsh voice betokened bad breeding, and any one who hears the lower classes discussing any topic at the corners of the streets may notice not merely their coarseness and rudeness in expression, but also the loudness and harshness of their voices, in support of this observation. The habit of wrangling with people who will not listen without interruption, and who try to shout down their company, nay even the habit of losing one's temper, engenders a noisy and harsh way of speaking, which naturally causes a prejudice against the talker in good society. Even the dogmatic or over-confident temper which asserts opinions loudly, and looks round to command approval or challenge contradiction, chills good conversation by setting people against the speaker, whom they presume to be a social bully and wanting in sympathy.

Contrariwise, nothing attracts more at first hearing than a soft and sweet tone of voice. It generally suggests a deeper well of feeling than the speaker possesses, and certainly prejudices people as much in his favor as a grating or loud utterance repels them. It is to be classed with personal beauty, which disposes every one to favour the speaker, and listen to him or her with sympathy and attention. This sweetness in the tone of the voice is chiefly a natural gift, but it may also be improved, if not acquired, by constant and careful training in early years. It can certainly be marred by constant straining and shouting. It should therefore be carefully cultivated or protected in youth as a valuable vantage ground in social intercourse.

Similarly the presence of a strong local accent, though there are cases where it gives raciness to wit and pungency to satire, is usually a hindrance in conversation, especially at its outset, and among strangers. It marks a man as provincial, and hence is akin to vulgarity and narrowness of mind. It suggests, too, that the speaker has not moved much about the world, or even in the best society of his native country, in which such provincialism is carefully avoided, and set down as an index of mind and manners below the highest level. Hence all careful educators endeavor to eradicate peculiarities of accent or pronunciation in children, and justly, though we have all met great talkers whose Scotch burr or Irish brogue seemed an essential feature of their charm. If this be so, no education can eradicate it. In lesser people, to be provincial is distinctly an obstacle in the way, even though a great mind may turn it into a stepping-stone.

There is yet another almost physical disability or damage to conversation, which is akin to provincialism, and which consists in disagreeable tricks in conversation, such as the constant and meaningless repetition of catchwords and phrases, such as the unmeaning oaths of our grandfathers; such as inarticulate sounds of assent; such as contortions of the face, which so annoy the hearer by their very want of meaning and triviality as to excite quite a disproportionate dislike to the speaker, and to require great and sterling qualities to counterbalance it. However apt a man's internal furniture may be for conversation, he may make it useless by being externally disagreeable, and how often when we praise a friend as a good talker do we hear the reply: I should like him well enough if he did not worry me with his *don't you know,* or his *what,* or his *exactly so,* or something else so childishly small, that we shudder to think how easily a man may forfeit his position or popularity among civilized men in their daily intercourse. But modern society, which ought to be of all things in human life the most easy and unconstrained, is growing every day more tyrannical and only to be kept in good humor by careful attention to its unwritten behests, unless, indeed, we have the power to bend it to our will, and force it to follow our lead instead of driving us along like slaves. . . .

The highest and best of all the moral conditions for conversation is what we call *tact.* I say a condition, for it is very doubtful whether it can be called a single and separate quality; more probably it is a combination of intellectual quickness with lively sympathy. But so clearly is it an intellectual quality, that of all others it can be greatly improved, if not actually acquired, by long experience in society. Like all social excellences it is almost given as a present to some people, while others with all possible labour never acquire it. As in billiard-playing, shooting, cricket, and all these other facilities which are partly mental and partly physical, many never can pass a certain amount of mediocrity; but still, even those who have the talent must practise it, and only become really distinguished after hard work. So it is in art. Music and painting are not to be attained by the crowd. Not even the just criticism of these arts is attainable without certain natural gifts;

but a great deal of practise in good galleries and at good concerts, and years spent among artists, will do much to make even moderately endowed people sound judges of excellence.

Tact, which is the sure and quick judgment of what is suitable and agreeable in society, is likewise one of those delicate and subtle qualities or a combination of qualities which is not very easily defined, and therefore not teachable by fixed precepts; but we can easily see that it is based on all the conditions we have already discussed. Some people attain it through sympathy; others through natural intelligence; others through a calm temper; others again by observing closely the mistakes of their neighbours. As its name implies, it is a sensitive touch in social matters, which feels small changes of temperature, and so guesses at changes of temper; which sees the passing cloud on the expression of one face, or the eagerness of another that desires to bring out something personal for others to enjoy. This quality of tact is of course applicable far beyond mere actual conversation. In nothing is it more useful than in preparing the right conditions for a pleasant society, in choosing the people who will be in mutual sympathy, in thinking over pleasant subjects of talk and suggesting them, in seeing that all disturbing conditions are kept out, and that the members who are to converse should be all without those small inconveniences which damage society so vastly out of proportion to their intrinsic importance.

This social skill is generally supposed to be congenital, especially in some women, and no one thinks of laying down rules for it, as its application is so constant, various, and often sudden. Yet it is certain that any one may improve himself by reflection on the matter, and so avoid those shocking mistakes which arise from social stupidity. Thus in the company of a woman who is a man's third wife, most people will instinctively avoid jokes about Bluebeard, or anecdotes of comparison between a man's several wives, of which so many are current in Ireland. But quite apart from instinct, an experienced man who is going to tell a story which may have too much point for some of those present, will look round and consider each member of the party, and if there be a single stranger there whose views are not familiar to him, he will forego the pleasure of telling the story rather than make the social mistake of hurting even one of the guests. On the other hand, this very example shows how a single stranger may spoil a whole conversation by inducing caution in the speakers and imposing upon them such reserve as is inconsistent with a perfectly easy flow of talk.

Another evidence of tact is the perception that a topic has been sufficiently discussed, and that it is on the point of becoming tedious. There is nothing which elderly people should watch more carefully in themselves, for even those once gay and brilliant are almost certain to become prosy with age, and to dwell upon their favorite topics as if this preference were shared by all society. But even the young must be here perpetually upon the watch, and show their tact by refraining from too many questions or too much argument upon any single subject, which becomes a bore to others. Every host and hostess should make it their first duty to watch this human weakness, and should lead away the conversation when it threatens to stay in the same groove. It is better to do this bluntly and confessedly than to refrain from doing it. But the quality of tact, as it quickly perceives the growing mischief, is also quick of resource in devising such interruptions as may seem natural or unavoidable, so as to beguile the company into new paths, and even make the too persistent members lay aside their threadbare discussion without regret. . . .

If wit be the quick flash, the electric spark, the play of summer lightning which warms the colour of conversation, humour is the sustained side of the ridiculous, the comic way of looking at things and people, which may be manifested either in comment upon the statements made by others or in narrating one's own experiences. Of course in receiving and commenting upon what is being said, no preparation is possible. It depends altogether upon a mental attitude, which looks out with a smile upon the world, and exposes the ridiculous side of human life not more by irony of comment than by mock approval of social vices, mock indignation at social virtues, seriousness when false comedy is being produced, raillery when false tragedy is being paraded with insincerity or empty bombast. In these and a hundred other ways humour receives and criticizes what other people say in a company; and if it be coupled *with kindliness of heart and with tact,* may be regarded as the very highest of conversational virtues.

Analogous to this is the display of humour, not in receiving but in producing ideas in company. The humorist is the only good and effective story-teller; for if he is to monopolize a conversation, and require others to listen to him, it must be by presenting human life under a fresh and piquant aspect—in fact, as a little comedy. Thus the lifelike portrayal of any kind of foible—pomposity, obsequiousness, conceit, hypocrisy, nay even of provincial accent or ungrammatical language—ensures a pleased and therefore agreeable audience, and opens the way for easy and sympathetic intercourse. It is perhaps not too much to say that in any society where conventionality becomes a threatening power, humour is our great safeguard from this kind of vulgarity. Let me point as an illustration of this to the social sketches in *Punch,* which for years back have been the truest mirror of the vulgarities of English society. The humourous exhibition of these foibles is the most effective way we know of bringing them before the public mind, and of warning people that here is a judge whose censure is really to be feared. We may also learn from the success of this extraordinary paper how much more valuable and more respected prepared humour is than prepared wit. The jokes in the text pass by unheeded, while the sketches of character are thought deserving of a permanent place in our literature.

I need hardly add that the abuse of these great natural gifts is not only possible, but frequent, and in both it arises from the same mental defects—conceit and selfishness. A man who can say a good thing or make a person appear ridiculous may be so proud of his power that he exercises it at the cost of good taste and even of real humanity. The great wit is often cruel, and even glories in wounding to the quick the sensibilities of others. If he can carry some of the company with him he has a wicked enjoyment in making one of the rest a butt or target for his shafts, and so destroying all wholesome conversation. He may leave in the minds of his society an admiration of his talent, but often a serious dislike of his character. With such feelings abroad he will injure conversation far more than he promotes it. People may consent to go into his company to hear him talk, but will avoid talking in his presence.

The excesses of the humourist are perhaps rather those of a complacent selfishness, which does not hesitate to monopolize the company with long stories in which all do not feel an interest. But humour is its own antidote; and if a man has the true vein in him he will also have the tact to feel when he is tedious, and when his fun is out of harmony with his hearers. For these reasons it is not only a higher but a safer gift than wit for the purpose of conversation; the pity of it is that so few possess it, and that there is hardly any use in trying to attain it by education. No doubt the constant society of an elder or superior who looks at things in this way may stimulate it in the young, but with the danger of making them sarcastic and satirical, which are grave faults, and which are the distortion of humour to ill-natured and unsocial purposes, so that even in this view of the matter education in humour may turn out a very mischievous failure.

On the whole we must set ourselves to carry on society and to make good conversation without any large help from these brilliant but dangerous gifts. Occasional flashes will occur to ordinary people, and sometimes the very circumstances themselves will create a situation so humourous that it requires no genius to bring it home to the company. But beyond the necessary cautions above indicated, we cannot bring it into any systematic doctrine of social intercourse. . . . .

These last remarks are very applicable to the case next before us, when conversation is among a few—say from four to eight people—a form of society the best and most suitable for talk, but which is now rather the exception, from the common habit of crowding our rooms or our tables, and getting rid of social obligations as if they were commercial debts. Indeed, many of our young people have so seldom heard a general conversation that they grow up in the belief that their only duty in society will be to talk to one man or woman at a time. So serious are the results of the fashion of large dinner parties. For really good society, no dinner table should be too large to exclude general conversation, and no couples should sit together who are likely to lapse into private discourse.

It is generally thought the fault of the host or hostess if such an evening turns out a failure; and, indeed, it is possible to bring one incongruous person into a small company who will so chill or disturb the rest that conversation languishes. But this case is rare, and the fault usually lies with the company, none of whom take the trouble to tide over any difficulty, or seek to draw out from those present what they like or want to say. I am now looking at the thing from the point of view of the man or woman who comes in as a guest, and whose duty it is to make the evening, or the period of time during which the company is assembled, pass in a pleasant way. Perhaps it is the practical course to consider the usual form in modern society, that of the small dinner party, and then apply what is to be said upon it to analogous cases.

In the very forefront there stares us in the face that very awkward period which even the gentle Menander notes as the worst possible for conversation, the short time during which people are assembling and waiting for the announcement of dinner. If the witty man were not usually a selfish person, who will not exhibit his talent without the reward of full and leisurely appreciation, this is the real moment to show his powers. A brilliant thing, said at the very start, which sets people laughing, and makes them forget that they are waiting, may alter the whole complexion of the party, may make the silent and distant people feel themselves drawn into the sympathy of common merriment, and thaw the iciness which so often fetters Anglo-Saxon society. But as this faculty is not given to many, so the average man may content himself with having something ready to tell, and this, if possible, in answer to the usual questions expressed or implied: Is there any news this afternoon? There are few days that the daily papers will not afford to the intelligent critic something ridiculous, either in style or matter, which has escaped the ordinary public; some local event, nay, even some local tragedy, may suggest a topic not worth more than a few minutes of attention, which will secure the interest of minds vacant, and perhaps more hungry to be fed than their bodies. Here, then, if anywhere in the whole range of conversation, the man or woman who desires to be agreeable may venture to think beforehand, and bring with them something ready, merely as the first kick or starting point to make the evening run smoothly.

When the company has settled down to dinner, the first care should be to prevent it breaking into couples, and for that purpose some one opposite should be addressed or some question asked which may evoke answers from various people. Above all, however, the particular guest of the night, or the person best known as a wit or story teller, should *not* be pressed or challenged at the outset—a sort of vulgarity which makes him either shy or angry at being so manifestly *exploité* by the company, so that he is likely either to turn silent or say some ill-humoured things.

The main advice to be given to women to help them in making such a small company agreeable, is to study politics. A vast number of clever and well-read women exclude themselves from a large part of the serious talk of men by neglecting this engrossing and ever-fruitful topic of conversation. Literature, of course, is a still more various and interesting subject; but here, perhaps, the defect lies with men who are so devoted to practical life that they lose their taste for general reading. Except for politics, the daily papers seldom afford any literary food fit for good conversation.

The topic which ought to be common to both and always interesting, is the discussion of human character and human motives. If the novel be so popular a form of literature, how can the novel in real life fail to interest an intelligent company? People of serious temper and philosophic habit will be able to confine themselves to large ethical views, and the general dealings of men; but to average people, both men and women, and, perhaps most of all, to busy men who desire to find in society relaxation from their toil, that lighter and more personal kind of criticism on human affairs will prevail which is known as *gossip*.

This may, therefore, be the suitable moment to consider the place of gossip in the theory of conversation; for though gossip is not only possible but usual in the private discourse of two people, and possible, too, in a large society, its real home and natural exercising ground is the society of a few people intimate with the same surroundings.

It is usual for all people, especially those who most indulge in it, to censure gossip as a crime, as a violation of the Ninth Commandment, as a proof of idleness and vain curiosity, as a frivolous waste of the time given us for mental improvement. Yet the censure is seldom serious. These people cannot but feel obscurely what they are either afraid to speak out or have not duly considered, that the main object of conversation is neither instruction nor moral improvement but *recreation*. It is of course highly desirable that all our amusements should be both intellectually and morally profitable, and we may look back with special satisfaction upon any conversation which included these important objects. But the main and direct object is recreation, mental relaxation, happy idleness; and from this point of view it is improbable for any sound theory of conversation to ignore or depreciate gossip, which is, perhaps, the main factor in agreeable talk throughout society.

The most harmless form is the repeating of small details about personages great either in position or intellect, which give their empty names a personal colour, and so bring them nearer and more clearly into view. The man who has just come from the society of kings and queens, or great generals, or politicians, or literary men whose names are exceptionally prominent at the time, can generally furnish some personal details by which people imagine they can explain to themselves great and unexpected results. Who has not heard with interest such anecdotes about Mr. Gladstone, or Prince Bismarck, or Victor Emmanuel? And what book has ever acquired more deserved and lasting reputation than Boswell's *Life of Johnson*?

The latest development of the literary side of gossip is to be seen in what are called the "society papers," which owe their circulation to their usefulness in furnishing topics for this kind of conversation. All the funny sketches of life and character which have made *Punch* so admirable a mirror of society for the last fifty years, are of the character of gossip, subtracting the mischievous element of personality; and though most people will think this latter an essential feature in our meaning when we talk of gossip, it is not so; it is the trivial and passing, the unproven and suspected, which is the main thing, for it is quite possible to bring any story under the notion while suppressing the names of the actors.

Next to the retailing of small personal points about great people comes the narrating of deeper interests belonging to small people, especially the affairs of the heart, which we pursue so assiduously even in feigned characters. But here it is that all the foibles of our neighbours come under survey, and that a great deal of calumny and slander may be launched upon the world by mere shrug and innuendo. The reader will remember with what effect this side of gossip is brought out in Sheridan's *School for Scandal.*

It is idle to deny that there is no kind of conversation more fascinating than this, but its immorality may easily become such as to shock honest minds, and the man who indulges in it freely at the expense of others will probably have to pay the cost himself in the long run; for those who hear him will fear him, and will retire into themselves in his presence. On the other hand, nothing is more honourable than to stand forth as the defender or the palliator of the faults imputed to others, and nothing is easier than to expand such a defence into general considerations as to the purity of human motives, which will raise the conversation from its unwholesome ground into the upper air.

If the company be fit for it, no general rule is more valuable than that of turning the conversation away from people and fixing it on things; but, alas! How many there are who only take interest in people, and in the weakest and most trivial aspects of people! Few things are more essential and more neglected in the education of children than to habituate them to talk about things, and not people; yet, what use is there in urging these more special rules, when the very idea of teaching them to converse at all is foreign to the minds of most parents and of all educators? Let me illustrate this by one grotesque fact.

It will be conceded that the one thing absolutely essential to the education of a lady is that she should talk agreeably at meals. It is the natural meeting time, not only of the household, but of friends, and conversation is then as essential as food. Yet, what is the habit of many of our schools? They either enforce silence at this period, or they compel the wretched pupils to speak in a foreign language, in which they can only labour out spasmodic commonplaces, without any interchange or play of thought. Consequently many of our girls drift into the habit of regarding meal times as the precise occasion when conversation is impossible. How far this miseducation, during some of the most critical years of their lives, affects them permanently, it is not easy to overestimate. If parents were decently intelligent in this matter they should ascertain clearly the practice of a school, and the schoolmaster or schoolmistress who is obtuse and mischievous enough to practice this crime should at once lose every pupil.—*Mahaffy.*

If You Can Talk Well.

There is no other one thing which enables us to make so good an impression, especially upon those who do not know us thoroughly, as the ability to converse well.

To be a good conversationalist, able to interest people, to rivet their attention, to draw them to you naturally, by the very superiority of your conversational ability, is to be the possessor of a very great accomplishment, one which is superior to all others. It not only helps you to make a good impression upon strangers, it also helps you to make and keep friends. It opens doors and softens hearts. It makes you interesting in all sorts of company. It helps you to get on in the world. It sends you clients, patients, customers. It helps you into the best society, even though you are poor.

A man who can talk well, who has the art of putting things in an attractive way, who can interest others immediately by his power of speech, has a very great advantage over one who may know more than he, but who cannot express himself with ease or eloquence.

You may be a fine singer, and yet travel around the world without having an opportunity of showing your accomplishment, or without guessing your specialty. But wherever you go, and in whatever society you are, no matter what your station in life may be, you talk.

You may be a painter, you may have spent years with great masters, and yet, unless you have very marked ability so that your pictures are hung in the salons or in the great art galleries, comparatively few people will ever see them. But if you are an artist in conversation, everyone who comes in contact with you will see your life picture, which you have been painting ever since you began to talk. Everyone knows whether you are an artist or a bungler. . . .

Nothing else will indicate your fineness or coarseness of culture, your breeding or lack of it, so quickly as your conversation. It will tell your whole life's story. What you say, and how you say it, will betray all your secrets, will give the world your true measure.

There is no other accomplishment or acquirement which you can use so constantly and effectively, which will give so much pleasure to your friends, as fine conversation. There is no doubt that the gift of language was intended to be a much greater accomplishment than the majority of us have ever made of it.

Most of us are bunglers in our conversation, because we do not make an art of it; we do not take the trouble or pains to learn to talk well. We do not read enough or think enough. Most of us express ourselves in sloppy, slipshod English, because it is so much easier to do so than it is to think before we speak, to make an effort to express ourselves with elegance, ease, and power.

Poor conversers excuse themselves for not trying to improve by saying that "good talkers are born, not made." We might as well say that good lawyers, good physicians, or good merchants are born, not made. None of them would ever get very far without hard work. This is the price of all achievement that is of value. . . .

Few people think very much about how they are going to express themselves. They use the first words that come to them. They do not think of forming a sentence so that it will have beauty, brevity, transparency, power. The words flow from their lips helter-skelter, with little thought of arrangement or order.

Now and then we meet a real artist in conversation, and it is such a treat and delight that we wonder why the most of us should be such bunglers in our conversation, that we should make such a botch of the medium of communication between human beings, when it is capable of being made the art of arts. . . .

I have met a dozen persons in my lifetime who have given me such a glimpse of its superb possibilities that it has made all other arts seem comparatively unimportant to me. . . .

In olden times the art of conversation reached a much higher standard than that of today. The deterioration is due to the complete revolution in the conditions of modern civilization. Formerly people had almost no other way of communicating their thoughts than by speech. Knowledge of all kinds was disseminated almost wholly through the spoken word. There were no great daily newspapers, no magazines or periodicals of any kind.

Giotto's Campanile.—Florence.

The great discoveries of vast wealth in the precious minerals, the new world opened up by inventions and discoveries, and the great impetus to ambition have changed all this. In this lightning-express age, in these strenuous times, when everybody has the mania to attain wealth and position, we no longer have time to reflect with deliberation, and to develop our powers of conversation. In these great newspaper and periodical days, when everybody can get for one or a few cents the news and information which it has cost thousands of dollars to collect, everybody sits behind the morning sheet or is buried in a book or magazine. There is no longer the same need of communicating thought by the spoken word, as there was formerly.

Oratory is becoming a lost art for the same reason. Printing has become so cheap that even the poorest homes can get more reading for a few dollars than kings and noblemen could afford in the Middle Ages.

It is a rare thing to find a polished conversationalist today. So rare is it to hear one speaking exquisite English, and using a superb diction, that it is indeed a luxury.

Good reading, however, will not only broaden the mind and give new ideas, but it will also increase one's vocabulary, and that is a great aid to conversation. Many people have good thoughts and ideas, but they cannot express them because of the poverty of their vocabulary. They have not words enough to clothe their ideas and make them attractive. They talk around in a circle, repeat and repeat, because, when they want a particular word to convey their exact meaning, they cannot find it. . . .

Many people—and this is especially true of scholars—seem to think that the great desideratum in life is to get as much valuable information into the head as possible. But it is just as important to know how to give out knowledge in a palatable manner as to acquire it. You may be a profound scholar, you may be well read in history and in politics, you may be wonderfully well posted in science, literature, and art, and yet, if your knowledge is locked up within you, you will always be placed at a great disadvantage.

Locked-up ability may give the individual some satisfaction, but it must be exhibited, expressed in some attractive way, before the world will appreciate it or give credit for it. It does not matter how valuable the rough diamond may be, no explaining, no describing its marvels of beauty within, and its great value, would avail; nobody would appreciate it until it was ground and polished and the light let into its depths to reveal its hidden brilliancy. Conversation is to the man what the cutting of the diamond is to the stone. The grinding does not add anything to the diamond. It merely reveals its wealth.

How little parents realize the harm they are doing their children by allowing them to grow up ignorant of or indifferent to the marvelous possibilities in the art of conversation! In the majority of homes, children are allowed to mangle the English language in a most painful way.

Nothing else will develop the brain and character more than the constant effort to talk well, intelligently, interestingly, upon all sorts of topics. There is a splendid discipline in the constant effort to express one's thoughts in clear language and in an interesting manner. We know people who are such superb conversers that no one would ever dream that they have not had the advantages of the higher schools. Many a college graduate has been silenced and put to shame by people who have never even been to a high school, but who have studied the art of self-expression.

The school and the college employ the student comparatively a few hours a day for a few years; conversation is a training in a perpetual school. Many get the best part of their education in this school.

Conversation is a great ability discoverer, a great revealer of possibilities and resources. It stimulates thought wonderfully. We think more of ourselves if we can talk well, if we can interest and hold others. The power to do so increases our self-respect, our self-confidence.

No man knows what he really possesses until he makes his best effort to express to others what is in him. Then the avenues of the mind fly open, the faculties are on the alert. Every good converser has felt a power come to him from the listener which he never felt before, and which often stimulates and inspires to fresh endeavor. The mingling of thought with thought, the contact of mind with mind, develops new powers, as the mixing of two chemicals produces a new third substance.

To converse well one must listen well also. This means one must hold oneself in a receptive attitude. . . .

One cause for our conversational decline is a lack of sympathy. We are too selfish, too busily engaged in our own welfare, and wrapped up in our own little world, too intent upon our own self-promotion to be interested in others. No one can make a good converser who is not sympathetic. You must be able to enter into another's life, to live it with the other person, in order to be a good talker or a good listener. . . .

Lincoln was master of the art of making himself interesting to everybody he met. He put people at ease with his stories and jokes, and made them feel so completely at home in his presence that they opened up their mental treasures to him without reserve. Strangers were always glad to talk with him, because he was so cordial and quaint, and always gave more than he got.

A sense of humour such as Lincoln had is, of course, a great addition to one's conversational powers. But not everyone can be funny; and, if you lack the sense of humour, you will make yourself ludicrous by attempting to be so.

A good conversationalist, however, is not too serious. He does not deal too much with facts, no matter how important. Facts, statistics, weary. Vivacity is absolutely necessary. Heavy conversation bores; too light, disgusts.

Therefore, to be a good conversationalist you must be spontaneous, buoyant, natural, sympathetic, and must show a spirit of good will. You must feel a spirit of helpfulness, and must enter heart and soul into things which interest others. You must get the attention of people and hold it by interesting them, and you can only interest them by a warm sympathy —a real friendly sympathy. If you are cold, distant, and unsympathetic, you cannot hold their attention. . . .

You must bring your listener close to you, must open your heart wide, and exhibit a broad, free nature, and an open mind. You must be responsive, so that he will throw wide open every avenue of his nature and give you free access to his heart of hearts.

If a man is a success anywhere, it ought to be in his personality, in his power to express himself in strong, effective, interesting language. He should not be obliged to give a stranger an inventory of his possessions in order to show that he has achieved something. A greater wealth should flow from his lips, and express itself in his manner.

No amount of natural ability, or education or good clothes, no amount of money, will make you appear well if you cannot express yourself in good language.

—*Marden.*

CULTURE BY CONVERSATION.

Nothing clarifies our ideas on any subject like subjecting them to the white heat of free discussion; nothing gives us so clear a knowledge of our own powers as measuring them with those of others. And sometimes we find that in endeavoring to receive light we do so by the action of our own minds, and shed more light than we receive. Many a man has acquired clearer intellectual light on his own talents, gained more confidence in himself, by mixing among men and comparing himself with others, than in any other way.

True conversation is always reciprocally beneficial. No matter how much you give, you are sure to receive something; no matter how much you receive, you are sure to give something. The more you give, the more you have to give. Expression of thought makes it grow. As soon as you express one thought, a hundred others may start from it; the avenues of the mind open at once to new views, to new perceptions of things; fresh beams of light flash in on all sides, each beam enabling you to see things you never saw before; so that, by a compensating law in the intellectual as in the moral life, the giver is more blessed than the receiver. And far from impoverishing him, the more he distributes his wealth, the wealthier he becomes; for he may say with Juliet:

"The more I give to thee,
The more I have."

A new thought may to the thinker be simply a new thought and nothing more—a dear germ waiting for the contact of another thought to be warmed into life. By dropping it into the mind of another, it suddenly germinates and springs into life; it expands and grows into a new creation. . . .

Thought produces thought, and he who sits down to write a letter sometimes finds himself expanding into an essay or a history. Burke's famous *Reflections on the French Revolution* originated in a letter to a young friend. He had no sooner begun to state his views to his friend than the subject began to expand on all sides, showing its far-reaching influences and effects. His young friend had touched a spring that unlocked a whole mine of golden ore. . . .

Coleridge's most famous poem, the "Ancient Mariner," was suggested by a remark of Wordsworth's in conversation. The two men had been talking of writing a poem in which a supernatural event might be related in such a way as to give it a resemblance of truth; whereupon Coleridge related the dream of a friend in which a skeleton ship was navigated by dead men; then Wordsworth said he had been reading of a ship in the South Seas which, after one of the crew had shot an albatross, was tossed about in storms or spellbound in calms, the killing of the seabird being supposed to arouse the ire of the tutelary spirits of that region.

Thus the "Ancient Mariner" arose from the single remark of a friend in conversation. "The gloss with which it was subsequently accompanied," says Wordsworth, "was not thought of by either of us at the time; at least not a hint of it was given to me; so I have no doubt it was a felicitous afterthought." Of course, the suggestion was all that the poet needed to build upon; for when his fertile mind had got to work, the rest followed easily.

And curiously enough, it was in a similar way that an American poet received the first suggestion for his greatest and most popular work. "Hawthorne dined one day with Longfellow," says Mr. James T. Fields, "and brought a friend with him from Salem. After dinner, the friend said, 'I have been trying to persuade Hawthorne to write a story based on a legend of Arcadia, and still current there—the legend of a girl who, in the dispersion of the Arcadians, was separated from her lover, passed her life in waiting and seeking for him, and only found him at last dying in a hospital when both were old.' Longfellow wondered that the legend did not strike the fancy of Hawthorne, and he said to him, 'If you have really made up your mind not to use it for a story, will you let me have it for a poem?' To this Hawthorne readily consented, and promised moreover not to treat the subject in prose till Longfellow had seen what he could do with it in verse." Such is the origin of Evangeline. . . .

No talent is more admirable than that of the man who knows how to touch those hidden springs which set quiet and undemonstrative people a-talking—those taciturn people who never speak except when they are spoken to or have something worth telling. There are always subjects about which such people can talk most interestingly if they can only be induced to speak.

He who has the power of drawing people out, who has that confiding, amiable, and pleasing manner which dispels reserve and self-consciousness, which puts people at ease and inspires them with speech and a willingness to talk, has a master talent, which is as rare as it is valuable. In whatever company such a man appears, his presence acts like sunshine on plants; every one finds himself expanding with new life, and ready to exhibit whatever element of beauty or refinement there is in him. Touching their minds in that light, airy, quickening way which stirs thought and recollection, he dispels reserve and inspires confidence; and thus he causes the company to vie with each other in telling things that are amusing or instructive, or that elucidate whatever subject is discussed.

Most men, even those well informed, think little of what they have learned, and much of what they still have to learn; the field of knowledge constantly widens before them, while that which they have gone through seems comparatively limited; but it is by showing what they know that they learn more, and gain distinctness and clearness in the knowledge they have. And sometimes a plain man condenses a whole life experience in a few spoken sentences.

—*Waters.*

RULES FOR CONVERSATION.

Talk often, but never long; in that case, if you do not please, at least you are sure not to tire your hearers. Pay your own reckoning, but do not treat the whole company—this being one of the very few cases in which people do not care to be treated, every one being fully convinced that he has wherewithal to pay.

Tell stories very seldom, and absolutely never but where they are very apt and very short. Omit every circumstance that is not material, and beware of digressions. To have frequent recourse to narrative betrays great want of imagination.

Never hold anybody by the button or the hand in order to be heard out; for if people are not willing to hear you, you had much better hold your tongue than them.

Most long talkers single out some one unfortunate man in company (commonly him whom they observe to be the most silent, or their next neighbor) to whisper, or at least in a half voice to convey a continuity of words to. This is excessively ill bred, and in some degree a fraud—conversation stock being a joint and common property. But on the other hand, if one of the unmerciful talkers lays hold of you, hear him with patience, and at least seeming attention, if he is worth obliging—for nothing will oblige him more than a patient hearing, as nothing would hurt him more than either to leave him in the midst of his discourse, or to discover your impatience under your affliction.

Take, rather than give, the tone of the company you are in. If you have parts, you will show them more or less upon every subject; and if you have not, you had better talk sillily upon a subject of other people's than of your own choosing.

Avoid as much as you can, in mixed companies, argumentative, polemical conversations—which though they should not, yet certainly do, indispose for a time the contending parties toward each other; and if the controversy grows warm and noisy, endeavor to put an end to it by some genteel levity or joke. I quieted such a conversation-hubbub once by representing to them that though I was persuaded none there present would repeat out of company what passed in it, yet I could not answer for the discretion of the passengers in the street, who must necessarily hear all that was said.

Above all things, and upon all occasions, avoid speaking of yourself, if it be possible. Such is the natural pride and vanity of our hearts that it perpetually breaks out, even in people of the best parts, in all the various modes and figures of the egotism.

Some abruptly speak advantageously of themselves, without either pretense or provocation. They are impudent. Others proceed more artfully as they imagine, and forge accusations against themselves, complain of calumnies which they never heard, in order to justify themselves by exhibiting a catalogue of their many virtues. They acknowledge it may indeed seem odd that they should talk in that manner of themselves; it is what they do not like, and what they never would have done—no, no tortures should ever have forced it from them, if they had not been thus unjustly and monstrously accused! But in these cases justice is surely due to one's self as well as to others, and when our character is attacked, we may say in our own justification what otherwise we never would have said. This thin veil of modesty drawn before vanity is much too transparent to conceal it even from very moderate discernment.

Others go more modestly and more slyly still (as they think) to work, but in my mind, still more ridiculously. They confess themselves (not without some degree of shame and confusion) into all the cardinal virtues by first degrading them into weaknesses, and then owning their misfortune in being made up of those weaknesses. They cannot see people suffer without sympathizing with and endeavoring to help them. They cannot see people want without relieving them, though truly their own circumstances cannot very well afford it. They cannot help speaking truth, though they know the imprudence of it. In short, they know that with all these weaknesses, they are not fit to live in the world, much less to thrive in it; but they are now too old to change, and must rub on as well as they can. This sounds too ridiculous and *outre,* almost, for the stage; and yet, take my word for it, you will frequently meet with it upon the common stage of the world. And here I will observe, by the by, that you will often meet with characters in nature, so extravagant, that a discreet poet would not venture to set them upon the stage in their true and high coloring.

This principle of vanity and pride is so strong in human nature that it descends even to the lowest objects, and one often sees people angling for praise, where, admitting all they say to be true (which, by the way, it seldom is,) no just praise is to be caught. One man affirms that he has rode post an hundred miles in six hours: probably it is a lie; but supposing it to be true, what then? Why, he is a very good post-boy, that is all. Another asserts, and probably not without oaths, that he has drunk six or eight bottles of wine at a sitting; out of charity, I will believe him a liar, for if I do not I must think him a beast. . . .

I need not, I believe, advise you to adapt your conversation to the people you are conversing with—for I suppose you would not, without this caution, have talked upon the same subject, and in the same manner, to a minister of state, a bishop, a philosopher, a captain, and a woman. A man of the world must, like the chameleon, be able to take every different hue, which is by no means criminal or abject, but a necessary complaisance; for it relates only to manners and not to morals.

One word only as to swearing, and that, I hope and believe, is more than is necessary. You may sometimes hear some people in good company interlard their discourse with oaths, by way of embellishment, as they think; but you must observe, too, that those who do so are never those who contribute in any degree to give that company the denomination of good company. They are always subalterns, or people of low education; for that practice, besides that it has no one temptation to plead, is as silly and illiberal as it is wicked.

—*Lord Chesterfield.*

SENECA'S REFLECTIONS ON CONVERSATION.

You say well, that in speaking, the very ordering of the voice (to say nothing of the actions, countenances, and other circumstances that accompany it) is a consideration worthy of a wise man. There are that prescribe certain modes of rising and falling; nay, if you will be governed by them, you shall not speak a word, move a step, or eat a bit, but by a rule; and these perhaps are too critical. Do not understand me yet as if I made no difference betwixt entering upon a discourse, loud or soft; for the affections do naturally rise by degrees; and in all disputes or pleadings, whether public or private, a man should properly begin with modesty and temper; and so advance by little and little, if need be, into clamor and vociferation. And as the voice rises by degrees, let it fall so, too; not snapping off upon a sudden, but abating as upon moderation; the other is unmannerly and rude. He that has a precipitate speech is commonly violent in his manners; besides that there is in it much of vanity and emptiness; and no man takes satisfaction in a flux of words without choice, where the noise is more than the value. Fabius was a man eminent both for his life and his learning, and no less for his eloquence; his speech was rather easy and sliding than quick; which he accounted to be not only liable to many errors, but to a suspicion of immodesty. Nay, let a man have words never so much at will, he will no more speak fast than he will run, for fear his tongue should get before his wit. The speech of a philosopher should be, like his life, composed, without pressing or stumbling; which is fitter for a mountebank than a man of sobriety and business. And then, to drop one word after another is as bad on the other side: the interruption is tedious, and tires out the auditor with expectation. Truth and morality should be delivered in words plain, and without affectation; for, like remedies, unless they stay with us, we are never the better for them. He that would work upon his hearers, must no more expect to do it upon the post, than a physician to cure his patients only in passing by them. Not but that I would have a wise man, in some cases, to raise himself, and mend his pace, but still with a regard to the dignity of his manners; though there may be a great force also in moderation. I would have his discourse smooth and flowing, like a river; not impetuous, like a torrent. There is a rapid, lawless, and irrevocable velocity of speech, which I would scarce allow even to an orator; for if he be transported with passion or ostentation, a man's attention can hardly keep him company. It is not the quantity, but the pertinence, that does the business. Let the words of an ancient man flow soft and gentle; let those of an orator come off round and powerful; but not run on without fear or wit, as if the whole declamation were to be but one period. Cicero wrote with care, and that which will forever stand the test. All public languages are according to the humor of the age. A wantonness and effeminacy of speech denotes luxury; for the wit follows the mind: if the latter be sound, composed, temperate, and grave, the wit is dry and sober, too; but if the one be corrupted, the other is likewise unsound. Do we not see when a man's mind is heavy, how he creeps and draws his legs after him? A finical temper is read in the very gestures and clothes; if a man be choleric and violent, it is also discovered in his motions. An angry man speaks short and quick; the speech of an effeminate man is loose and melting. A quaint and solicitous way of speaking is the sign of a weak mind; but a great man speaks with ease and freedom; and with more assurance; though less care. Speech is an *index* of the mind; when you see a man dress and set his clothes in print, you shall be sure to find his words so, too, and nothing in them that is firm and weighty: it does not become a *man* to be *delicate*. As it is in drink, the tongue never trips till the mind be overborne, so it is with speech; so long as the mind is whole and sound, the speech is masculine and strong, but if one fails, the other follows. —*Morals.*

Happiness Through Conversation.

By the way of pre-eminence ours is called the era of the book. The printed page is more and more, the oral word is less and less. It is said that men now find happiness and rest in reading rather than in conversation. The orator is and always will be a power; we are told he will never again be *the* power. Witness the change that has passed over the professions. As to the bar, gone the old eloquent jury lawyer; decisions are now won by the office lawyer familiar with precedent. As to politics, if Clay was once the type of the successful politician, now the man who controls a newspaper wins the suffrages. As to the pulpit, devotional books are helping to usher in the era when no man need say to his neighbor, "Know ye the Lord," for all shall know Him. As to the old-fashioned hospitality, it is gone. Worn and spent after the day's work, men are too tired for talk, and hide in the club to smoke in peace. The genius of the age is in that placard in the club-room. "No conversation allowed." Men are more and more content to excel in business and trade. They no longer spend years in practicing the art of conversation.

Doubtless the new order explains the decline of good talking. In the olden time eloquence was the one pathway to honor. Then the orator was esteemed above the soldier, the statesman and the merchant. All those offices that are now distributed between newspaper, book, and magazine were concentrated in conversation and public speech. Could we go back twenty-four centuries, and at the close of the day take our stand upon the streets of some Athens or Ephesus, how strange a scene would we behold! As the sun disappeared from sight, men and boys pour forth from homes humble and rich, and out of every alley and street issued the multitude, thronging and crowding toward the market place or forum, to hear how events had gone in the great outer world. All had the hunger for news. The speaker was there the publisher. A merchant, who had just landed a cargo of wheat from Egypt, told of a riot he had witnessed in that distant city. A sea captain pushed into prominence a poor, spent sailor, and told how he had found the mariner clinging to some driftwood off the coast of Cyprus.

An officer brought news from the troops in Macedonia. With prophetic excitement the rough-and-ready soldier described the brave youth who had organized the mountain tribes into an army. What courage was his! What beauty and chivalry! What wonder of devotion did he stir in his followers! When the Grecian officer asked his allegiance, the mountaineer bade one servant plunge a dagger into his heart, and asked another to leap over the precipice. When both had instantly obeyed, the young rebel turned to the Grecian and said: "I have yet ten thousand soldiers like unto these." Then, while the murmur ran round, the wise shook their heads and looked with fear upon one another. On the morrow all knew the rulers would call an assembly to consider the new Macedonian peril.

Later, Alcibiades arose to set the crowd into roars of laughter with a humorous account of the chariot race which he had witnessed during his visit to Thebes. Then came a recitation by a traveling rhetorician from Syracuse, whose eloquence ended with the announcement that he taught "the science of universal wit and humor in ten lessons." In such an age, how important was wise conversation and skillful speech! In an era when no day was without its public assemblage, when the tongue made known all public events, when orators enacted and proclaimed all laws, when all children and youth were instructed, not through books, but through conversation, men came to feel that an evil tongue was a fire and a world of iniquity, while a wholesome tongue was, indeed, a tree of life. He was the perfect man who sinned not with his tongue. Believing good conversation to be the finest flower of his civilization, Zeno said, "The soul bursts into full bloom and beauty in the voice." In seeking to account for the vast influence of the morning conversation of Plato, tradition tells us that, when the philosopher was still an infant, lying in his cradle, "a swarm of bees lighted upon his lips"—not to sting him, but to clothe his tongue with sweetness for those who loved the right, and to clothe his tongue with sharp stings for those who loved error and wrong.

Now all that has gone forever. The newspaper, traveling to all homes, has made unnecessary the evening assemblage upon the streets; the reviews and the magazines have succeeded to the philosopher's morning lectures; the college professor has succeeded the traveling rhetorician; but man is still the talking animal and, as of old, the issues of life and death are in the tongue. For the lips are fissures in the rock through which gush hidden waters, sometimes sweet, sometimes bitter. Oft the tongue is a goodly branch, laden with luscious fruit; oft, also, it is a club that falls with crushing force. Now the tongue is a shield lifted up for sharp attack against the wrong; now it is a spear whose sharp point is turned against the right. The sword hath slain its thousands, but the tongue its ten thousands.

Wise men have searched the world for images strong enough to set forth the full power of the tongue. Of the children of sympathy it may be said, the tongue sheds forth healing balms and cordials; but of the envious man it is true that the poison of asps is under the lips. For, as of old, so now the tongue is a hand wherewith we lift men up, or a mace wherewith we strike men down. With this instrument bless we God, with it curse we men. No other member carries such influences; and nothing taxes man like the skillful handling of the tongue and its bridling, even as the charioteer lifts the reins above his well-trained steeds. For the tongue gushes forth comfort like a cool, sweet spring; the tongue is a harp, piling up masses of melody; the tongue is a fruitful bower, full of bounty and delight; the tongue carries a glow, warming the soul like a winter's fire; it sends forth sweet songs to be sung in camp and wept over in cottage. Out of words the tongue weaves for the hero an armor against all enemies. Happy, thrice happy, are they whose tongue speaks fit words, that seem "like apples of gold lying in baskets of silver."

This noble use inheres in speech—it is the soul's revelator. The eye and ear, the taste and touch, are windows for letting the great outer world into the secret sanctuary, but the tongue is the one door through which the soul steps out. Only through speech is the invisible man beholden of his friends. Character is an illuminated cathedral, luminous with beauty, vocal with music, and sweet with warmth and fragrance. The eyes are often eloquent with hidden meanings, being windows through which friends may look in. The poet tells us that some eyes are homes of silent prayer; other eyes are full of bayonets, and some are indeed like deep, pure wells, into which one might fall. Gesture also, with smiles and scowls and frowns, reveals the soul. Delsarte mentions seven hundred expressions of the eye and two thousand of the mouth, grouping them as "normal, indifferent, morose, contemplative, surprised, and resolute." Prescott tells us that three centuries ago intrepid explorers traveled from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and with less than one hundred and fifty signs and gestures purchased food, weapons, canoes, and received guidance and convoy. Facial expression can tell us much when it is given to the mouth to reveal love, hate, pity, somnolence, courage. Wordsworth said each human face is carved and channeled with the memories of a thousand thoughts and impulses. The wrinkled brow of the aged hero "looks familiar with forgotten hopes and purposes."

Nevertheless, the friend's eyes and gestures leave us in the outer court of his soul. Pantomimes cannot reveal the hidden purpose of his soul. Once touch the tongue with dumbness and the spirit sits silent in its dungeon. Then the soul seems like unto those martyrs whom inquisitors walled up in solid masonry, or like miners who have lost their way in some vast cave or tunnel. Pathetic, indeed, are the attempts of men lost in subterranean depths as they seek to find their way back into the open light. But the sorrows of imprisoned martyrs are as nothing to those of brave and brilliant Helen Kellar, with her dumb lips and blind eyes, who places her fingers upon the larynx of some speaking friend, while her soul struggles to find its way out into the light and sunshine where sympathy and friendship dwell. Once the lips begin to speak, the soul stands forth fully revealed. For conversation is a golden chariot upon which the soul rides forth to greet its friends.

Carlyle thinks the Saxon people talk too much. "For God's sake," he exclaims, "keep still and *do* something!" The sturdy Scotchman abhors tall talk—that is, in others. Believing that the word often outruns the deed, he belittles speech, exalts books, and unveils ideas as the giant forces. Yet no great reform was ever ushered in through an idea bound up in parchment. It was an idea flaming in the fiery speech of Bernard that kindled ardor in the Crusaders. When the old hero stood forth before the host, it was as if the skies, long silent, had at last broken into speech. The Reformation also represents not simply the lightning of Luther's thought, but the thunder of Luther's throat. The orations of Clay and Webster lent office and influence to these statesmen, just as Lincoln's speeches made him president. Truth in the abstract must be vitalized by personality. The great abolition movement progressed but slowly so long as its sole instrument was Garrison's printing press. It was the eloquent voices of Beecher and Phillips that made the idea of freedom invincible. For what the printed page cannot do, it is given to the speaking voice to accomplish. And so long as man remains man, so long as childhood is shaped by the gentle speech of father and mother, so long as our young men and maidens are inspired and instructed, not alone in the library, but also in the lecture room of the living teacher, so long as all the processes of commerce and exchange are through conversation, will the practice and training in the right use of the tongue be one of life's chiefest duties, and the mastery of forceful speech remain one of the noblest purposes to which a man can address himself. To the end of time life and death will be in the tongue. . . .

Many unconsciously make their conversation to be an irritant. These include the people who are proud and selfassertive. Their number is great, and they lower the level of happiness. The first trait of a gentleman is that he is a good listener. Only the selfish are willing to monopolize conversation. All good talk is an exchange, and alas for the dinner party that has an egotist at the table! He will lift up the capital letter "I" and turn it into an intellectual hitching post, and ask every one to stand round about and worship at his shrine and altar. No topic so remote but that it leads straight back to himself, to his experiences, his views, and his personality. He will exhaust all the capital I's in the printing press in the first half-hour. The first rule of good writing is, that the word "I" is never found upon the printed page, and that the author discourse of principles rather than of himself. Richter once said that the most disagreeable man he ever met was an egotist who could never mention his own name without taking off his hat and bowing to himself with great sobriety. England has produced an author, who, in writing his autobiography, tells us that his profession was selected for him by his father, and adds that it was a matter of life-long regret that he was not allowed to study geology and physical science, for he tells us that Providence blessed him with an analytic mind and with unusual powers of observation, so that when his parents turned him from his first love of nature, they unwittingly robbed the century of its greatest scientific mind, and perhaps the greatest analytic mind of all times. Conceit is doubtless a birth-fault and misfortune. Education can correct many faults, but there are two things education cannot do: It cannot teach a man tact, or correct his self-conceit. Modesty and common sense are like the gift of poetry—they are birth-gifts received from parents, but never given by teachers. But all these self-opinionated ones lessen happiness, irritate their fellows, breed discontent, and cast a gloom over every company into which they enter. For the person who possesses it, conceit is not an unmixed evil. It lends confidence and promotes self-reliance. It encourages contentment, for the vain man is never mistaken and has nothing to learn. Vanity is like a stopper in an empty bottle that the ocean itself cannot fill.

Solomon himself cannot instruct a vain man, and the wise king adds this reflection, "Seest thou a man, wise in his own conceit, there is more hope of a fool than of him."

Conversation and Courtesy.

Nowhere is there room for the display of good manners so much as in conversation. It is a part of good manners not to talk too much. Remembering that the first syllable of the word conversation is con (with), that it means talking *with* another, we should abstain from lecturing, and be as ready to listen as to talk. Our anecdote or sharp reply will keep, or need not find utterance at all; so we are not under the necessity of interrupting our companion, and voting him by our looks a bore, or at least an interruption to our own much better remarks. But besides the rule, that we should not be impatient to get in our word, that a few brilliant flashes of *silence* should occur in our conversation, another rule is, not to take for our theme—ourselves. We must remember that, as a rule, we and our concern can be of no more importance to other men than they and their concerns are to us.

Every one will understand from painful experience what is meant by a bore, though it is not easy to describe the creature. A bore is a heavy, pompous, meddling person who harps on one string, occupies an undue share of conversation, and says things in ten words which required only two; all the time being evidently convinced that he is making a great impression. "It is easy," says Sydney Smith, "to talk of carnivorous animals and beasts of prey; but does such a man, who lays waste a whole party of civilized beings by prosing, reflect upon the joys he spoils and the misery he creates in the course of his life? And that any one who listens to him through politeness, would prefer toothache or earache to his conversation? Does he consider the extreme uneasiness which ensues when the company have discovered a man to be an extremely absurd person, at the same time that it is absolutely impossible to convey to the terrible being, by words or manner, the most distant suspicion of the discovery? And then who punishes this bore? What sessions and what assizes for him? When the judges have gone their vernal and autumnal rounds, the sheep-stealer disappears, the swindler has been committed to penal servitude. But after twenty years of crime, the bore is discovered in the same house, in the same attitude, eating the same soup, still untried, unpunished." —*Hardy.*

RÉSUMÉ OF ITALIAN HISTORY

CHAPTER I.

After the fall of Rome, in 476, Italy was left largely to the mercy of the invader. In 489 the Ostrogoths, under their able king Theodoric, pressed into the peninsula and set up their kingdom. About 300,000 strong, they ruled over as many as 3,000,000 people, a remnant of earlier Roman citizens. The Ostrogoths had become civilized to a surprising degree, and had their king lived to maintain his power, or had he left it to others as able as himself, the later development of affairs in Italy might have taken another course.

Fair-minded and clear-sighted, Theodoric preserved Roman law and custom, and, so far as he was able, continued in the ways of his Roman predecessors. He governed Italy as a kind of an imperial province, acknowledging the general supervision of the Eastern Emperor. An Arian, with a liberalism unusual for his time, he was tolerant to orthodox Catholics. All went well until Justinian determined to crush the Arians and issued edicts commanding their persecution. A conquered people were not likely to remain loyal when strength lay in opposition, and soon Theodoric found the Pope, the Emperor and the people arrayed against him. His death removed any hope of a permanent Ostrogothic kingdom in Italy.

Theodoric died in 553, and in 568 the Lombards came into the helpless land from the north. Italy was prostrate before an enemy. Too often during the last centuries had she witnessed invasions which brought destruction in their wake. Various masters had commanded her resources and robbed her of rich possessions. Subject first to one, then to another, her men lost all capacity for self-assertion.

". . . Italy had been one perpetual battlefield; whichever side won, the unfortunate natives had to lodge and feed a foreign army, and endure all the insolence of a brutal soldiery. Plague, pestilence, and famine followed. The ordinary business of life came to a stop. Houses, churches, aqueducts went to ruin; roads were left unmended, rivers undiked. Great tracts of fertile land were abandoned. Cattle roamed without herdsmen, harvests withered up, grapes shriveled on the vines. From lack of food came the pest. Mothers abandoned sick babies, sons left their fathers' bodies unburied. The inhabitants of the cities fared no better. Rome, for instance, had been captured five times. Before the war her population had been 250,000; at its close not one-tenth was left. It is said that in one period every living thing deserted the city, and for forty days the ancient mistress of the world lay like a city of the dead. With peace came some respite; but the frightful squeeze of Byzantine taxation was as bad as Barbarian conquest. Italy sank into ignorance and misery. The Latin inhabitants hardly cared who their masters were. They never had spirit enough to take arms and fight, but meekly bowed their heads."[1]

The Lombards were rougher than the Ostrogoths, for they had not been so long near the culture of Rome. Gradually, nevertheless, they too took on the ways of the country wherein they dwelt. Lacking the faculty of uniting, their settlements tended to fall apart—a fact which became significant later.

During the Iconoclastic controversy the Papacy broke with the Empire. It will be remembered that, with the intention of purifying the mode of worship, the Eastern Emperor commanded the destruction of all images hitherto used in churches for the aid of Christian teaching. Acceptable to the Eastern, or Greek, church, this was a most unpopular measure in the West. Realizing that the hostilities between the Pope and Emperor offered an occasion for a third power to extend property, the Lombards put forth feeble efforts to bring Italy under their domination. Feeling the need of support, the Pope called upon the king of the Franks, who was already under obligation for Papal sanction, given when Pippin took for himself the Frankish crown, and set aside the weak Merovingian ruler. Glad to repay this obligation, Pippin invaded Italy and repulsed the Lombards. The friendly relations thus established between Franks and Papacy continued and Charlemagne was finally crowned in 800, on Christmas Day, *Emperor of the Roman Empire.*

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[1] Sedgwick: Short Hist. of Italy, 23.

In the years that followed the dissolution of Charlemagne's empire, Italy, densely ignorant and spent with troubles, was threatened by the invasion of the Saracens. For a while it appeared as though the peninsula, like Spain, was to become a Mohammedan country.

All the southern provinces were overrun by the Saracens, who even dared to come to the very walls of Rome and sack St. Peter's and St. Paul's, both outside the defences. All the strength of Italy asserted itself against the Mohammedans and even the Eastern Emperor aided in the common cause. At last the Saracens were driven back to Africa, from whence they sallied occasionally to harass the people who lived along the southern coasts. In 962, Otto the Great restored the empire and was crowned by the pope in St. Peter's. The theory obtaining at this time, as in the days of Charlemagne, was that the world was ruled by two sovereigns—one secular, the other ecclesiastical. However, the great strength of the so-called Roman Empire at this time was German; almost the whole strength of the papacy was Italian. It is difficult at the start to see how harmony between the two could have long continued. Even in the time of Otto, and frequently in the reigns of his successors, the Emperors made and unmade Popes at their pleasure. Gregory VII, sometimes called the "Julius Cæsar of the Papacy," was the first to assert the supremacy of the Pope.

In the eleventh century the Normans, already established in France, turned toward Italy for adventure. Southern Italy and Sicily were shortly won by them. By the Emperor they were regarded as mere usurpers, but the Papacy soon made friends of them. By the donation of Constantine the Papacy had become possessed of certain territorial domains which continued to grow. These were the bases of the later Papal States over which the Pope ruled as king. In his capacity as temporal ruler over these lands he received the Normans as vassals and for some time they remained strong in the Two Sicilies—that is, Sicily and the mainland, divided only by narrow waters—Naples.

The Middle Ages were marked in Italy by a struggle between the Pope, who lived on the peninsula, ruled over certain church territories, and remained at the head of the Church Universal, and the Emperor, who lived generally in Germany—which country he ruled as king—and considered that the old empire of Charlemagne still remained to him. Determined that Italy should not be united into one kingdom, the Popes worked for years to prevent its accomplishment. The solution of the Emperor-Papal problem was to come from a third element—the growing commercial centers of Italy.

Certain Italian cities early developed extensive commercial activities, because of their intermediary position. Because the tide turned shortly in other directions, several of these mediæval Italian towns—today mere villages—had a remarkable history. Such was Amalfi, now a fishing village—once a republic of 50,000 people. "She traded with Sicily, Egypt, Syria, and Arabia; she decked her women with the ornaments of the East; she built monasteries at Jerusalem, also a hospital from which the Knights Hospitallers of St. John took their name; she gave a maritime code to the Mediterranean and Ionian seas, and circulated coin of her own making throughout the Levant."

Salerno, Pisa, Genoa and Venice all became important trading centers. While emperors and popes were wrestling with the matter of supremacy, these towns were steadily plying their trade wherever opportunity offered. As the needs of commerce grew, old feudal-imperial regulations disappeared, for feudalism was suited to an agricultural, not a commercial people.

Both opposing the advancement of imperial power, cities and the Papacy alike stood out against it. The cities were stronger and to them remains the credit of restraining the Emperor. First individually, then together, they fought against him until, by the Peace of Constance, all but nominal rights were given up. The Emperor retained the right to keep his representatives in the cities and to receive food and lodging for his army when he visited Italy, but the management of internal affairs and the right to wage private war were acknowledged.

The Hohenstaufen line of emperors held exalted opinions regarding the imperial power. For this reason they incurred the lasting and relentless opposition and enmity of the Papacy. It was Frederick I, or Frederick Barbarossa, who accepted the Peace of Constance, having fought the matter out with the commercial cities and lost. His grandson, Frederick II, should be included in any account of Italian development, however brief. Seldom has nature fashioned a man so gifted. Freeman calls him "most gifted of the sons of men." Left heir to the Sicilies when a mere child, the Pope aided him in coming into his own. Later the Papacy reluctantly set its approval upon his accession to the imperial crown. Shortly after, a bitter quarrel ensued between Emperor Frederick and the Pope, who never rested until he had ruined the Hohenstaufen house and destroyed its heirs. Frederick gathered around him a most brilliant court, as a result of which the first school of Italian poetry arose. In fact Italian poetry was called Sicilian for years, wherever produced. Most enlightened of any court in Europe, scholars and men of excellent parts were cordially welcomed; cultured Mohammedans were received, to the great indignation of the Pope; Frederick's personal views indicated lack of orthodoxy which was considered dangerous in the extreme. In all Italian history during the Middle Ages there is no more absorbing study than that of the life and career of this brilliant man. With his death the Pope lost a dangerous enemy. When Manfred, Frederick's son, succeeded his father as king of the Sicilies, the Pope invited Charles of Anjou to take possession of this coveted territory—which invitation he promptly accepted. In the war that followed, Manfred was killed and a permanent union between the Sicilies and the empire was prevented, while the French house of Anjou replaced the Hohenstaufens in Italy.

Under Boniface VIII the Papacy reached its culmination and with his death began to decline. Vigorous, energetic, ambitious, grasping, he sought to exalt the Church and deride its enemies. By an aggressive policy he maintained for a time what others had won. In 1300 he celebrated a papal jubilee, giving rise to a custom which he hoped might become permanent. Needing plenty of gold for the expensive building enterprises which he was conducting in Rome, he proclaimed the Bull of Jubilee, promising remission of sins to all who should visit St. Peter's and St. Paul's in the course of the year. Thousands flocked to Rome, and a single day sometimes brought 200,000 visitors to the basilicas. All made offerings, and priests stood by literally raking in the shekels. It has often been noted as significant that neither princes nor kings were among the faithful. New nationalities were developing and kings were absorbed with other concerns.

Meantime a quarrel was brewing with the aggressive king of France, Philip the Fair. Philip levied a tax upon the clergy, an action wholly contrary to the usual custom. The Pope retaliated by forbidding churchmen to pay the tax, whereupon the king forbade money being sent out of the kingdom to Italy. This at once cut off a large source of revenue for the Church and was not to be tolerated. The papal bull received in France was publicly burned, and, unprecedented in centuries, officers of Philip were secretly dispatched to take the venerable pope prisoner. Treated with insult and indignity, Pope Boniface died within a few days. This extreme action of Philip was denounced by Christians everywhere, but in France a young nationality was beginning to realize its strength, and the sympathy of the country supported the king in the policy he was attempting to carry out—though not, to be sure, his lawless methods. Not content with this, Philip caused a French archbishop to be elected to the Papacy, who, instead of setting out for Rome, took up his abode in Avignon, under the influence of France. Thus began the so-called Babylonian Captivity, lasting nearly seventy years. From a position of acclaimed supremacy the Papacy had become a French tool.

With the withdrawal of the Papacy from Italy, the country fell into still greater confusion. City fought against city and citizen against citizen. The reflective turned back to the empire, which had failed so signally in years before it became obsolete. Henry VII became king of Germany and assumed the empty title of Emperor. Many looked to him to restore peace in the distracted peninsula. Dante, in exile from Florence, wrote his De Monarchia to persuade the princes that peace would come only as a result of a world empire. He contended that the Empire—not the Papacy—should be supreme, and denied the temporal power of the Pope. Excited by hopes of a regeneration, he addressed the various princes of Italy.

"Behold, now is the accepted time, in which arise signs of consolation and peace. For a new day begins to shine, showing the dawn that shall dissipate the darkness of long calamity. Now the breezes of the East begin to blow, the lips of heaven redden, and with serenity comfort the hopes of the people. And we who have passed a long night in the desert shall see the expected joy.

"Rejoice, O Italy, pitied even by the heathen; now shalt thou be the envy of the earth, because thy bridegroom, the comfort of the world and the glory of the people, the most merciful Henry, Divus, Augustus, hastens to thy espousals."

Alas for Dante and his hopes, and the hopes of others who saw in Henry VII their deliverer. He did none of these things. Cities fortified against him. Ghibellines welcomed him, to be sure, but the strength of the land lay in the commercial centers which, for the most part, were Guelf. With the death of the Emperor near Sienna, the dream of a revived empire came to an end.

The empire practically an idea of the past, the Papacy in exile in France, the situation in Italy was that the Papal States were still governed in the interest of the Pope through agents. Sometimes they remained loyal; sometimes they broke away. Naples and Sicily were governed by the French house of Anjou; Florence and the surrounding towns belonged to the Lombards; Genoa and Venice were aristocracies based on commerce. A revolt in Sicily tore that island away from French domination and gave it to the husband of Manfred's daughter, King Pedro of Aragon. There was absolutely no unity throughout the land and Italy remained for generations "a mere geographical expression."

CHAPTER II.

Modern Italian History.

The glory of the Renaissance belongs to Italy. Once started, as has been previously shown, the movement spread throughout Europe, but Italy was first to awaken to great possibilities in literature and art; and life is more beautiful even today because of the legacies left by Italy of the Renaissance.

The comparison of Italy in the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in intellectual and political development presents a strong contrast. Painters had burst the bounds that held their art fettered; scholars had ceased to rely upon authority, but were investigating facts for themselves. Politically, however, Italy remained divided into several states, quite independent of one another. Confusion, discontent, tyrannical oppression, foreign rule—all these led men to think of a better day and to dream, as did Petrarch, of a united country. He looked with impatience upon the exiled Papacy and with eagerness toward a centralized government. Suddenly a ray of hope gleamed out of the chaos, as Nicola di Rienzi began to talk of a revival of the People of Rome and the Roman Senate, of all Italy banded together under a general leadership, to be centered at Rome. A congress of representatives from the various states was summoned to convene at Rome. A prompt response was met in Milan, Genoa, Lucca, Florence, Sienna and towns of lesser importance. Rienzi wrote to the Florentines: "We desire to renew and strengthen the old union with all the principalities and states of Holy Italy, and to deliver Holy Italy itself from its condition of abject subjection and to restore it to its old state and to its ancient glory. We mean to exalt to the position of Emperor some Italian whom zeal for the union of his race shall stir to high efforts for Italy."

Rienzi was hailed by many enthusiasts with joy. Petrarch gave him all encouragement and for awhile his popularity was considerable. He was proclaimed Tribune of the Roman

People, and restored order and safety in the vicinity of Rome. This alone was so unusual as to merit the praise he received. However, Rienzi's attempt was premature and he himself was not strong enough to carry it out. Shortly filled with vainglory, he became intolerable to the people, and the princes opposed him from the start. The Pope excommunicated him and he was killed in a skirmish instigated by the upper and powerful classes. Thus ended the first attempt for unity, which was delayed five hundred years longer in coming.

The unsettled conditions in the peninsula gave opportunity for outside powers to gain an entrance, and from 1494 to 1537 France, Spain and Austria played with the fortunes of Italian states. So disastrous were the years following the outbreak of foreign interventions that men looked back with envy upon the situation that existed before the trouble began. Lodovico Sforza held Milan in 1494. Having a quarrel with Naples, he invited Charles VIII of France to take the country, which had earlier been ruled by Anjou. Charles promptly marched into Italy and was crowned King of Naples. Realizing that allied powers were marching against him, he retreated to France. In 1499 France captured Milan and took Sforza prisoner; becoming the possession of Charles V in 1535, it passed into Spanish control. Thus do the changes of a few brief years in one city and surrounding country indicate the lawless way in which foreign powers manipulated affairs in Italy.

Four wars were fought by Francis of France and Charles V. for Italian territory. Defeated in the first, Francis sent the memorable message to his mother: "All is lost but life and honor." The second ended in a fearful sack of Rome; the third witnessed the alliance made between Francis and the Turkish government—deemed so scandalous throughout Europe. Poor Italy suffered principally along the coasts, which were harried by the Turks. By these wars France was practically driven from the peninsula, while Spanish power threatened states not conquered. These dreadful scourges wiped out much that the Renaissance had accomplished. After the settlement of the trouble, heavy taxes were imposed everywhere, made heavier as needs wholly apart from Italy had to be met by Spain. At the conclusion of the war of the

Spanish Succession and the Polish wars, an Italian city or state was often thrown to the share of some discontented country, with absolutely no consideration of those who dwelt therein. So matters continued with no particular change until the period of the Napoleonic wars. Ideas from revolutionary writers of France permeated Northern Italy to some extent, but changes were abruptly brought about by the great Napoleon as he marched his army over the Alps and into the fruitful plains of Lombardy. The Cisalpine republic, it will be remembered from the discussion of these wars in French history, came directly into being; several republics were instituted and constitutions given. The dream of Dante, Petrarch and Rienzi for a free Italy seemed about to be fulfilled. But the transition was too abrupt. While princes fled in dismay and rulers stood aghast, the people also were somewhat stunned by the rapidity of the transition and could not immediately rouse to a realization of its full meaning. They were discontented because of the large number of soldiers levied by the conqueror—to whom men counted for little in comparison to his plans.

After the downfall of Napoleon, the Congress of Vienna set boundaries back where they had been before the upheaval —so far as was practicable—and reinstated the earlier rulers. Yet while rulers tried to forget that the revolution had taken place, the people did not forget the liberties they had enjoyed. The *Carbonari* (charcoal-burners), a secret society for the purpose of fostering love of liberty and opposition to tyranny, came into being, and in 1820 soldiers in Naples demanded a constitution, a free press and various other privileges. In alarm the king granted all that was demanded, but the Holy Alliance, made up of Austria, Prussia and Russia—restored the king to his erstwhile despotism.

From 1821 until 1848 nothing was done outwardly, although the *Carbonari* were ceaseless in their secret meetings and literature gave expression to the hopes of the people. When the French rose in 1848 and re-established their republic, the spirit of revolution swept over Europe, and in Naples a constitution was demanded and granted. The liberty party found its wisest spokesman in Cavour of Piedmont, its bravest general in Garibaldi, and its hope of ruler in Victor

St. Mark's.—Venice.

Emmanuel, while Piedmont, less important for centuries than almost any other state in Italy, was the land from which the final stand for a united Italy was made.

After the reaction that followed the revolution of 1848, some years followed with nothing accomplished. Foreigners traveling in Italy wrote of the sufferings of such as had been thrown into prisons because of liberal views and actions. Notably Gladstone, in 1850-51, awakened sympathy for Italian liberalists. Meanwhile Cavour was working to place Piedmont on a solid financial basis, to put into force internal reforms and in various ways to prepare for a struggle bound to come with Austria before Italian unity could be accomplished. In the Crimean war Italian soldiers were sent to the front to win approval and respect among the nations.

When war finally threatened, Russia and England suggested a European Congress to adjust matters, and, while the suggestion was accepted, Austria precipitated the struggle by commanding Piedmont to disarm before the Congress convened. Victor Emmanuel refused, and thereupon war was declared. Piedmont had an ally in France, which soon unexpectedly made peace with Austria, receiving Lombardy. France ceded it over to Piedmont, and, to appease the other states, agreed to favor a confederacy of Italian states with the Pope at the head. All the peninsula was indignant at this apparent withdrawal of friendly help in a common cause. Cavour resigned when he was unable to prevent Victor Emmanuel from acceding to the terms of the treaty. Yet the king knew it was all he could effect just then. Feeling was divided in Italy; some states wished to join with Piedmont; some wished to preserve local independence and old boundaries. It was Count Bettino Ricasoli who sounded the true call when he said: "We must no longer speak of Piedmont, nor of Florence, nor of Tuscany; we must speak neither of fusion nor annexation, but of the union of the Italian people under the constitutional government of Victor Emmanuel."

France promised aid if Savoy and Nice were ceded to her. This was granted, and Parma, Modena, Tuscany, Romagna and Sardinia were united with Piedmont, April 15, 1860, under the name Kingdom of Northern Italy. Immediately a revolt, headed by Garibaldi, was raised in the south. The two Sicilies and part of the Papal States were joined to the *Kingdom of Italy* in 1861, the first Italian Parliament being called and Victor Emmanuel given officially the title King of Italy. Two districts remained outside the kingdom: Venice, which was held by Austria, and Rome and vicinity, still under Papal control. Now arose a hotly debated question: where should the capital be located? Florence wished it; so did Turin; Naples likewise put in a plea. Then Cavour delivered his famous speech in which he said: "The question of the capital, gentlemen, is not determined either by climatic, topographical or even strategic reasons; if such as these had weight, it is certain that London would not be the capital of Great Britain, nor, perhaps, would Paris be that of France. The choice of a capital is influenced rather by great moral reasons, and it is popular feeling which decides such questions. Now Rome combines all the historical, intellectual and moral conditions which ought to hold sway in the capital of a great state; she is the only one among the cities of Italy that has not exclusively municipal traditions; her whole record, from the time of the Cæsars down to the present, is the history of a city whose importance infinitely transcends that of her own territory and is, therefore, predestined to be the capital of a great state. Convinced, nay, profoundly convinced as I am of this truth, I feel compelled to publish it to you, as well as to the nations, in the most solemn terms, and, under such circumstances, feel bound to appeal to the patriotism of all Italians and those who are representatives of Italy's most illustrious cities. Therefore, let discussion on the subject be at an end, so that we ourselves, as well as those who have the honor of being our country's envoys to foreign powers, may be able to declare to Europe: 'The necessity of making Rome the capital is recognized and proclaimed by the entire kingdom.'"

Serious problems were involved in accomplishing this when the superiority of Rome from a historical standpoint had been conceded. Rome was the dwelling place of the Pope, as it had been for centuries. Devout Catholics all over the world felt that the Pope must be left free from any government, that he must not become, as they said, "a mere

Italian tool." Conditions obtaining while the Papacy was in Avignon were recalled, and it was not only claimed that Italian influence would now be substituted for French, but that soon the Pope would no longer be free to act as the head of a Universal Church.

Cavour of course was intensely alive to the grave dangers attached to this undertaking. France sympathized with the Papacy and was determined to fight in behalf of the Church, while a new kingdom might encounter disaster if brought into a general war. Before the same parliament he said:

"It only remains to persuade the Pontiff himself that the Church can yet be independent, though deprived of her temporalities, and to him I think we ought to make some such representations as the following: 'Holy Father, the temporal power is no longer a guarantee of your independence; renounce it, and we will give you that liberty which, for three centuries, you have vainly sought from the great Catholic Powers, and of which you tried to snatch some vestige by means of concordats. By these same concordats you, Holy Father, were obliged to concede—in return for privileges, nay, less than privileges—the use of spiritual arms to secular governments who granted you some scanty measure of freedom; while we are ready to offer you, in all its fulness, that which you have never been able to obtain from those who boasted, nevertheless, of being your allies and devout sons. We are ready to proclaim this great principle throughout Italy: A free Church in a free State!' "

Cavour died in June, 1861, his great work done. There were none great enough to take his place, but his policy was still adhered to, only, unfortunately, with uncertainty and hesitation. Prussia made war against Austria in 1866, having Italy as an ally, the conditions being that Venice should be ceded to the kindgom if the allies were victorious. Italian armies did not make a very good showing on the battle field, but Prussia fought with intense feeling and won. In November, 1866, the troops of the kingdom entered Venice.

Florence remained the temporary capital until Rome should be won. French troops occupied the city, which became the refuge for brigands and lawless characters of different degrees of crime. To reduce the country to order, so long as misdoers could slip into the Papal State and remain unmolested, was impossible. In the course of the Franco-Prussian war, France had need of her troops, and as soon as they withdrew the king announced that Italy would occupy the city, which it did September 20, 1870. In June, 1871, the headquarters of the government were transferred from Florence to the city which had been so many years before the capital of the peninsula.

The Pope was allowed to retain many of the prerogatives of a ruler; he could receive and send out ambassadors, no Italian officer possessed any right in the land reserved for the Vatican, and a large yearly revenue was granted him. However, the Popes have refused to recognize this absorption of their earlier territory into the kingdom. They claim to be prisoners and refuse the subsidy granted by the government. The hostility of the Papacy has been one of the reasons for retarding progress since the union of the peninsula. It has given rise to two hostile parties, one supporting the government, the other the Pope.

Another reason that Italy did not at once reach the position believed possible, judging by her tremendous effort put forth in the cause of liberty, has been the wide differences existing in the northern and southern portions of the peninsula. Northern Italy is an important manufacturing region, commerce is extensively carried on, and its people are alert and intelligent citizens. In the Middle Ages northern Italy was peopled by eager, inquiring people who were better educated as a rule than those in other parts of Europe. Southern Italy, until very recent years, has been held under most oppressive taxation. It is an agricultural district and the people are densely ignorant. The very conditions of life that have made it possible for people to exist with very little exertion have fostered this inactive state. There are other explanations.

The *Mafia*, a chain of secret societies, was organized—if such a loose society can be said to have been organized—years ago to protect the lower classes against the landowners and government. Princes were tyrannical and whatever simple steps could be taken to shield the people this society, with its allied branches, took. When the entire country became joined together as one kingdom, under a king who protects the interests of all, the society did not die out. On the contrary, as citizenship was extended, it became a political factor. Since in early days justice was not to be obtained by the poor man in court, the Mafia took administration of punishment into its own hands and dealt retaliating blows in the dark. So the old impression of the courts lived on, and no member of the Mafia will give any information to an officer, nor will he resort to the courts. A uniform ignorance of everything is his attitude toward officials, and secret retaliation of injury is his recourse. There is no initiation into this society and no head. Each one learns the many secret maxims from some older member. A few have become known:

"The poor resort to force; fools have recourse to law."

"Take the life of whoever makes you lose the means of living."

"Be respectful to officers of the law, but stand afar off."

"Of what does not concern you, say neither good nor ill."

"If needful, bear witness; but take heed that what you testify does no harm to your neighbor."

"An influential friend is worth more than a thousand lire in your pockets."

These are some of the sayings that have the force of law to the unenlightened Mafia members.

In Naples the Camorra has been more dangerous. A society of criminals, either by deed or intention, it levies tribute by blackmail. It has been aided by politicians, who have used it as a tool for selfish ends. Brigands have been driven out of the land, generally speaking, although they may still be found in unfrequented mountain districts.

The different industrial interests and the influence of these two southern Italian societies have, together with the hostility of the Papacy, led to the retarding of a nation which has often given evidence of remarkable ability and genius.

Foreign relations must not be ignored in this connection. The early alliance with France was broken off. France resented the fact that Italy did not come to her aid in the Franco-Prussian war; Italy resented the part France took in prolonging the controversy over Rome. In 1882 Germany and Austria made an alliance and invited Italy to join them against the aggressive policy of France and Russia. While this has given security to the new kingdom it forced it to maintain a military system which has been a heavy burden.

Victor Emmanuel died in 1878. Cavour's favorite saying was that without him the union of Italy would have been impossible. Humbert succeeded him and ruled until 1900, when he was cut off by an assassin who claimed to be a nihilist. Since 1900 Victor Emmanuel III. has been Italy's ruler. Both he and Queen Helen have the warm affection of their people.

St. Peter's, Rome.

CHAPTER III.

Modern Italian Literature.

AS would be expected, the literature of modern Italy has strongly reflected the political conditions of the times. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the epic had great popularity. Charlemagne was the lofty figure around whom a wide variety of tales gathered. The story of "The Cid" was given a new dress in Italian lore, where Roland was known as Orlando. Tasso, by far the most gifted in these years, attempted a mighty Christian epic, and seized upon the story of the First Crusade. His *Jerusalem Delivered* was the result.

In the seventeenth century, Italy fell largely under the dominance of Spain. With foreign rule and oppression came a deadening of intellectual vigor. Literature became bombastic and artificial and empty. Gradually a reaction against the artificial set in, but this led to an attempted Arcadian simplicity—an affected pastoral tone which was quite as unnatural and artificial as the other had been. The sonnet grew in favor and poets imitated Petrarch; story writers followed the example of Boccaccio. Greatest of these was Bandello. In the latter half of the century, when the Turks threatened Europe, Filicaja caught an inspiration and wrote in stirring measures upon the siege of Vienna. As the southland gradually wrested itself free from Spanish rule, once again the spirit of the people found natural expression. Parini won lasting renown by his attack upon the self-indulgence of the nobles. A selection from his poem "The Day," is quoted. Several results came as a consequence of the effort made to revive the ancient drama. Comedy was given marked impetus in Venice; the opera arose, and tragedy found a leader in Alfieri, who worked for its reconstruction along lines adhered to by the Greeks. In his dramas patriotism, rather than love, became the ruling passion. A struggle for nationality followed the collapse of the Napoleonic republics. Men who were fearless enough to express their sentiments often wasted away in prisons for long years together. Yet such a fate did not quell the noble spirit of patriotism which led at last to a united Italy.

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO.

For his beautiful style the Italians, with mingled familiarity and enthusiasm, have called Ariosto "Ludovico the Divine." He was born in 1474 and died in 1533, being the greatest Italian poet between Petrarch and Tasso. His romantic epic, "Orlando Furioso," fills a curious niche in the Temple of Fame between Dante's "Commedia" and Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata" (Jerusalem Delivered). Both of these masterpieces were inspired by a truly religious spirit. Dante's poem was half pagan, half mediæval; Tasso's was half mediæval, half modern. In Ariosto, however, we behold the reflex of the skepticism of his age, that turned from the legends of the Church to the Carlovingian romances. In order to appreciate exactly the impulse, nature and success of Ariosto's poem it is necessary to recall the rise of this romantic cycle and its antecedent treatment at the hands of Luigi Pulci (1431-1484), and Count Matteo Boiardo (1434-1494), without the last of whom, indeed, it may be truthfully said Ariosto's work would have been impossible. It must be observed that "Charlemagne became to Christendom what Æneas was to Rome, and his historical character was entirely superseded and overlaid by his mythical and acquired personality. The chief repository of the legends concerning him is the Latin chronicle of Saint Jago, attributed by its author to Archbishop Turpin, the Emperor's spiritual peer, and the Northern French *chansons de geste,* which were very popular in Italy. Charlemagne's real exploits in Germany where he defeated the Saxons, and in Italy where he overthrew the Lombards, were not forgotten; but the romancers delighted in celebrating his expedition to Spain, despite its calamitous issue. The reason is not far to seek.

The Moors stood in the same relation to the Emperor's Frankish chivalry as the Saracens afterwards stood to the Christians. Hence it was easy for writers to invest their narrative with associations and sentiments which had grown up during the Crusades." (Snell.)

The particular legend of Roland (translated by the Italians into Orlando) grew out of the battle of Roncesvalles, in August, 778 A.D. Although not even mentioned in the original history of Archbishop Turpin, Roland became the hero of a version revised by a monk of Vienne. This pseudo-Turpin relates Roland's bravery, the episode of his far-resounding horn, of his battle with the giant Ferracute (Ariosto's Ferrau), Ganelon's treachery and Charlemagne's later vengeance on the Saracens. The "Chanson de Roland" not only told of Turpin's own fate, but added a second hero to Roland in Oliver. Roland falls in love with Oliver's sister, Aude, and fights a duel with Oliver. Roland's sword is named "Durendal." In Italy, however, this legend was to be most glorified. Nicolas of Padua (1320) wrote an elaborate romance concerning the "Entree en Espagne" (Entry into Spain), and its sequel, "La Prise de Pampelune" (Taking of Pampeluna). These romances formed the groundwork for Sagna's "Rotta di Roncesvalle" (Defeat at Roncesvalles). Besides this there was a prose harmony of this Cycle of Charles the Great, entitled "Reali di Francia" (The Frankish Royalty). At last Pulci lifted these despised vernacular romances from the popular level into courtly style. Orlando (Roland), the hero, is now made the nephew of Charlemagne. Portions of Pulci's epic are so extravagant, so grotesque, so bizarre, that the idea has inevitably occurred that the poet nourished a design similar to that of Cervantes, and in reality was merely mocking at the institutions of chivalry. The "Orlando Innamorato" of his successor Boiardo is graver in style and loftier in spirit; the angry warrior is transformed into the enamored lover of Angelica, an infidel princess of exquisite beauty and consummate coquetry. Angelica retires to a castle in Cathay where she is besieged by Agricane, a fabulous king of Tartary, who is defeated and killed by Orlando. The style of this epic was too labored and heavy to suit the masses, for whom the flippant Berni made a new version of the poem, that appeared almost simultaneously with Ariosto's greater work. Curiously enough, Ariosto, who was to continue and eclipse Boiardo, was a son of a governor of the citadel of Reggio, who had superseded Boiardo in that post. He was also, like Boiardo, a courtier of the house of Este at Ferrara. Nevertheless, the only acknowledgment given by Cardinal Ippolito of Este to the poet's verses was the patronizing remark: "Where did you find so many stories, Master Ludovic?" Yet Ariosto was once spared by the bandits of the Apennines in honor of his great masterpiece. The courtier poet lived and died in poverty. After his death it was claimed that Charles V. had crowned him.

Ariosto filed and polished his epic, "Orlando Furioso," to the day of his death. The Italian ottava (octave) stanza attained in him the highest perfection of grace, variety and harmony. The epic was first published in 1516 in forty cantos, afterwards increased to forty-six. The plot of Ariosto's poem begins at a point before Boiardo's unfinished epic ends. The hero of "Orlando Furioso" is in reality the Saracen knight, Rogero (Ruggiero), who receives baptism for the sake of his love for Bradamante, sister of Rinaldo. The narrative of their love is elegantly recited, as well as Bradamante's fight in armor in a duel with her own knight. She has an enchanted spear. Corneille wrote later a drama on this episode. Full of poetic beauties are the descriptions by Ariosto of the death of the Duke Zerbino, the complaints of Isabella, his wife, the discord among the Saracens, and the love of Rogero and Bradamante. In the end, Orlando, mad for his love of Angelica, has his wits brought back from the moon in a phial by the Scotch magician Astolfo, who also has a horn with which he can destroy whole armies at a blast. Ariosto's epic has been translated into English by Sir John Harington and by William Stewart Rose. Our extracts are from the latter.

THE MADNESS OF ORLANDO.

HERE from his horse Orlando lit,
And at the entrance of the grot surveyed
A cloud of words, which seemed but newly writ,
And which the young Medoro's hand had made.
On the great pleasure he had known in it,
This sentence he in verses had arrayed;
Which in his tongue, I deem, might make pretence
To polished phrase; and such in ours the sense:

"Gay plants, green herbage, rill of limpid vein,
And, grateful with cool shade, thou gloomy cave,
Where oft, by many wooed with fruitless pain,
Beauteous Angelica, the child of grave
King Galaphron, within my arms has lain;
For the convenient harborage you gave,
I, poor Medoro, can but in my lays,
As recompense, forever sing your praise;

"And any loving lord devoutly pray,
Damsel and cavalier, and every one,
Whom choice or fortune hither shall convey,
Stranger or native,—to this crystal run,
Shade, caverned rock, and grass, and plants, to say,
'Benignant be to you the fostering sun
And moon, and may the choir of nymphs provide
That never swain his flock may hither guide!'"

In Arabic was writ the blessing said,
Known to Orlando like the Latin tongue,
Who, versed in many languages, best read
Was in this speech; which oftentimes from wrong,
And injury, and shame, had saved his head
What time he roved the Saracens among.
But let him boast not of its former boot,
O'erbalanced by the present bitter fruit.

Three times, and four, and six, the lines impressed
Upon the stone that wretch perused, in vain
Seeking another sense than was expressed,
And ever saw the thing more clear and plain;

And all the while, within his troubled breast,
He felt an icy hand his heart-core strain.
With mind and eyes close fastened on the block
At length he stood, not differing from the rock.

Then well-nigh lost all feeling,—so a prey
Wholly was he to that o'ermastering woe.
This is a pang—believe the experienced say
Of him who speaks—which does all griefs outgo.
His pride had from his forehead passed away,
His chin had fallen upon his breast below;
Nor found he—so grief barred each natural vent—
Moisture for tears, or utterance for lament.

Stifled within, the impetuous sorrow stays,
Which would too quickly issue; so to abide
Water is seen, imprisoned in the vase
Whose neck is narrow and whose swell is wide;
What time, when one turns up the inverted base,
Towards the mouth so hastes the hurrying tide,
And in the strait encounters such a stop,
It scarcely works a passage, drop by drop,

He somewhat to himself returned and thought
How, possibly, the thing might be untrue;
That some one (so he hoped, desired, and sought
To think) his lady would with shame pursue.
Or with such weight of jealousy had wrought
To whelm his reason, as should him undo;
And that he, whosoe'er the thing had planned,
Had counterfeited passing well her hand.

With such vain hope he sought himself to cheat,
And manned some deal his spirits and awoke;
Then pressed the faithful Brigliadoro's seat,
As on the sun's retreat his sister broke.
Nor far the warrior had pursued his beat,
Ere eddying from a roof he saw the smoke,
Heard noise of dog and kine, a farm espied,
And thitherward in quest of lodging hied.

Languid he lit, and left his Brigliador
To a discreet attendant: one undressed

His limbs, one doffed the golden spurs he wore,
  And one bore off, to clean, his iron vest.
This was the homestead where the young Medore
  Lay wounded, and was here supremely blessed.
Orlando here, with other food unfed,
Having supped full of sorrow, sought his bed.

The more the wretched sufferer seeks for ease,
  He finds but so much more distress and pain;
Who everywhere the loathed handwriting sees,
  On wall, and door, and window: he would fain
Question his host of this, but holds his peace,
  Because, in sooth, he dreads too clear, too plain,
To make the thing, and this would rather shroud,
That it may less offend him, with a cloud.

Little availed the count his self-deceit,
  For there was one who spake of it unsought;
The shepherd swain, who, to allay the heat,
  With which he saw his guest so troubled, thought
The tale which he was wonted to repeat,—
  Of the two lovers,—to each listener taught,
A history which many loved to hear.
He now, without reserve, 'gan tell the peer,

How, at Angelica's persuasive prayer,
  He to his farm had carried young Medore,
Grievously wounded with an arrow; where,
  In little space, she healed the angry sore.
But while she exercised this pious care,
  Love in her heart the lady wounded more,
And kindled from small spark so fierce a fire,
She burnt all over, restless with desire:

Nor thinking she of mightiest king was born,
  Who ruled in the East, nor of her heritage,
Forced by too puissant love, had thought no scorn
  To be the consort of a poor foot-page.
His story done, to them in proof was borne
  The gem, which in reward for harborage
To her extended in that kind abode,
Angelica, at parting, had bestowed.

A deadly axe was this unhappy close,
  Which, at a single stroke, lopped off the head;
When satiate with innumerable blows,
  That cruel hangman, Love, his hate had fed.
Orlando studied to conceal his woes;
  And yet the mischief gathered force and spread,
And would break out perforce in tears and sighs,
Would he, or would he not, from mouth and eyes.

When he can give the rein to raging woe,
  Alone by others' presence unrepressed,
From his full eyes the tears descending flow,
  In a wide stream, and flood his troubled breast.
'Mid sob and groan, he tosses to and fro
  About his weary bed, in search of rest;
And vainly shifting, harder than a rock
And sharper than a nettle found its flock.

. . . .

In him, forthwith, such deadly hatred breed
  That bed, that house, that swain, he will not stay
Till the morn break, or till the dawn succeed,
  Whose twilight goes before approaching day.
In haste Orlando takes his arms and steed,
  And to the deepest greenwood wends his way;
And when assured that he is there alone,
Gives utterance to his grief in shriek and groan.

Never from tears, never from sorrowing,
  He paused: nor found he peace by night or day:
He fled from town, in forest harboring,
  And in the open air on hard earth lay.
He marvelled at himself, how such a spring
  Of water from his eyes could stream away,
And breath was for so many sobs supplied—
And thus ofttimes, amid his mourning, cried:

"These are no longer real tears which rise,
  And which I scatter from so full a vein:
Of tears my ceaseless sorrow lacked supplies;
  They stopped, when to mid-height scarce rose my pain.

The vital moisture rushing to my eyes,
  Driven by the fire within me, now would gain
A vent: and it is this which I expend,
And which my sorrows and my life will end.

"No; these, which are the index of my woes,
  These are not sighs, nor sighs are such; they fail
At times, and have their season of repose.
  I feel my breast can never less exhale
Its sorrow: Love, who with his pinions blows
  The fire about my heart, creates this gale.
Love, by what miracle dost thou contrive,
It wastes not in the fire thou keep'st alive?

"I am not—am not what I seem to sight:
  What Roland was is dead and underground,
Slain by that most ungrateful lady's spite,
  Whose faithlessness inflicted such a wound.
Divided from the flesh, I am his sprite,
  Which, in this hell, tormented, walks its round,
To be but in its shadow left above,
A warning to all such as trust in Love."

All night about the forest roved the count,
  And, at the break of daily light, was brought
By his unhappy fortune to the fount,
  Where his inscription young Medoro wrought.
To see his wrongs inscribed upon that mount
  Inflamed his fury so, in him was naught
But turned to hatred, frenzy, rage, and spite;
Nor paused he more, but bared his falchion bright;—

Cleft through the writing, and the solid block
  Into the sky in tiny fragments sped.
Woe worth each sapling and that caverned rock,
  Where "Medore and Angelica" were read!
So scathed, that they to shepherd or to flock
  Thenceforth shall never furnish shade or bed.
And that sweet fountain, late so clear and pure,
From such tempestuous wrath was ill secure.

For he turf, stone, and trunk, and shoot, and lop,
  Cast without cease into the beauteous source;
Till, turbid from the bottom to the top,
  Never again was clear the troubled course.
At length, for lack of breath compelled to stop,—
  When he is bathed in sweat and wasted force,
Serves not his fury more,—he falls and lies
Upon the mead, and, gazing upward, sighs.

Wearied and wo-begone, he fell to the ground,
  And turned his eyes toward heaven; nor spake he aught,
Nor ate nor slept, till in his daily round
  The golden sun had broken thrice, and sought
His rest anew; nor ever ceased his wound
  To rankle, till it marred his sober thought.
At length, impelled by frenzy, the fourth day,
He from his limbs tore plate and mail away.

Here was his helmet, there his shield bestowed;
  His arms far off; and farther than the rest,
His cuirass; through the greenwood wide was strewed
  All his good gear, in fine: and next his vest
He rent; and, in his fury, naked showed
  His shaggy paunch, and all his back and breast,
And 'gan that frenzy act, so passing dread,
Of stranger folly never shall be said.

So fierce his rage, so fierce his fury grew,
  That all obscured remained the warrior's spright;
Nor, for forgetfulness, his sword he drew,
  Or wondrous deeds I trow, had wrought the knight.
But neither this, nor bill nor axe to hew,
  Was needed by Orlando's peerless might.
He of his prowess gave high proofs and full,
Who a tall pine uprooted at a pull.

THE DUEL OF ROGERO AND BRADAMANT.

LEO will not enter Paris; but nigh
  Pitches his broad pavilions on the plain;
And his arrival by an embassy
  Makes known that day to royal Charlemagne.
Well pleased is he; and visits testify
  And many gifts the monarch's courteous vein.
His journey's cause the Grecian prince displayed,
And to dispatch his suit the sovereign prayed:

"To send afield the damsel, who denied
  Ever to take in wedlock any lord
Weaker than her: for she should be his bride,
  Or he would perish by the lady's sword."
Charles undertook for this; and, on her side,
  The following day upon the listed sward
Before the walls, in haste enclosed that night,
Appeared the martial maid, equipped for fight.

Rogero passed the night before the day
  Wherein by him the battle should be done,
Like that which felon spends, condemned to pay
  Life's forfeit with the next succeeding sun:
He made his choice to combat in the fray
  All armed; because he would discovery shun:
Nor barded steed he backed, nor lance he shook;
Nor other weapon than his falchion took.

No lance he took: yet was it not through fear
  Of that which Argalia whilom swayed,
Astolpho's next, then hers, that in career
  Her foemen ever upon earth had laid:
Because none weened such force was in the spear,
  Nor that it was by necromancy made;
Excepting royal Galaphron alone,
Who had it forged, and gave it to his son.

Nay, bold Astolpho, and the lady who
  Afterwards bore it, deemed that not to spell,
But simply to their proper force, was due
  The praise that they in knightly joust excel;

And with whatever spear they fought, those two
  Believed that they should have performed as well.
What only makes that knight the joust forego,
Is that he would not his Frontino show.

For easily that steed of generous kind
  She might have known, if him she had espied,
Whom in Montalban, long to her consigned,
  The gentle damsel had been wont to ride.
Rogero, that but schemes, but hath in mind
  How he from Bradamant himself shall hide,
Neither Frontino nor yet other thing,
Whereby he may be known, afield will bring.

With a new sword will he the maid await;
  For well he knew against the enchanted blade
As soft as paste would prove all mail and plate:
  For never any steel its fury stayed;
And heavily with hammer, to rebate
  Its edge, as well he on this falchion laid.
So armed, Rogero in the lists appeared,
When the first dawn of day the horizon cheered.

To look like Leo, o'er his breast is spread
  The surcoat that the prince is wont to wear;
And the gold eagle with its double head
  He, blazoned on the crimson shield, doth bear;
And (what the Child's disguisement well may stead)
  Of equal size and stature are the pair.
In the other's form presents himself the one;
That other lets himself be seen of none.

Dordona's martial maid is of a vein
  Right different from the gentle youth's, who sore
Hammers and blunts the falchion's tempered grain,
  Lest it his opposite should cleave or bore.
She whets her steel, and into it would fain
  Enter, that stripling to the quick to gore:
Yea, would such fury to her strokes impart,
That each should go directly to his heart.

As on the start the generous barb is spied,
  When he the signal full of fire attends;
And paws now here, now there; and opens wide
  His nostrils, and his pointed ears extends;
So the bold damsel, to the lists defied,
  Who knows not with Rogero she contends,
Seemed to have fire within her veins, nor found
Resting-place, waiting for the trumpet's sound.

As sometimes after thunder sudden wind
  Turns the sea upside down; and far and nigh
Dim clouds of dust the cheerful daylight blind,
  Raised in a thought from earth, and whirled heaven-high;
Scud beasts and herd together with the hind,
  And into hail and rain dissolves the sky;
So she upon the signal bared her brand,
And fell on her Rogero, sword in hand.

But well-built wall, strong tower, or aged oak,
  No more are moved by blasts that round them rave,
No more by furious sea is moved the rock,
  Smote day and night by the tempestuous wave,
Than in those arms, secure from hostile stroke,
  Which erst to Trojan Hector Vulcan gave,
Moved was he by that ire and hatred rank
Which stormed about his head, and breast, and flank.

Now aims that martial maid a trenchant blow,
  And now gives point; and wholly is intent
'Twixt plate and plate to reach her hated foe;
  So that her stifled fury she may vent:
Now on this side, now that, now high, now low,
  She strikes, and circles him, on mischief bent;
And evermore she rages and repines,
As balked of every purpose she designs.

As he that layeth siege to well-walled town,
  And flanked about with solid bulwarks, still
Renews the assault; now fain would batter down
  Gateway or tower; now gaping fosse would fill;

Yet vainly toils (for entrance is there none)
  And wastes his host, aye frustrate of his will;
So sore toils and strives without avail
The damsel, nor can open plate or mail.

Sparks now his shield, now helm, now cuirass scatter,
  While straight and back strokes, aimed now low, now high,
Which good Rogero's head and bosom batter
  And arms, by thousands and by thousands fly
Faster than on the sounding farm-roof patter
  Hailstones descending from a troubled sky.
Rogero, at his ward, with dextrous care,
Defends himself, and ne'er offends the fair.

Now stopped, now circled, now retired the knight,
  And oft his hand his foot accompanied;
And lifted shield and shifted sword in flight,
  Where shifting he the hostile hand espied.
Either he smote her not, or—did he smite—
  Smote, where he deemed least evil would betide.
The lady, ere the westering sun descend,
Desires to bring that duel to an end.

Of the edict she remembered her, and knew
  Her peril, save the foe was quickly sped:
For if she took not in one day nor slew
  Her claimant, she was taken; and his head
Phœbus was now about to hide from view,
  Nigh Hercules' pillars, in his watery bed,
When first she 'gan misdoubt her power to cope
With that strong foe, and to abandon hope.

But how much more hope fails the damsel, so
  Much more her anger waxes; she her blows
Redoubling, yet the harness of her foe
  Will break, which through that day unbroken shows;
As he, that at his daily drudgery slow,
  Sees night on his unfinished labor close,
Hurries and toils and moils without avail,
Till wearied strength and light together fail.

Didst thou, O miserable damsel, trow
  Whom thou wouldst kill, if in that cavalier
Matched against thee thou didst Rogero know,
  On whom depend thy very life-threads, ere
Thou killed him thou would'st kill thyself; for thou,
  I know, does hold him than thyself more dear;
And when he for Rogero shall be known,
I know these very strokes thou wilt bemoan.

King Charles and peers him, sheathed in plate and shell,
  Deem not Rogero, but the emperor's son;
And viewing in that combat fierce and fell
  Such force and quickness by the stripling shown;
And, without e'er offending her, how well
  That knight defends himself, now change their tone;
Esteem both well assorted; and declare
The champions worthy of each other are.

When Phœbus wholly under water goes,
  Charlemagne bids the warring pair divide,
And Bradamant (nor boots it to oppose)
  Allots to youthful Leo as a bride.
Not there Rogero tarried to repose;
  Nor loosed his armor, nor his helm untied:
On a small hackney, hurrying sore, he went
Where Leo him awaited in his tent.

Twice in fraternal guise and oftener threw
  Leo his arms about the cavalier;
And next his helmet from his head withdrew,
  And kissed him on both cheeks with loving cheer.
"I would," he cried, "that thou wouldst ever do
  By me what pleaseth thee; for thou wilt ne'er
Weary my love: at my call I lend
To thee myself and state; these freely spend;

"Nor see I recompense, which can repay
  The mighty obligation that I owe;
Though of the garland I should disarray
  My brows, and upon thee that gift bestow."

Rogero, on whom his sorrows press and prey,
  Who loathes his life, immersed in that deep woe,
Little replies; the ensigns he had worn
Returns and takes again his unicorn;

And showing himself spiritless and spent,
  From thence as quickly as he could withdrew,
And from Young Leo's to his lodgings went;
  When it was midnight, armed himself anew,
Saddled his horse and sallied from his tent;
  (He takes no leave, and none his going view);
And his Frontino to that road addressed,
Which seemed to please the goodly courser best.

THE VALLEY OF LOST LUMBER.

ASTOLFO rides to the moon on the winged hippogriff to recover for Orlando the wits which he had lost for love of the Princess Angelica.

Astolfo was conducted by his guide to a narrow valley between two steep mountains. Here was miraculously collected everything which had been lost on earth, either through some human failing or by the fault of time or fortune—not only riches and power, but also those things which fortune alone can neither give nor take away. Many a reputation lies up there, which time, like a moth, has long been gnawing at here below, and also numberless vows and good resolutions made by sinners. There we should find the tears and sighs of lovers, the time lost in gaming, all the wasted leisure of ignorant men, and all vain intentions which have never been put into action. Of fruitless desires there are so many that they lumber up the greater part of that place. In short, whatever you have lost here below you will find again if you ascend thither.

Our Paladin, as he passed along, now and again asking questions of his guide, saw a mountain of blown bladders, which seemed to be full of noise inside. And he knew that these were the ancient crowns of the Assyrians, and of Lydia, and of the Persians and Greeks, which once were famous, while now their very names are almost forgotten. Close by he saw great masses of gold and silver piled up in heaps, which were those gifts that people made, in hopes of getting a reward, to kings and princes. He saw wreaths of flowers with traps hidden among them, and on asking, heard that they were flatteries. Verses that men made in praise of their patrons are seen there, under the form of grasshoppers who have hurt themselves with chirping. . . . He saw many broken bottles of different kinds, and found that they stand for the service men pay to courts, and the thanks they get for it. Then he came to a great pool of spilt broth, and asking what it was, his guide told him that it represented the alms people direct to be given after their deaths. Then he passed by a great heap of various flowers, which once were sweet-scented, but now have a foul odor; this was the gift (if we may be permitted to say so) that Constantine bestowed on the good Pope Sylvester.

He saw a great quantity of twigs covered with bird-lime; there, O fair ladies, is your beauty! He saw . . . but it would be an endless task to count up the things which were shown him there. The only thing he did not find was folly: that remains here on earth, for no one ever parts with it. At last he came to that which we are all so firmly persuaded we possess, that no one ever prayed to have it given him—I mean common sense. There was a huge heap of it, as big as all the other things put together. It was like a clear, soft liquid, which easily evaporates if it is not kept tightly corked, and was contained in bottles of various shapes and sizes, each one being labelled with the name of its owner. Astolfo noticed one which was much larger than the rest, and read on the label, "*Orlando's Wits.*" He also saw a great part of his own; but what made him marvel more than any thing else was the fact that many people whom he had believed to have plenty of sense were now shown to have little or none, the bottles marked with their names being nearly full. Some lose it through love, others in striving after honors; yet others in seeking for riches by land and sea, or by putting their trust in great lords and princes, or in pursuing after follies of magic and sorcery, or gems or pictures, or any thing else which a man values above others. There was a great quantity of the wits of philosophers and astrologers stored there, and also of those of poets. Astolfo took up his own, having received permission to do so, and put the flask to his nose; and it appears that his wits returned to their place right enough, for Turpin confesses that from thenceforth Astolfo lived very wisely indeed for a long time. But afterwards, it is true, he made one mistake which once more deprived him of his brains. Then he took up the large flask which contained Orlando's, and which was no light weight, and turned to depart. . . .

GIOVAMBATTISTA GIRALDI CINTHIO.

CINTHIO deserves note not only as one of the most voluminous Italian novelists of the sixteenth century, but as the author of the story which furnished Shakespeare with the plot for his tragedy of "Othello." He was a noble of Ferrara, and wrote the "Hecatomithi," or Hundred Fables (1565). After the manner of Boccaccio, he feigned that these tales were told by a party of ladies and gentlemen fleeing from a pestilence which had followed the famous sack of Rome. With all their revolting incidents and labored style, these tales possess a powerful and dramatic interest. Cinthio's tragic stories abound in dark atrocities and terrific extravagance. He ransacked the catalogue of human crimes. The entire third decade is devoted to the theme of the infidelity of wives and husbands.

In regard to his story of "Othello," Thomas Roscoe has aptly pointed out wherein Shakespeare has generally improved upon the novelist. "In the drama Iago is actuated to revenge by jealousy and resentment arising from Cassio's promotion; while in the novel he is merely influenced by love turned into hatred. In Shakespeare the villain employs his wife to steal the handkerchief, but in the Italian this deed is performed by himself. The noble character of Othello is also wholly of the poet's creation, he being drawn by the novelist with the vulgar features of a morose, selfish, and cruel husband." Nevertheless Shakespeare has borrowed almost entirely the characters of Desdemona, Cassio and Iago, while "the gradual and artful method pursued by Iago of infusing suspicions, like a slow poison, into the noble nature of Othello, is closely copied from the novelist." The fifth novel of Cinthio's eighth decade suggested to Shakespeare the comedy of "Measure for Measure."

The Faithful Wife.

At the period when the King of France appointed the celebrated Giovanni Trivulzi governor of Milan, the capital city of Lombardy, a certain noble youth resided there of the name of Giovanni Panigarola, whose bold and fiery temper involved him in frequent disputes, both with the soldiers and the citizens, to the no slight interruption of the public peace. This unruly disposition having more than once caused him to be brought before the governor at the instance of several individuals with whom he had been engaged, he would probably have incurred the punishment due to his indiscretion, had not the venerable Trivulzi been more desirous of reforming offenders than of punishing them. Discharging him merely with a severe reprimand, out of regard to the feelings of the youth's family and friends, he trusted that he should hear of him no more. But this unfortunately was not the case; the perverse and ungrateful youth still pursuing the same perilous career in spite of the entreaties and reproaches of his best friends. Even his union with a pleasing and accomplished young lady of Lampogiani, named Philippa, failed to convince him of the folly of his conduct; her tenderness and anxiety were lavished upon him in vain, and she lived in daily expectation of hearing of some calamitous event. Though he always treated her with the utmost kindness and affection, she would rather have been herself the victim of his quarrelsome and unhappy disposition, than have heard of his indulging it at the expense of others, and at the imminent risk of his own life. Unable to support this incessant anxiety, the fond Philippa would frequently conjure him to abstain from thus wantonly hazarding his reputation and her own repose, for the sake of encouraging so idle and dangerous a propensity, which cost her so many tears. Then throwing her fair arms around him, she declared that she could not live long under the torments she endured on his behalf, being in hourly dread of beholding him borne homewards a lifeless corpse. "I had rather," she exclaimed, "that you would at once pierce my bosom with your sword than listen to the sad accounts I am daily expecting to hear from you, so derogatory to your own honor and the name you bear, and frequently, I fear, so unjust towards the objects of your resentment. I entreat you, therefore, by our long attachment, by all my unutterable love and devotion to you, that, if you have any pity or gentleness in your nature, you will henceforth become more reasonable, and avoid occasions of embroiling yourself with others, consent to lead the blameless and honorable life for which your abilities and your connections are in every way so well calculated to qualify you. Then, and then only, shall I consider myself truly happy, blest with your society, and enjoying the honor and respectability of your name."

Whilst listening to the kind and judicious words of her he loved, Giovanni sincerely promised reformation, and believed that he could renounce all his errors, and never more give her reason to complain. But when he was again exposed to temptations, when his boon companions repeatedly invited him, and, half-mad with wine, he received imaginary insults from the guests, borne away by the force of his habitual passions, he quickly gave or as quickly received offence. About this time the kind governor, Trivulzi, was called to France, and one of a more severe and implacable disposition soon after assumed his place. Nor was it long before the luckless Giovanni embroiled himself in a hot dispute with an officer of the governor's guards, until, proceeding from words to blows, they drew their daggers, and his adversary in a few seconds lay dead at Giovanni's feet. He was speedily secured by several other officers who had witnessed the fact, and being carried before the new governor, was condemned on the following day to lose his head. When these tidings reached the ears of his poor wife, so far from being prepared by all her former fears for so fatal an occurrence, she gave way to the extremity of wretchedness and despair. Inveighing against the cruelty of the governor, her own and her husband's unhappy fate, she beat her bosom, she tore her hair, and refused the consolations of her nearest relatives. "I will not be comforted!" she exclaimed, in a tone of agony; "you do not, you cannot know, the sufferings I endure; and may God, in his infinite mercy, grant that none of you ever may! Away, away, then, and attempt not to assuage the burning agony I feel. It is worse than death, and death I could suffer a thousand times rather than my husband should thus wretchedly and ignominiously end his days."

Fearing lest she might be induced by the excess of her feelings to put an end to her existence, her friends were unwilling to leave her for a moment alone; yet finding their attempts to console her were vain, they stood silently about her couch until the object of their solicitude, having wearied herself with her lamentations, came at length to the resolution of either saving her beloved husband or perishing in the attempt. With this view she declared to her friends around her, that the only means of mitigating her sorrow would be to procure for her a final interview with her husband, that she might at least have the sad consolation of bidding him an eternal farewell. Compassionating her forlorn condition they all united in soliciting their husbands and brothers to endeavor to obtain this favor from the governor; and it was permitted that during that night she might share the unhappy youth's imprisonment.

Great was the emotion experienced on both sides when they met: she threw herself into his arms, and her tender reproaches half died away on her lips. "Alas! alas! to what a state has your inconsiderate conduct reduced us! Have I lived to hear that to-morrow you are condemned to suffer death, and that I am doomed to live in the consciousness of such a sad and widowed lot! Ah, why did you not sooner yield to the repeated entreaties and reproaches of your unhappy wife? Did I not tell you that some fatal consequences would be sure, sooner or later, to follow? It is come, and you have sacrificed life upon life to your wicked and infatuated career. It is enough; and we have now to pay the forfeit of all your folly and of all——I fear, alas! I fear to speak it to one who should have time to repent ere yet he die;" and her sobs here interrupting her voice, she gave way to a fresh burst of sorrow. He who had before appeared unmoved and collected was now melted even to tears on witnessing the deep sorrow of his wife, knowing how fondly she was attached to him, and how ill able she was to sustain the sorrows in store for her. "My own Philippa," he cried, gently raising her up, "I am sorry for you from the bottom of my soul; but try to calm yourself: why distress yourself thus for me? You see I am not terrified at the fate which awaits me. I had rather thus die for having conducted myself valiantly against the brutal wretch who insulted me, than live ignominiously among my fellow-citizens under the control of the soldiers who domineer over us. One at least has paid the forfeit of his crime. Console yourself, therefore, my Philippa, seeing that I die honorably, and not like a false traitor or a bandit, but in the noble attempt to tame the ferocity of those who too nearly resemble them. It was the slave of the cruel governor who first provoked me to do the deed; nor could I have received the insulting language he made use of without covering myself with eternal infamy. Then mourn not over my fate; approve yourself worthy of my love; and as you have ever shown yourself a sweet and obedient wife, so even now obey me in summoning fortitude and patience to bear our lot;" and kissing her tenderly, he sought to console her by every means in his power. But his kindness seemed only to increase her grief; she declared that she should never be able to survive the affliction of losing him thus, and that she was resolved to save him or perish in the attempt. "Therefore," she continued, "am I come; and as I trust that the sufferings we have experienced in this trying scene will have made some impression on your mind, instead of further indulging these womanish complaints, we will summon fortitude to avail ourselves of the last resource which fortune has left in our power." "How! what is it you mean?" inquired her astonished husband. "That you should hasten to avoid the fate prepared for you by disguising yourself in these clothes, which I have brought hither for the purpose. Lose not a moment, for as we are nearly of the same age, and I am not much lower in stature than you, the deception will not easily be detected, and in my dress you may make your escape. The guards are all newly appointed and unacquainted with your person. Once safe yourself, indulge not the least anxiety about me. I am innocent, and, vindictive as he may be, the governor will not venture to shed innocent blood." "We cannot tell that," replied Giovanni, "and the very possibility of it is sufficient to make me decline your kind and noble-hearted offer. Should he even threaten you with death, my Philippa, the governor would be certain to have me in his hands again to-morrow. So say no more of this, my love," he continued, as he kissed away her fast-falling tears, "and do not believe that I would thus vilely fly, as if I were afraid to meet my fate. What will the world, what will my dearest friends and fellow-citizens say, when they hear that I have absconded at the risk of your life, and thus confirmed the worst reports of my adversaries? No, Philippa, never! let me here terminate my restless days rather than in any way endanger yours, which are far more precious in my eyes."

But the affliction and despair exhibited by his gentle wife on hearing these words were such as may be easier imagined than expressed; nor did she cease uttering the most wild and incoherent lamentations, until, entertaining fears for her reason, he retracted his purpose and promised to favor her design. And as she now assisted him, between sobs and smiles, to assume his female attire, she declared that she could have borne the thought of his death fighting bravely in the field, or in any way except by the hands of the public executioner. "It would then," said she, "have been my duty to support myself; but the very idea of your dear life being thus thrown away, like a wild weed, would have embittered all my future existence. For I recollect having frequently heard my honored father say, and he was one of the most valiant and high-minded of our citizens, that the truly brave ought never to shun death when a noble occasion offers of serving either their country or their friends, but that it must be truly grievous to the wretch who is compelled to meet it unsupported by any generous enterprise or any sense of honor. And alas! I fear you would at last feel yourself too much in the latter situation; and for myself, I should doubly feel it. So now, dearest love, I entreat you to use every precaution in your power to avoid discovery and effect your escape; breathe not a syllable to any one till you are beyond the reach of danger; consent not to gratify the cruelty of the governor, but save yourself for more honorable enterprises, which may confound the malice of your enemies;" and saying this, she conjured him to hasten away.

Taking a hasty farewell, therefore, Giovanni bound his cloak more closely about him, and presented himself, just as the morning dawned, before the sentinels of the prison. Believing him to be the lady on her return from her husband, he was allowed to pass without examination or suspicion. In the morning the officers entered the prison to bind the hands of the culprit and lead him forth to execution, when the lady, turning suddenly round upon them, inquired, with an air of authority, whether they had been commissioned to treat her with this indignity. On discovering her sex, and after searching every part of the prison for the real offender in vain, the governor was immediately made acquainted with the truth. He ordered her to be instantly conducted into his presence, in the utmost rage at the idea of having been thus overreached by a woman; and so far from commiserating her situation, he threatened her with the severest punishment, declaring that her life should answer for his, and commanding the officers upon their duty to proceed to the place of execution. Thither then the devoted wife was carried, in spite of her tears and entreaties and those of the surrounding people, among whom tidings of the fact having quickly gone forth, a vast concourse of each sex and of all ages were speedily assembled. Mingled sorrow and admiration were depicted on every countenance, and each manly breast burned with admiration of a woman of such exalted fidelity and truth, and with a wish to rescue her from so unmerited a doom. But everywhere surrounded by the tyrant's satellites, the wretched lady, invoking the name of her husband, and appealing for justice and mercy in vain, now approached the scene of her execution, and, amidst the horror and indignation of the spectators, was on the point of sealing her unexampled fidelity with her life. At this moment a loud cry was heard amongst the spectators, a sword flashed above the heads of the people, and the tumult approaching nearer, Giovanni issued from the crowd, and the next moment had rescued his beloved wife from the soldiers' hands. Yet fearful lest any act of violence might involve them both in the same fate, he instantly surrendered his sword, and embracing his weeping wife, said, "Did I not tell you that I would never permit you to fall a victim to your incomparable generosity and truth? Unhand her, wretches!" he cried, turning towards the officers; "I am your prisoner, and those bonds are only mine." "No! obey the governor's commands," cried the lady; "it is I who am sentenced to suffer; venture not to dispute his orders. No, I will not be released," she continued, as they were about to set her free; and a scene of mutual tenderness and devotion then took place which drew tears from the hardest heart.

In the meantime the governor, having heard of the arrival of Giovanni, with the same unrelenting cruelty gave orders that both should be executed on the spot, the husband for the homicide he had committed, and his consort for effecting the release of the criminal from prison. The indignation of the citizens on hearing this inhuman sentence could no longer be controlled. An instantaneous attack was made upon the soldiers and officers of the guard, who were prevented from proceeding with their cruel purpose, while numbers rushed towards the mansion of the governor, declaring that they would have justice, and insisting that the whole affair should be laid before the king. Though highly enraged at this popular interference with his sanguinary measures, the governor was compelled to bend before the storm, and with evident reluctance submitted to refer the matter to his royal master. This was no other than the celebrated Francis, whose singular magnanimity, united to his pleasing and courteous manners, still render him so justly dear to the French people.

On receiving an account of the noble and generous manner in which the lady had conducted herself, and of the worth and valor of her husband, with the proofs of mutual fidelity and affection which they had displayed, King Francis, with his usual liberality and clemency, issued his commands that they should instantly, without any further proceedings, be set at liberty. He, moreover, expressed his high admiration of their mutual truth and constancy, and approved of the good feeling and spirit evinced by the Milanese people, declaring his only regret to be, that it was not in his power to render such examples of heroic worth as immortal as they deserved to be. After a more strict investigation of the unhappy affair in which Giovanni had been last engaged, it was discovered that his adversary had really been the aggressor, and had instigated him, both by words and blows, to the terrible revenge which he had taken, in prosecuting which, at the risk of his own life, he had laid the insulting soldier dead at his feet.

Great was the triumph of the people of Milan when the tidings of the pardon of the prisoners arrived, and they paraded the streets with shouts of applause in honor of King Francis, whose clemency and magnanimity failed not to add to his popularity among all ranks. Nor was the rage and disappointment of the bad governor inferior to the joy of the people upon this occasion, as he beheld the procession bearing the happy pair in triumph to their home. The inhabitants instantly despatched a deputation to the French monarch, expressing their grateful sense of his kindness, and their devoted attachment to his royal person.

Such, likewise, was the favorable impression made upon the character of Giovanni by this occurrence, that, influenced also by the excellent example of his wife, he from that period entirely abandoned the dangerous courses which he had so long pursued.

GIOVANNI FRANCESCO STRAPAROLA.

THE origin of children's stories is often impossible to trace, but that of "Puss in Boots" is to a certain extent definitely known. It is found in the "Tredeci Piacevoli Notti," Thirteen Happy Nights, of Giovanni Francesco Straparola da Caravaggio, who flourished in the middle of the sixteenth century. Yet it must be noted that in his story the cat did not wear boots, those picturesque adornments being added by the French adapter. Straparola published his "Nights" at Venice in 1550-4. These seventy-four tales were fabled to have been told by a fallen prince and his friends during their cool evening gatherings at Murano (Venice). Straparola used the North Italian dialects, and his "Nights" never attained the fame of Boccaccio's "Days." Many of his characters were simple country-folk, and the whole work seems adapted to such listeners. Later dramatists and novelists availed themselves of the plots of some stories, and specimens were translated into English, but the only complete English version is that by W. G. Waters, issued at London in 1894.

A recent critic has remarked of these tales: "Their substance, whatever may be said concerning Straparola's disregard of style, is often the product of true imagination, an imagination which seized and filed the floating fairy lore of the time. The glamour of fairyland—the sun-glamour of the East, not the moon-glamour of the North—lies over many a passage. Magic lore, represented in the 'Decameron' by only two stories, that of the 'Summer Garden in Winter Snow,' and that of 'Saladin and Messer Thorelo,' in Straparola is rife. His 'Nights' are full, it may be said, of dreams. Perrault and Mme. d'Aulnoy have popularized many a one. Grimm's brilliant tale of the 'Master Thief' is identical with the Cassandrino of the first Night. The 'Grateful Dead,' episode of the eleventh Night surely lingered in Hans Andersen's memory when he invented the weird tale of the 'Fellow Traveler.' They are a mine of enchantments: fairy horses, star children, water that danced, apples that sang. There is Samaritana, the gentle snake-sister, and Biancabella, more gentle and less wise. There is the 'Fairy Doll,' and, stranger than all, the fable of the Fool, Flaminio, 'who went to seek Death and found Life, who showed him Fear and let him make trial of Death,' in which one feels a touch of northern mysticism alien to Italian sentiment. Lastly, born of Straparola's own brain—so far criticism has traced no other original—is 'Puss in Boots.' . . . Nor in the matter of romance do many incidents surpass in picturesqueness the scene of the trial by Serpent, or that of the drowning of Malgherita as, swimming towards her lover's shore, she is decoyed by the false light attached to her brother's boat, and dies exhausted in mid seas."

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Italy of the Renaissance lives again in these "Nights" as in the Decameron. The old life of mixed intellectual, social and sensual pleasure is depicted amid beauteous gardens and environments of art. The "Nights" are full of color and perfume, as well as mystical moonlight. We hear, too, the echoing strains of the romantic violins, the stately old Venetian dance tune, and all the delightful music and enjoyment, mingled with saddened revery, of the Murano palace.

THIA'S INCANTATION.

ABOVE the domain of Piove de Sacco, which is, as I need hardly tell you, a territory of Padua, is situated a village called Salmazza, wherein there lived a very long time since, a peasant called Cechato Rabboso, who, though he was a fellow with a big head and body, was nevertheless a poor fool, and over-trustful of his own powers. This Rabboso had to wife the daughter of a farmer called Gagiardi, who lived in a village called Campelongo. She was a wily, crafty, mischievous young woman, named Thia. Besides being so shrewd, she was a stout wench, handsome of face, so that it was commonly said that there was not another peasant woman for miles around who could be compared with her. She was so sprightly and nimble at country dances, that young gallants who saw her would not seldom lose their hearts to her straightway. Now it happened that a certain young man, who was himself handsome and of a sturdy figure, a prosperous citizen of Padua, by name Marsilio Vercelese, became enamored of this Thia. Whenever she went to a village dance, this youth would follow her thither, and for the greater part of the time he would dance with her. Yet this young gallant kept his love a secret as well as he could, so as not to let it be known to anybody.

Marsilio, knowing quite well that Cechato, Thia's husband, was a poor man, supporting his house by the work of his hands, and laboring hard from early morning till late at night, began to prowl around Thia's house, that he might gaze upon her. One day it chanced that Thia was sitting alone on a wooden bench near the door, and holding under her arm the distaff on which some flax was wound, when Marsilio, taking courage, came forward, and said, "God be with you, friend Thia." And Thia answered: "Welcome, young gentleman!" "Do you not know," said Marsilio, "that I am consumed of love for you, and am like to die?" To this Thia answered: "How should I know whether you love me or not?" Said Marsilio, "If you never knew it before, I will now let you know that I am consumed with all the passion that a man can feel." Then he said, "And you? Tell me the truth, do you love me too?" Thia, smiling, said, "Perhaps I love you a little." Then said Marsilio, "Tell me how much." "I love you very much," said Thia. Marsilio cried, "Alas, Thia, if you really loved me as much as you say, you would show it by some sign." Thia answered, "Well, what sign would you have me give?" Marsilio said, "O Thia, you know very well without my telling you." But said Thia, "No, I cannot possibly know unless you tell me." Then said Marsilio, "I will tell you if you will listen and not be angry." Thia answered, "I promise you that if it is a good thing, and not against my honor, I will not be angered with you." Then Marsilio said, "My love, when will you let me embrace you in lovers' fashion?" "Now," replied Thia, "you are only deceiving me. How can I, a peasant girl, be fit for you, a gentleman and citizen of Padua? You are a signor, I am a working woman; you can have fine ladies to your taste, I am of low condition. You wear an embroidered coat and bright-colored hose, all worked with wool and silk, and I have nought but a torn dimity petticoat and this linen head-cloth. I have neither money nor goods to sell for our few necessaries. We have not enough to eat to keep us alive till Easter. Oh, we poor peasants! What pleasure have we in life? We toil hard to till the earth and sow the wheat which you fine folk consume, while we make the best shift we can with rye bread."

In answer to Thia's speech Marsilio said, "Do not distress yourself for this, for if you grant me your favor I will see that you want for nothing." Thia replied, "Ah, that is what you cavaliers always say until we have done your pleasure; then you go away and we never see any more of you. We are left deceived and shamed; and you go bragging of your good fortune, and treating us as if we were carrion. I know the tricks you citizens of Padua can play.'' Then said Marsilio, "Now let us have done with words. I ask you will you grant me the favor I desire.'' "Go away, for the love of God, I pray,'' cried Thia, "before my husband comes back, for nightfall is drawing near. Come back to-morrow, and we will talk as long as you will.'' But Marsilio was loath to break off this conversation, and still remained, so she cried, "Go away immediately, I beg you.'' Then Marsilio, seeing that she was strongly moved, cried out, "God be with you, Thia, my sweet soul! my heart is in your keeping.'' "May God go with you, dearest hope of my life,'' said Thia, "I commend you to His care.'' "To-morrow,'' said Marsilio, "by His good help, we will meet again.'' "Very well, be it so,'' said Thia, and Marsilio took his leave.

When the morrow came, Marsilio repaired to Thia's house, and found her busy digging in the garden. As soon as they saw one another, they exchanged greetings and began to talk lovingly. After a time Thia said, "Dear heart, to-morrow morning early Cechato, my husband, must go to the mill, and will not return till the next day; wherefore you may come here in the evening. I will be on the watch for you.'' Then Marsilio jumped and danced for very gladness, and took leave of Thia, half out of his wits for joy.

Thia went to prepare the corn and put it into sacks so that on the morrow Cechato should have nothing to do but to load the cart therewith, and to go on his way singing. On the next morning Cechato borrowed a cart with two oxen from the people for whom he worked, took the corn his wife had prepared the night before, loaded it on the cart and went toward the mill. The days were short and the nights long, the roads were broken, and the weather was foul with rain and ice, so poor Cechato found himself obliged to remain that night at the mill, and this in sooth fell in well with the plans of Thia and Marsilio.

As soon as night had fallen, Marsilio, according to his agreement, took a pair of fine capons and some white bread and good wine, and stole across the fields to Thia's house. Having opened the door, he found her sitting by the fire winding thread. After greeting each other, they spread the table and sat down to eat, and after they had made an excellent meal, they had other enjoyments. But when day was beginning to break, while they were amorously talking, Cechato drew near the house, and called, "O my Thia! make up a good fire, for I am more than half dead with cold." Thia was somewhat frightened; so she quickly opened the door, managing to let Marsilio hide himself behind it. Then she ran to meet her husband, and began to embrace him. After Cechato had come into the yard, he cried out, "Make a good fire, Thia, for I am well nigh frozen. So cold was it at the mill that I could not sleep a wink." Thia took an armful of billets to light the fire, taking care to stand so as to hide Marsilio.

Then Thia said, "Ah! Cechato, my good man, I have good news for you." "What has happened?" inquired Cechato. Thia replied, "While you were away, a poor old man came begging alms, and as a recompense for some bread and a cup of wine, he taught me an incantation to throw a spell over that greedy kite which troubles us." "What is this you are telling me?" said Cechato. Then Thia said to her husband, "You must kneel down on the ground, and turn your head and shoulders towards the door, and your knees towards the fire; I must spread a white cloth over your face, and put the corn measure over your head." "I am sure," said Cechato, "that my head will never go into our corn measure." "I am sure it will," replied Thia; "just look here!" And with these words she put the measure over his head, saying, "Nothing in the world could be a better fit. Now keep yourself quite still, and I will take our sieve in my hand and dance around you, while I speak the incantation the old man taught me. You must not stir a finger till I have repeated the incantation thrice; otherwise it will have no effect. After this we shall see whether the kite will come to steal our chickens." To this Cechato replied, "Would to God that what you say might be true, for that fiend of a kite devours every chicken we hatch."

"Let us begin quickly then," said Thia. "Now, Cechato, lie down." And Cechato straightway laid himself on the floor. "That is right," said Thia, as she covered his head with a white linen cloth. Then she rammed the corn measure on his head and caught up the sieve. Then she began to dance and skip, repeating the following incantation:

Thievish bird, I charge you well,
Harken to my mystic spell,
While I dance and wave my sieve,
All my tender chicks shall live.
Not a bird from all my hatch,
Thievish rascal, shall you snatch.
Thieves who stand behind the door,
Harken, fly, and come no more.
If my speech you cannot read,
Surely you are fools indeed.

While Thia went on with her mummery she made signs to Marsilio that he had better run away. But Marsilio, who failed to catch her meaning, kept still in his hiding place. Cechato, half-stifled and weary of lying stretched on the floor, cried out, "Well, is it all over now?" But Thia answered, "Stay where you are, for heaven's sake. Did I not tell you I should have to repeat the incantation thrice? I hope you have not wrecked everything by trying to get up." "No, no, surely not," said Cechato, as Thia made him lie down as before, and began to chant her incantation again.

Marsilio now began to understand the meaning of Thia's mummery, so he slipped out from his hiding-place and got out of doors. Thia, when she saw him take to his heels and run out of the yard, finished her exorcism and suffered her fool of a husband to get up. Then Cechato, somewhat warmed, went out to unload the flour he had brought from the mill. Thia, going out to help him, saw Marsilio in the distance hurrying off, and shouted after him, "Ah, ah! what a wicked bird! Begone! I will send you a packing if you show yourself here again. Is he not a greedy wretch? Do you not see that he was bent on coming back? Heaven give him a bad year!" And so it happened every time the kite came back, that Thia would set to work with her conjuration as before.

CHAPTER IV.

TORQUATO TASSO.

Tasso, one of the four greatest poets of Italy, produced in his "Gerusalemme Liberata" (Jerusalem Delivered) the third and last of her great epics. He found his inspiration, not in the Carlovingian romances of Pulci, Boiardo and Ariosto, but in the First Crusade.

Torquato Tasso was born at Sorrento, near Naples, in 1544. His father had some note as a poet, and the son, trained in boyhood by the Jesuits, proved from his earliest years a prodigy of learning. As a man he set himself to reconcile Ariosto and Aristotle in a masterpiece which should be the great epic of Christendom. He made public his entire ideas and plans in three "Discorsi" (Discourses) on the epic art and the ancient unities. Tasso therefore sought for a theme which should not be either too old to have lost interest or too modern to prevent poetic license and invention in treatment. He chose the subject of the First Crusade and the liberation of the sepulchre of Christ from the Saracens in the eleventh century by Godfrey of Bouillon. In Godfrey he secured a noble hero, and, indeed, a hero who actually claimed descent, on the maternal side, from the great central figure of the previous romance cycle, Charlemagne. The quaint old English historian, William of Malmesbury, has left on record how Godfrey, stricken with a serious illness, made the solemn vow to undertake, if he should recover, the liberation of the Holy Sepulchre, and how he "shook disease from his limbs and shone with renovated beauty." His diplomacy with the Greek Emperor Alexius and his shaming of his brother Baldwin are well-known anecdotes of history. In 1099 he began the siege of Jerusalem, which was taken after five weeks' assault. Godfrey tarnished his glory as crusader by ordering a general massacre of infidels, but he somewhat redeemed this act by declining to wear a crown of gold in the city where the Saviour had worn a crown of thorns. Instead of king he proclaimed himself under the title of Baron and Defender of the Holy Sepulchre. He died in the year 1100 and was buried in the soil of his barony. Tasso makes him in the poem the equal of Tancred in the field and of Raymond in council.

Tasso does not follow faithfully all of the historical facts, and brings in the supernatural agency of God and Satan to supply the necessary epic machinery. There are twenty cantos. It opens with the summons of Godfrey by the Archangel Gabriel, who bids him march on Jerusalem. King Aladine is struck with consternation, but is reinforced by the arrival of the heroic maid, Clorinda, in knightly armor, from Persia. She makes a sally against the Franks, and Tancred is sent to the rescue. Thereupon Herminia, a daughter of the deceased king of Antioch, points out the leading Crusaders to Aladine, as Helen did the Argive heroes to Priam in the Iliad. Tancred and Clorinda come into personal conflict. Tancred falls in love with this fair Amazon, but afterward unwittingly slays the infidel heroine in a night combat. Satan (or Pluto, as Tasso calls him), indignant at the success of the Christians in Palestine, summons a council in the infernal regions, as the result of which an enchantress, Armida, is instigated to go to the camp of the Crusaders in order to seduce their chiefs. Rinaldo is cast into temporary disgrace through her wiles, but Godfrey remains unharmed. Herminia falls meanwhile in love with Tancred, and, alarmed over Tancred's wounds, puts on Clorinda's armor and seeks the Christian camp. Her horse runs away with her to a shepherd's cottage on the banks of the Jordan. Tancred loses himself in his pursuit of her and is conducted to Armida's castle, built on an island in the Dead Sea, where he is entrapped and confined in a cell. Raymond fights the Mohammedans in Tancred's absence. Rinaldo becomes Armida's slave in her bower of bliss. Mutiny breaks out at camp against Godfrey, who is supposed to have slain Rinaldo, owing to a false report of that knight's death. The latter is really under Armida's thraldom, and a mighty effort is necessary to rescue him. Godfrey is transported in a vision to Heaven, where Hugh, the deceased commander of the forces of the French king, assures him of ultimate victory over the scheming Sultan Solyman and the boastful Argantes. Only, as a first condition, Rinaldo must be brought back to camp. (He had already, before falling victim to her charms himself, liberated many Christian knights whom Armida had transformed to fishes.) Peter the Hermit is inspired to predict Rinaldo's future glory. Charles the Dane and Ubald are sent on the quest for Rinaldo. They journey even unto the island of Teneriffe, where they pass beasts, snow and the Fountain of Laughter, and rescue the entranced knight despite Armida's enchantments. She flies to an Egyptian caliph and pledges him her hand if he will but slay Rinaldo. The caliph despatches a carrier-dove to the besieged Mohammedans with a promise of reinforcement, but the dove, chased by a hawk, carries the news to Godfrey. An immediate attack is made on Jerusalem, in which Rinaldo, purified at Mount Olivet, performs wonders. Tancred has already slain Clorinda—to his own distress; he now slays Agricante. Jerusalem capitulates. Armida seeks to kill herself, but is sought out by Rinaldo and converted to Christianity. He then becomes her true knight. Such is the bare outline of this mixed epic of Christian heroism and romance.

Tasso brought to its execution a genius well fitted by temperament for the task. His religious idealism and his innate melancholy both suited his theme. As Carducci has well said: "Tasso is the legitimate heir of Dante Alighieri; he believes, and reasons on his faith by philosophy; he loves, and comments on his love in a learned style; he is an artist, and writes dialogues of scholastic speculation that would fain be Platonic."

Tasso had also written, at the age of eighteen, an epic on "Rinaldo." And he wrote later in life a poetic pastoral, "Aminta," which—produced in the days of Palestrina—is said to have exerted a marked influence on the new opera and cantata, and upon the contemporary romances of Italy. Tasso also wrote a drama, "Torrismondo," in which he sought to apply the principles of "Œdipus" to a tragedy of Belisarius and the Goths.

A precocious prodigy from the start, Tasso wore out his strength in his arduous literary labors, but more particularly in the intense anxiety which he felt for their fame. Before publishing his great epic he foolishly submitted it to a number of persons, all of whom suggested senseless changes; and after its publication his sensitive nature was tortured by the scandalous and contemptible attacks made upon it, himself and even the memory of his father by the Academy Della Crusca and the spiteful Salviati. Posterity has reason to think, furthermore, that throughout long years he had loved in secret the lovely Princess Leonora d'Este, but veiled his passion by addressing his verses to a second Leonora, wife of Giulio di Tiena. Some consider that he was alternately in love with the two, and even with Lucretia Bendidio, a maid of honor to the princess. Goethe, in his drama of "Torquato Tasso," adopts the tradition of his love for the princess as the reason for Tasso's imprisonment in the mad-house of Santa Anna by Leonora's brother, Alphonso II., Duke of Ferrara. Unsentimental criticism would seem to show that however Tasso may have been moved by love, his incarceration by the duke was due to a curious veritable nervousness, akin to insanity, which finally gained control of the exhausted poet. Tasso himself, in his own letters, bewails his unhappy mental condition and constantly speaks of the duke with the deepest reverence and even affection. The story of his later years has well been styled "a perfect Odyssey of malady, indigence and misfortune." Yet finally fate seemed to smile again.

To Cardinal Cinthio Aldobrandini, one of the nephews of Clement VIII., the reigning pope, Tasso had dedicated his revised epic under the new title of "Gerusalemme Conquistata." Tasso had also celebrated Clement's accession to the pontificate in an ode. Both of these spiritual princes now invited him (in 1594) to come to Rome to be crowned as Petrarch had been before him. Tasso could not refuse the honor, although little elated at the idea. He even prophesied that he should not live to enjoy this flattering tribute. The cardinal's illness really caused a delay, and the exhausted Tasso died in 1595 (ere he could be crowned with laurel) in the refuge of the Monastery of St. Onofrio. Clement had granted him a plenary indulgence in remission of his sins, "I go crowned," said the dying poet, "not with laurel as a poet into the Captiol, but with glory as a saint to heaven."

Tasso's Invocation.

The invocation and dedication with which Tasso opens his "Jerusalem Delivered," may be said to contain a statement of the Eastern Question which remains true to-day. The extract is from J. H. Wiffen's translation.

I sing the pious arms and Chief, who freed
The Sepulchre of Christ from thrall profane;
Much did he toil in thought, and much in deed;
Much in the glorious enterprise sustain;
And Hell in vain opposed him; and in vain
Afric and Asia to the rescue poured
Their mingled tribes; Heaven recompensed his pain
And from all fruitless sallies of the sword,
True to the Red-Cross flag his wandering friends restored.

O thou, the Muse, that not with fading palms
Circlest thy brows on Pindus, but among
The Angels warbling their celestial psalms,
Hast for thy coronal a golden throng
Of everlasting stars! make thou my song
Lucid and pure; breathe thou the flame divine
Into my bosom; and forgive the wrong,
If with grave truth light fiction I combine,
And sometimes grace my page with other flowers than thine.

The world, thou know'st, on tiptoe ever flies
Where warbling most Parnassus' fountain winds,
And that Truth, robed in Song's benign disguise,
Has won the coyest, soothed the sternest minds:
So the fond mother her sick infant blinds,
Sprinkling the edges of the cup she gives
With sweets; delighted with the balm it finds
Round the smooth brim, the medicine it receives,
Drinks the delusive draught, and, thus deluded, lives.

And thou, Alphonso, who from fortune's shocks
And from her agitated sea, didst save

And pilot into port from circling rocks
  My wandering bark, nigh swallowed by the wave!
Accept with gracious smile—'tis all I crave—
  These my vowed tablets, in thy temple hung,
For the fresh life which then thy goodness gave;
  Some day, perchance, may my prophetic tongue
Venture of thee to sing what now must rest unsung.

Well would it be (if in harmonious peace
  The Christian Powers should e'er again unite,
With steed and ship their ravished spoils to seize,
  And for his theft the savage Turk requite)
That they to thee should yield, in wisdom's right,
  The rule by land, or, if it have more charms,
Of the high seas; meanwhile, let it delight
  To hear our verse ring with divine alarms;
Rival of Godfrey, hear, and hearing, grasp thine arms!

TANCRED AND CLORINDA.

MEANWHILE Clorinda rushes to assail
  The Prince, and level lays her spear renowned:
Both lances strike, and on the barred ventayle
  In shivers fly, and she remains discrowned;
For, burst its silver rivets, to the ground
  Her helmet leaped (incomparable blow!),
And by the rudeness of the shock unbound,
  Her sex to all the field emblazoning so,
Loose to the charméd winds her golden tresses flow.

Then blazed her eyes, then flashed her angry glance,
  Sweet e'en in wrath; in laughter then what grace
Would not be theirs!—but why that thoughtful trance?
  And, Tancred, why that scrutinizing gaze?
Know'st not thine idol? lo, the same dear face,
  Whence sprang the flame that on thy heart has preyed,
The sculptured image in its shrine retrace,
  And in thy foe behold the noble maid,
Who to the sylvan spring for cool refreshment strayed.

He, who her painted shield and silver crest
  Marked not at first, stood spell-bound at the sight;
She, guarding as she could her head, still pressed
  Th' assault, and struck, but he forbore the fight,

And to the rest transferring his despite,
Plied fast his whirling sword; yet not the less
Ceased she to follow and upbraid his flight,
With taunt and menace heightening his distress;
And, "Turn, false knight!" she cried, loud shouting through the press.

Struck, he not once returns the stroke, nor seeks
So much to ward the meditated blow,
As in those eyes and on those charming cheeks
To gaze, whence Passion's fond emotions flow:
"Void," to himself he says, "too cruel foe,
Void fall the strokes which that beloved arm
Distributes in its wrath! no fatal throe
Is that thy scimitar creates; the harm
Is in thy angry looks, that wound me while they charm!"

Resolved at length not unconfessed to fall,
Though hopeless quite her pity to obtain,
That she might know she struck her willing thrall,
Defenseless, suppliant, crouching to her chain;
"O thou," said he, "that followest o'er the plain
Me as thine only foe, of all this wide
Presented people! yet thy wrath restrain;
The press let us forsake, so may aside
Thy force with mine be proved, my skill with thine be tried.

"Then shalt thou measure in the face of day
Thy strength with mine, nor own my valor less."
Pleased she assents, and boldly leads the way,
Unhelmed,—he follows in his mute distress.
Already stood th' impatient Warrioress
Prepared, already had she struck, when he
Exclaimed: "Hold! hold! ere we ourselves address
To the stern fight, 'tis fit we should agree
Upon the terms of strife; fix first what these shall be!"

Her arm she stayed; strong love and wild despair
A reckless courage to his mind impart;
"These be the terms," said he, "since you forswear
All peace with me, pluck out my panting heart,
Mine own no more! I willingly shall part
With life, if farther life thy pride offend;

Long have I pined with love's tormenting smart;
'Tis fit the fond and feverish strife should end;
Take then the worthless life which I will ne'er defend.

"Behold! my arms are offered,—I present
My breast without defense,—spare not to smite!
Or shall I speed the task? I am content
To strip my cuirass off, and thus invite
Thy cruel steel!"—in harsher self-despite,
The mournful youth would have proclaimed his woes;
But suddenly, in craft or panic fright,
The Pagans yield to their pursuing foes,
And his brave troops rush by, and numbers interpose.

Like driven deer before th' Italian band
They yield, they fly in swiftness unconfined;
One base pursuer saw Clorinda stand,
Her rich locks spread like sunbeams on the wind,
And raised his arm in passing, from behind,
To stab secure the undefended maid;
But Tancred, conscious of the blow designed,
Shrieked out, "Beware!" to warn th' unconscious maid,
And with his own good sword bore off the hostile blade.

Still the stroke fell, and near the graceful head
Her snowy neck received the point, which drew
Some rosy drops, that crimsoned, as they shed,
Her yellow curls with their bespangling dew;
E'en thus gold beams with the blush-rose's hue,
When round it rubies sparkle from the hand
Of some rare artist; trembling at the view,
His wrath the prince no longer may command,
But on the caitiff falls, and shakes his threatening brand.

The villain flies, and full of rage the knight
Pursues,—as arrows swift, they scour the plains:
Perplexed she stands, and keeps them both in sight
To a great distance, nor to follow deigns,
But quickly her retreating band regains;—
Sometimes she fronts in hostile attitude
Th' arrested Franks, now flies, and now disdains
To fly,—fights, flies again, as suits her mood,
Nor can she well be termed pursuer or pursued.

ARMIDA VISITS GODFREY.

PRINCE IDRAOTES, a wizard of Damascus, seeking to weaken the Christians, sends his niece Armida to beguile Godfrey of Bouillon, the leader of the Crusaders.

Armida, in her youth and beauty's pride,
  Assumed the adventure, and at close of day,
Eve's vesper star her solitary guide,
  Alone, untended, took her secret way.
In clustering locks and feminine array,
  Armed but with loveliness and frolic youth,
She trusts to conquer mighty kings, and slay
  Embattled hosts; meanwhile false rumors soothe
The light censorious crowd, sagacious of the truth.

Few days elapsed, ere to her wishful view
  The white pavilions of the Latins rise;
The camp she reached—her wondrous beauty drew
  The gaze and admiration of all eyes;
Not less than if some strange star in the skies,
  Or blazing comet's more resplendent tire
Appeared; a murmur far before her flies,
  And crowds press round, to listen or inquire
Who the fair pilgrim is, and soothe their eyes' desire.

Never did Greece or Italy behold
  A form to fancy and to taste so dear!
At times, the white veil dims her locks of gold,
  At times, in bright relief they reappear:
So, when the stormy skies begin to clear,
  Now through transparent clouds the sunshine gleams;
Now, issuing from its shrine, the gorgeous Sphere
  Lights up the leaves, flowers, mountains, vales and streams,
With a diviner day—the spirit of bright beams.

New ringlets form the flowing winds amid
  The native curls of her resplendent hair;
Her eye is fixed in self-reserve, and hid
  Are all Love's treasures with a miser's care;

The rival roses upon cheeks more fair
Than morning light, their mingling tints dispose;
But on her lips, from which the amorous air
Of paradise exhales, the crimson rose
Its sole and simple bloom in modest beauty throws.

Crude as the grape unmellowed yet to wine,
Her bosom swells to sight; its virgin breasts,
Smooth, soft and sweet, like alabaster shine,
Part bare, part hid by her invidious vests;
Their jealous fringe the greedy eye arrests,
But leaves its fond imaginations free,
To sport, like doves, in those delicious nests,
And their most shadowed secrecies to see;
Peopling with blissful dreams the lively fantasy.

As through pure water or translucent glass
The sunbeam darts, yet leaves the crystal sound,
So through her folded robes unruffling pass
The thoughts, to wander on forbidden ground:
There daring Fancy takes her fairy round,
Such wondrous beauties singly to admire;
Which, in a pleasing fit of transport bound,
She after paints and whispers to Desire,
And with her charming tale foments the excited fire.

Praised and admired Armida passed amid
The wishful multitudes, nor seemed to spy,
Though well she saw, the interest raised, but hid
In her deep heart the smile that to her eye
Darted in prescience of the conquests nigh.
While in the mute suspense of troubled pride
She sought with look solicitous, yet shy,
For her uncertain feet an ushering guide
To the famed Captain's tent, young Eustace pressed her side.

As the winged insect to the lamp, so he
Flew to the splendor of her angel face,
Too much indulgent of his wish to see
Those eyes which shame and modesty abase;
And, drawn within the fascinating blaze,
Gathering, like kindled flax, pernicious fire

From its resplendence, stupid for a space
He stood—till the bold blood of blithe desire
Did to his faltering tongue these few wild words inspire:

"O Lady! if thy rank the name allow,
If shapes celestial answer to the call,—
For never thus did partial Heaven endow
With its own light a daughter of the Fall,—
Say on what errand, from what happy hall,
Seek'st thou our camp! and if indeed we greet
In thee one of the tribes angelical,
Cause us to know—that we, as were most meet,
May bend to thee unblamed and kiss thy saintly feet."

"Nay," she replied, "thy praises shame a worth
Too poor to warrant such a bold belief;
Thou seest before thee one of mortal birth,
Dead to all joy, and but alive to grief;
My harsh misfortunes urge me to your Chief;
A foreign virgin in a timeless flight;
To him I speed for safety and relief,
Trusting that he will reassert my right;
So far resounds his fame, for mercy and for might.

"But, if indulgent courtesy be thine,
To pious Godfrey give me straight access!"

"Yes, lovely pilgrim," he replied, "be mine
The task to guide thee in thy young distress:
Nor is my interest with our Chieftain less
Than what a brother may presume to vaunt;
Thy suit shall not be wanting in success;
Whate'er his sceptre or my sword can grant,
Shall in thy power be placed, to punish or supplant."

He ceased, and brought her where, from the rude crowd
Apart, with captains and heroic peers,
Duke Godfrey sat; she reverently bowed,
A sweet shame mantling o'er her cheek, and tears
Stifling her speech: he reassured her fears,
Chid back the blush so beautifully bright,
Till, sweeter than the music of the spheres,
Their captive senses chaining in delight,
Her siren voice broke forth, and all were mute as Night.

RINALDO'S INTERVIEW WITH ARMIDA.

RINALDO paused to contemplate where next
He should his falchion ply, where render aid,—
His foes in all their movements were perplexed,
Their colors struck, and scarce a spear displayed.
Here then his terrible career he stayed,
Curbed in his courser, to the sheath resigned
His sword, his martial ecstasy allayed,
And, calming every passion, called to mind
Armida's helpless plight and destinies unkind.

Her flight he well observed; mild pity now
Called for his courtesy and gracious cheer,
And the remembrance of his parting vow
To stand her firm and faithful chevalier,
Came o'er his mind, with feelings sweet and dear;
So that he followed where the dinted ground
Betrayed her goaded palfrey's swift career:
She the meanwhile a dreary glen had found,
Fit place for secret deaths, with cypress compassed round.

Well pleased she was at heart that chance should guide
Her wand'ring steps to so retired a place;

Here she alighted then, and cast aside
Her bow, her arrows, and their golden case.
"There lie," she murmured, "in your deep disgrace,
Unhappy arms! that from the war return
With scarce a spot your mistress to *aggrace:* [*add grace to*
There buried lie, there rust amidst the fern,
Since to avenge my wrongs you've shown such small concern!

"Ah! midst so many weapons could not one
At least return with hostile crimson blessed?
If other hearts to you seem marble, shun,
Spare not your points to pierce a woman's breast;
In this mine own, stripped naked for the test,
Achieve your triumphs, and your fame restore;
Tender it is, Heaven knows, to wounds impressed,
By Love's sharp arrows, Love—who evermore
Strikes wheresoe'er he aims, and hurts the sufferer sore.

"Show yourselves sharp on me and strong; (your past
Degeneracy I pardon;) O poor heart!
Into what straits of fortune art thou cast,
When these alone can peace to thee impart.
But since no other solace to my smart
Remains, none other passport to repose,
Go to! the wounds of this consenting dart
Shall cure the wounds of love—a few brief throes,
And death shall bring the balm that soothes all earthly woes!

"Blessed, if in dying I bear not with me
This my long plague to pester Hell's foul host,
Hence, Love! come only, dear Disdain, and be
The eternal partner of my injured ghost!
Or, rising with it from the Stygian coast,
To the false wretch that did me such despite,
In such a whirlwind of resentment post,
With such grim shapes, that all his dreams by night
May be one ceaseless round of agonized affright!"

She ceased; and fixed in her intention, drew
The best and sharpest arrow from her case;
Rinaldo reached the wood, and caught a view
Of her mad gesture and disordered pace;

Saw her last act, and with how wild a grace
She to the fatal stroke her soul addressed;
Already death's pale hue o'erspread her face,
When, just in time her purpose to arrest,
The knight stepped in behind, and saved her beauteous breast.

Armida turned; and saw, to her surprise,
The knight, for unperceived was his advance;
Shrieking, she snatched away her angry eyes
From his loved face, and sunk in Passion's trance;
She swooned, she sank, like a sweet flower by chance
Snapped half in two, that, with its bells abased,
Droops on its stem; he with distracted glance
Upheld her, falling, round her charming waist
Threw his sustaining arm, her clasping zone unbraced;

And o'er her snowy breast and face deprived
Of life's warm hues, fond tears of pity shed;
As by the summer morning's dew revived,
The fading rose resumes its native red,
So she, recovering, raised her drooping head
And cheek, revived by this celestial rain;
Thrice her unclosing eyes sought his, thrice fled
The bitter-sweet enchantment, nor again
Would she look up, but blushed 'twixt wrath and warm disdain.

And with her languid hand would have repelled
The nervous arm by which she was sustained;
Oft she essayed, but he the faster held,
The more she strove the more she was inchained,

Yielding herself at length like one constrained
To that dear bond, for still perchance 'twas dear,
Despite the scorn she showed, the hate she feigned,
She sighing thus broke forth, while tear on tear
Gushed from the downcast eyes she did not, would not rear.

"Oh! ever parting and returning ever,
Cruel alike! what dark devices guide
Thy movements now? 'tis strange thou shouldst endeavor
To save the life whose strings thou dost divide.
Thou seek to save me! to what scorn beside
Am I reserved? what modes of misery
Am I to suffer next? No! no! thy pride
And traitorous purpose well we know; but I
Am weak indeed, if e'er I want the power to die.

"Thy honors truly must be incomplete,
If unsaluted; there must be displayed,
Chained to thy car, or suppliant at thy feet,
A dame, now seized by force, as first betrayed!
This be thy noblest boast: time was, I prayed
To thee for peace and life, how sweet would fate
Prove to my grief,—but ne'er, false renegade,
Kneel I to thee for it! there's not a state
Which, if it were thy gift, I should not hold in hate!

"Of myself, traitor! hope I to unloose,
Some way or other, this most wretched frame
From thy fierce tyranny; and if the noose,
Dagger, and drug, and precipice, and flame
Fail thy chained slave, by means as sure my aim,
Thank Heaven, I yet can compass, and defeat
No less thy malice than thy guile; for shame!
Cease thy base flatteries; cease thy false deceit:
How yet he strives with hope my sorrowing soul to cheat."

Thus she laments; and with the floods of tears
Which love and scorn distill from her fair eyes,
A sympathizing part her sorrow bears,
Where some chaste sparks of love and pity rise:
And with a voice sweet as the west wind's sighs,
He to her troubled heart speaks peace: "I crave

Thy grace, Armida! calm thyself," he cries;
"Not to be scorned, but crowned, thy life I save;
No foe, but still, yes still, thy champion, yea, thy slave.

"Mark in my eyes, if you my words alone
Distrust, the fervor of my soul: I swear
Again to seat thee on thy father's throne,
And make thy comfort my peculiar care;
And Oh, would Heaven, auspicious to my prayer,
Chase from thy mind, with its celestial flame,
Those mists of Pagan darkness which impair
Its inward grace and beauty, not a dame
In the whole East should match thy glory, power and fame!"

Thus does he soothe, thus sue to her; and so
Tempers his suit with tears, his tears with sighs,
That, like a virgin wreath of mountain snow
When zephyr breathes or sunshine warms the skies,
Her haughty scorn, that wore so stern a guise,
And all her cherished anger melt away,
And milder wishes in their room arise:
"Behold," she says, "thy hand-maid; I obey;
Thy lips my future life, thy will my fortune sway!"

THE GOLDEN AGE.

(From the idyllic drama "Aminta.")

O LOVELY age of gold!
Not that the rivers rolled
With milk, or that the woods wept honey-dew;
Not that the ready ground
Produced without a wound,
Or the mild serpent had no tooth that slew;
Not that a cloudless blue
Forever was in sight,
Or that the heaven, which burns
And now is cold by turns,
Looked out in glad and everlasting light;
No, nor that even the insolent ships from far
Brought war to no new lands, nor riches worse than war:

But solely that that vain
And breath-invented pain,
That idol of mistake, that worshiped cheat,

That Honor,—since so called
By vulgar minds appalled,—
Played not the tyrant with our nature yet.
It had not come to fret
The sweet and happy fold
Of gentle human-kind;
Nor did its hard law bind
Souls nursed in freedom; but that law of gold,
That glad and golden law, all free, all fitted,
Which Nature's own hand wrote,—What pleases is permitted.

Then among streams and flowers
The little winged powers
Went singing carols without torch or bow;
The nymphs and shepherds sat
Mingling with innocent chat
Sports and low whispers; and with whispers low,
Kisses that would not go.
The maiden, budding o'er,
Kept not her bloom uneyed,
Which now a veil must hide,
Nor the crisp apples which her bosom bore;
And oftentimes, in river or in lake,
The lover and his love their merry bath would take.

'Twas thou, thou, Honor, first
That didst deny our thirst
Its drink, and on the fount thy covering set;
Thou bad'st kind eyes withdraw
Into constrained awe,
And keep the secret for their tears to wet;
Thou gather'dst in a net
The tresses from the air,
And madest the sports and plays
Turn all to sullen ways,
And puttest on speech a rein, in steps a care.
Thy work it is,—thou shade, that wilt not move,—
That what was once the gift is now the theft of Love.

Our sorrows and our pains,
These are thy noble gains.
But, O thou Love's and Nature's masterer,

Thou conqueror of the crowned,
What dost thou on this ground,
Too small a circle for thy mighty sphere
Go and make slumber dear
To the renowned and high;
We here, a lowly race,
Can live without thy grace,
After the use of mild antiquity.
Go, let us love; since years
No truce allow, and life soon disappears;
Go, let us love; the daylight dies, is born;
But unto us the light
Dies once for all; and sleep brings on eternal night.

CHAPTER V.

MATTEO BANDELLO.

NEXT to Boccaccio, Bandello is the Italian novelist best known to foreigners. From his tales, many of which are founded on history, the Elizabethan dramatists drew various plots. Matteo Bandello was born at Castelnuovo, in Piedmont, in 1480. He entered the Church, but was not zealous in its service. He resided for many years at Mantua, where he superintended the education of Lucrezia Gonzaga; but his chief residence was at Milan. In the commotions of the time his house was set on fire and much of his literary work destroyed. He then sought refuge in the French territories, near Agen, in company with his friend Fregoso. When the latter was assassinated in 1541, Bandello accepted from Francis I. the offer of the bishopric of Agen, which he retained until his death in 1562. His "novels," eighty-nine in number, were published at Lucca in 1554, and were dedicated to Ippolita Sforza, wife of Alessandro Bentivoglio, for whose amusement the work had been undertaken, but she died before it was completed. Hence the author addressed some of the stories separately to particular persons. He also took some pains to indicate the source whence he had derived his stories.

MUCH ADO ABOUT A KISS.

IN the castle of Moncaliero, not far from the city of Turin, there dwelt a widow lady of the name of Zilia Duca, whose consort died before she had attained her twenty-fourth year. Though extremely beautiful, her manners were somewhat abrupt, resembling rather those of a pretty rustic than of a polished city dame. She devoted herself to the education and future welfare of an only son, between three and four years old, and relinquished all idea of again entering into the marriage state. Entertaining somewhat narrow and avaricious views, she kept as small an establishment as she could, and performed many menial offices usually left to the management of domestics. She rarely received or returned visits; stealing out on the appointed fasts early in the morning to attend mass at an adjoining church, and returning home in the same private manner.

Now it was a general custom with the ladies in that part of the world, whenever strangers happened to arrive at their residence, to grant them a salute by way of welcome to their roof. But the lady of whom we speak proved for once an exception to this general and hospitable rule. For Messer Filiberto da Virle, a gentleman and a soldier of distinguished prowess and esteem, stopping at Moncaliero, on his way to Virle, chanced also to attend mass at the same church where Madonna Zilia was to be seen. Charmed with her graceful and attractive air, no less than with the beauty of her countenance, he eagerly inquired who she was; and though little pleased with the avaricious character which he heard attributed to her, he tried in vain to efface the impression she had made. He pursued, however, his journey to Virle, where, after transacting his affairs, he resolved to retrace his steps to Moncaliero, not very far distant, and take up his residence there for some time. With this view, taking a house not far from the castle, he availed himself of every opportunity of throwing himself in the lady's way, and resolved at all risks, and whatever might be the labor, to induce her to relinquish the unsociable conduct of which she was accused.

After feasting his eyes long and vainly in her sight, he at length contrived to obtain the pleasure of an introduction; but she had scarcely spoken two words to him, when she excused herself, and retreated, as usual, home. In truth she had been short with him, and he felt it in such a way that he made a strong resolution, which he almost as suddenly broke, of renouncing all thoughts of her forever. He next enlisted some of her own sex among her most intimate acquaintance to employ their influence with her to vanquish her obduracy, in order that, after having carried the outworks, he might take the castle of Moncaliero by storm. But the enemy was on the alert, and all his efforts proved abortive. He looked, he sighed, he wrote, he went to mass, he walked before and behind the castle, in the woods, by the river-side, where he threatened to drown himself; but the lady's heart was more impregnable than a rock, harder than everything except his own fate; for she deigned neither to smile upon nor to write to him. What should the wretched lover do? He had already lost his appetite, his complexion and his rest, besides his heart, and really felt very unwell. Though physicians were not the persons to prescribe for such a case, they were nevertheless called in, and made him a great deal worse; for he was now rapidly advancing towards that bourne from which neither lovers nor travelers return; and without other help, it became very evident that the poor young gentleman would soon give up the ghost.

While his life hung suspended in this languishing state, one of his friends and fellow-officers, a happy fellow from Spoleto, hearing of his condition, came posting to his succor, determined at least to be in time for his funeral, and see that all due military honors were paid to his loving spirit. When he arrived, Messer Filiberto had just strength enough to tell the story of his love and the cruel disdain of the lady, intending afterwards, as he assured his friend, to think no more about it, but quietly to expire. His friend, however, having really a regard for him, and believing he would grow wiser as he grew older, strongly dissuaded him from the latter alternative, observing that he ought to think about it; that it was a point of honor on which he ought to pique himself to bring it, like a good comedy, to a happy conclusion. "My poor Filiberto," he continued, "leave the affair to me, and be assured you shall speak to her as much as you please." "That is all I wish," exclaimed the patient with a little more animation, while a slight color suffused his cheek; "persuade her only to listen to me, and, trust me, I can manage the rest myself. But it is all a deception. What can you do, when I have wasted all kinds of love-messages, gifts, oaths, and promises in vain?" "Do you get well; that is all you have to do," returned our Spoletino, "and leave the rest to me." He spoke with so much confidence that the patient in a short time grew wonderfully better; and when the physician a few days afterwards stepped in, he gave himself infinite credit for the improvement which had taken place. Now the reader must know that the wits of Spoleto are renowned all over Italy; they are the most loose-tongued rattlers, the most diligent petitioners for alms in the name of St. Antony; the most audacious and sleight-of-hand gentry in the world. They have a very excellent gift of talking and making something out of nothing; and no less of persuading people to be of their own opinion, almost against their will. Nearly the whole of that amusing generation who are in the habit of getting through the world by easing the rich and the simple of their superfluous cash, who dance upon two poles, dole out the grace of St. Paul, charm the dancing serpents, or sing wicked songs in the public streets, will be found to trace their birth to Spoleto.

Messer Filiberto's friend was well qualified, therefore, as a relation of those itinerant wits, to assist a brother in distress, especially in such a dilemma as that in which our hero found himself. Considering him, at length, sufficiently convalescent, our Spoletino fixed upon a sort of traveling peddler to forward the designs he had formed for the relief of the unhappy lover. Bribing him to exchange dresses, he took possession for a period of his collection of wares, consisting of every article most tempting to a woman's eyes, either for ornament or for use. Thus armed, he set out in the direction of Donna Zilia's residence, announcing himself as the old traveling merchant with a fresh supply of the choicest goods. These tidings reaching the ears of the lady, she sent to desire him to call at her house, which he directly entered with the utmost familiarity, as if by no means for the first time, and addressed her in the most courteous language he could command. Then opening his treasures, she entered upon a review of the whole assortment, displacing and undervaluing everything, while she purchased nothing. At length, fixing her eyes upon some beautiful veils and ribbons, of which she fancied she was in want, she inquired how much he expected for such very ordinary articles. "If you will sell them, good man, for what they are really worth, I will take no less than five-and-thirty yards; but if you ask too much, I will not look at them; I will not have a single ell." "My lady," replied the false merchant, "do my veils indeed please you? They are at your service, and say nothing as to the price; it is already paid. And not only these, but the whole of this excellent assortment is your own, if you will but deign to receive it." "No, no, not so," cried the lady, "that would not be right. I thank you, good man; though I certainly should like to have them at as low a rate as I can. So ask what you please, and I will give what I please, and then we shall understand one another: you gain your livelihood in this way, and surely it would be cruel, however much I might wish it, to take them for nothing. So deal fairly with me, and I will give you what I think the goods are really worth." "But, your ladyship, please you," replied the wary merchant, "I shall consider it no loss, but a favor, if you will condescend to receive them under no conditions at all. And I am sure if you possess as courteous a mind as your face betokens, you will accept these trifles presented to you on the part of one who would gladly lay down not only his whole property, but his life at your feet."

At these words, the lady, "blushing celestial rosy red," eyed the merchant keenly for a moment: "I am astonished to hear you talk thus, and I insist upon knowing who you really are. There is some mystery in all this, and I am rather inclined to think you must have mistaken the person to whom you speak." The merchant, however, not in the least abashed, being a native of Spoleto, acquainted her in the mildest and most flattering terms with the long and passionate attachment entertained for her by poor Messer Filiberto, and the delicacy with which he had concealed it until the very last. Handsome, accomplished, rich, and powerful, he was prepared to lay all his extensive seigniories at her feet, and account himself the most fortunate of mankind. In short, he pleaded so eloquently, and played his part so well, that she at length, after a pretty long resistance, consented to see his friend. He then hastened back to Messer Filiberto, who overwhelmed him with the most rapturous thanks, and lost no time in preparing to pay a visit to his beloved, who received him at the appointed hour in the drawing-room of her own house. There was a single maid-servant in her company, who sat at work in a recess, so that she could scarcely overhear their discourse.

Bending lowly before her, Messer Filiberto expressed his deep sense of the honor she had conferred on him, and proceeded in impassioned terms to relate the origin and progress of his affection, his almost unexampled sufferings, and the sole hope which still rendered his life supportable to him. He further assured her that his gratitude would be eternal, in proportion to the amount of the obligations under which she laid him. The sole reply which he received to his repeated and earnest protestations was, that she was resolved to remain faithful to the memory of her departed consort, and devote herself to the education of her only son. She was, moreover, grateful for his good opinion, though she was sure he could not fail to meet with ladies far more beautiful and more worthy of his regard. Finding that all his efforts proved quite fruitless and that it was impossible to make any impression, he threw himself once more at her feet with tears in his eyes, declaring that if she possessed the cruelty to deprive him of all hope, he should not long survive. The lady remained silent, and Messer Filiberto, then summoning his utmost pride and fortitude to his aid, prepared to take his leave, beseeching her only, in the common courtesy and hospitality of the country, to grant him in return for his long love and sufferings a single kiss, which, against all social laws, she had before denied him, although it was generally yielded to all strangers who entered an hospitable roof. "I wish," replied Donna Zilia, "I knew whether your affection for me is so strong as you pretend, for then, if you will but take a vow to observe one thing, I will grant what you require. I shall then believe I am truly beloved, but never till then." The lover eagerly swore to observe the conditions she should impose, and seized the price of the promise he had given. "Now, Signor Filiberto," exclaimed the lady, "prepare to execute the cruel sentence I shall impose. It is my will and pleasure that you no longer trouble me with such entreaties for the future, at least for some time; and if you are a true knight, you will not again unseal your lips for the space of three years."

The lover was greatly surprised and shocked on hearing so harsh and unjust a sentence, though at the same time he signified his submission by his silence, merely nodding his assent. Soon after, making the lady a low bow, he took his departure for his own residence. There, taking the affair into his most serious consideration, he at last came to the fixed resolution of submitting to this very severe penalty, as a punishment, at least, for his folly in so lightly sporting with his oath. Suddenly, then, he became dumb, and feigning that he had met with some accident, he set out from Moncaliero on his return to Virle. His friends, on finding him in this sad condition, expressed the utmost sorrow and surprise; but as he retained his usual cheerfulness and sense enough to conduct his own affairs, they corresponded with him as well as if he had retained the nine parts of speech. Committing his affairs to the conduct of his steward, a distant relative in whom he had the highest confidence, he determined to set out on a tour for France, to beguile, if possible, the irksomeness of his situation. Of an extremely handsome person, and possessing noble and imposing manners, the misfortune under which he appeared to labor was doubly regretted wherever our hero made his appearance.

About the period of his arrival in France, Charles, the seventh of that name, was engaged in a warm and sanguinary war against the English, attempting to recover possession of the dominions which his predecessors had lost. Having already driven them from Gascony and other parts, he was busily preparing to follow up his successes in Normandy. On arriving at this sovereign's court, Messer Filiberto had the good fortune to find several of his friends among the barons and cavaliers in the king's service, from whom he experienced a very kind reception, which was rather enhanced by their knowledge of the cruel misfortune under which he labored. But as it was not of such a nature as to incapacitate him for battle, he made signs that he wished to enter into the king's bodyguards; and being a knight of well-known prowess, this resolution was much applauded, no less by his majesty than by all his friends. Having equipped himself in a suitable manner, he accompanied a division of the army intended to carry Rouen by assault. Here he performed such feats of strength and heroic valor in the presence of the king as to excite the greatest admiration; and on the third attack the place was carried by storm. His majesty, afterwards inquiring more particularly into the history of the valiant knight, and learning that he was one of the lords of Virle in Piedmont, instantly conferred upon him an office in his royal household, and presented him with a large sum of money as an encouragement to persevere in the noble career he had commenced, observing at the same time that he trusted some of his physicians would be enabled to remove the impediment in his speech. Our hero, smiling at this observation, expressed his gratitude for these royal favors as well as he could, shaking his fist at the same time, in token that he would punish his majesty's adversaries.

Soon after a sharp skirmish occurred between the French and the enemy for the possession of a bridge. The affair becoming serious, and the trumpets sounding to arms, the king, in order to encourage his troops, galloped towards the spot. Talbot, the commander of the English forces, was already there, and had nearly obtained possession of the bridge. His majesty was in the act of encouraging his soldiers, when Messer Filiberto, on his black charger, passed him at full speed with his company. With his lance in rest, he rode full at the horse of Talbot, which fell to the ground. Then seizing his huge club, and followed by his companions, he made such terrible havoc among the English, that, dealing death in every blow, he shortly dispersed them on all sides, and compelled them to abandon their position on the bridge. It was with difficulty that their commander himself effected his escape; while King Charles, following up his success, in a short time obtained possession of the whole of Normandy.

On this occasion the king returned public thanks to the heroic Filiberto, and in the presence of all the first nobility of his kingdom invested him with the command of several castles, with a hundred men-at-arms to attend him. He now stood so high in favor at court that the monarch spared no expense to obtain the first professional advice that could be found in every country, with the hope of restoring him to the use of speech; and, after holding a solemn tournament in honor of the French victories, he proclaimed a reward of ten thousand francs to be paid to any physician, or other person, who should be fortunate enough to discover the means of restoring the use of speech to a dumb cavalier who had lost his voice in a single night. The fame of this reward reaching as far as Italy, many adventurers, induced by the hope of gain, sallied forth to try their skill, however vainly, since it was impossible to make him speak against his will. Incensed at observing such a concourse of people at his court under the pretence of performing experiments on the dumb gentleman, until the whole capital became infested with quacks, his majesty ordered a fresh proclamation to go forth, stating that whoever undertook to effect the cure should henceforth, in case of failing to perform what he promised, be put to death, unless he paid down the sum of ten thousand francs. The good effect of this regulation was quickly perceived in the diminution of pretenders to infallible cures, few caring to risk their fortunes or their lives, in case of their inability to pay, though they had before been so liberal of their reputation.

When the tidings of Messer Filiberto's good fortune and favor at the French king's court reached Moncaliero, Donna Zilia, imagining that his continued silence must be solely owing to the vow he had taken, and the time being at length nearly expired, fancied it would be no very bad speculation to secure the ten thousand francs for herself. Not doubting but that his love remained still warm and constant, and that she really possessed the art of removing the dumbness at her pleasure, she resolved to lose no time in setting off directly for Paris, where she was introduced to the commissioners appointed to preside over Messer Filiberto's case. "I am come, my lords," she observed, "hearing that a gentleman of the court has for some time past lost his speech, to restore to him that invaluable faculty, possessing for that purpose some secret remedies which I trust will prove efficacious. In the course of a fortnight he will probably be one of the most eloquent men at court; and I am quite willing to run the risk of the penalty if I perform not my engagement as required. There must, however, be no witness to my proceedings; the patient must be intrusted entirely to me. I should not like every pretender to obtain a knowledge of the secret I possess; it is one which will require the utmost art in its application." Rejoiced to hear her speak with so much confidence on the subject, the commissioners immediately dispatched a message to Messer Filiberto, informing him that a lady had just arrived from Piedmont, boasting that she could perform what the most learned of the faculty in France had failed to do, by restoring the dumb to speech. The answer to this was an invitation to wait upon our hero at his own residence, when he recognized the cruel beauty who had imposed so severe a penance, and concluded at the same time that she had undertaken the journey not out of any affection for him, but with the most mercenary views. Reflecting on his long sufferings and unrequited affection, his love was suddenly converted into a strong desire of revenge; he therefore came to a determination of still playing the mute, and not deigning to exchange a single word with her, merely bowed to her politely at a distance.

After some moments' silence, the lady finding that he had no inclination to speak, inquired in a gentle tone whether he was at a loss to discover in whose company he was. He gave her to understand that he knew her perfectly well, but that he had not yet recovered his speech, motioning, at the same time, with his fingers towards his mouth. On this, she informed him that she now absolved him from his vow; that she had traveled to Paris for that purpose, and that he might talk as much as he pleased. But the dumb lover, only motioning his thanks, still continued as silent as before, until the lady, losing all patience, very freely expressed her disappointment and displeasure. Still it availed her nothing, and, fearful of the consequences to herself if he persisted in his unaccountable obstinacy, she had at length recourse to caresses and concessions, which, whatever advantage he chose to take of them, proved ultimately as fruitless to restore his eloquence as every other means. The tears and prayers of the lady, to prevail upon him to speak, became now doubly clamorous, while she sorely repented her former cruelty and folly, which had brought her into the predicament of forfeiting either ten thousand francs or her life. She would immediately have been placed under a military guard, had it not been for the intercession of the dumb gentleman, who made signs that they should desist. The penalty, however, was to be enforced;

but the lady, being of an excessively avaricious turn, resolved rather to die than to furnish the prescribed sum, and thus deprive her beloved boy of a portion of his inheritance. When reduced to this extremity, Messer Filiberto, believing that upon the whole he had sufficiently revenged himself, took compassion upon her sufferings, and hastened to obtain an audience of the king. He entreated, as a special favor, that his majesty would remit the fine and grant liberty to her, as well as to some other debtors, which in the utmost surprise at hearing the sound of his voice, the king promised to do. He then proceeded to inform his majesty of the whole history of his attachment to the lady, and the strange results by which it had been attended to both parties, though fortunately all had ended well.

Messer Filiberto then hastened to hold an audience with the lady, seriously proposing to give her a little good advice; and she was quite as much rejoiced as his majesty when she first heard him speak. "You may recollect, madam," he observed, "that some time ago, when at Moncaliero, I expressed the most ardent and constant attachment to you,—an attachment which I did not then think that time could have ever diminished. But your conduct in cheating me into the vow of silence, and your cruelty to me, as well before that time as since, have wrought a complete change in my sentiments towards you. I have acquired wealth and honors; I stand high in the favor of my monarch; and having, I think, taken ample revenge upon you by the fears and troubles you have experienced, I have not only granted you your liberty and your life, but ordered you to be freely supplied with every convenience and facility for your return home. I need not advise you to conduct yourself in future with care and prudence; in all the economical virtues you are reputed to be unrivaled; but I would venture to hint, that from the example I have in this instance afforded you, you will be more cautious how you sport with the feelings of those who love you, as it is an old saying, that the wily are often taken in their own nets." He then provided her with an honorable escort and money to defray her expenses, while he himself not long after received the hand of a young beauty of the court, bestowed upon him by his royal master. By this union he received an accession of several castles and domains, and sent for his witty young friend from Spoleto to share with him a portion of his prosperity. Still retaining his favor at court, upon the death of Charles VII. he continued to enjoy the same appointments and the same influence under Louis XI., his successor.

ANTONIO FRANCESCO DONI.

DONI was not merely a story-teller; he composed a "Moral Philosophy," "Epistles of Love," and a variety of other works. Though less known than other Italian writers, he ranks, as regards style, among the approved novelists. He was born at Florence in 1513, and being of studious habits entered the Church; but in mid-life he threw off the ecclesiastical habit and went to Venice to earn his living by his pen. His philosophical studies seem to have made him sceptical, and he awakened the jealousy of the Inquisition. He then sought refuge at Ancona, but afterwards returned to his rural abode at Monselice, where he died in 1574. The composition of his novels was his recreation amid more serious labors. His critics pronounced them eccentric, like himself, yet not devoid of humor.

THE CRAFTY HUNCHBACK.

THE dowager queen of Salimspruch had a daughter named Galierina, about five years of age. As she was walking in the garden, this child happened to find a young lizard, with which she ran to her mother in great glee, throwing it, as young girls are apt to do, upon her mother's lap, which so terrified the queen that she declared, in her anger, she would never consent to bestow her daughter's hand in marriage until the reptile had grown to the size of the girl herself. She even swore by her crown that she would execute this threat; a vow which greatly displeased the governess of the fair child, who, being affectionately attached to her, vowed on her part to take the best care of the lizard she could. And such was the efficacy of this vow, that, with the blessing of

Heaven and fine feeding, the young lizard began to grow and grow, nor ever stopped until it became nearly as large as a crocodile. Every one was astonished on beholding it, and greatly praised the care and prudence of Donna Spira, who had thus rescued her fair pupil from the fate of dying an old maid. The latter having attained to maturity, it was deemed proper to try the effect of chance in the disposal of her hand, with which view the queen resolved to kill the lizard and extract its lungs, in order to exercise the sagacity of her suitors. "Now," said she, "we will proclaim a grand feast and tournament, and invite all the cavaliers in the world to try their fortune in the joust, and whoever afterwards guesses the name of the reptile which possessed these lungs, let him have my daughter and half this kingdom as a reward for his pains."

Far and wide, throughout all cities and nations, spread these happy tidings of a royal tournament and the marriage of Queen Pilessa's beauteous daughter. What magnificent trains of lords and dukes, counts and marquises, of all ages and nations, were seen gathering towards the happy spot! Long they fought, and fell, and conquered; after which, at the trumpet's sound, the lizard's lungs were exhibited to view in the midst of all, and proclamation was made, with a loud voice, that whatsoever prince or lord should declare to what animal these relics had belonged, should be entitled to the princess and half the kingdom as her dower. Upon this the name of every kind of creature in the world but the right one was quickly pronounced, until it came to the turn of the Duke of Milesi, who enjoying the good graces of Donna Spira, had fixed his eye boldly upon her beautiful charge. The nurse at length hit upon the following ingenious method, as she thought, of acquainting him with the real nature of the poor lizard's lungs. She cast her eye upon one of the ugliest hunchbacks that was ever seen, as the least suspicious person she could employ, and beckoning him, she said, "If you will promise to be secret, I will make you one of the richest hunchbacks that was ever known; you have only to be wise and keep silence." On receiving his promise she gave him a purse of ducats, saying, "Hasten to the Duke of Milesi, and whisper him, on the part of the young lady, that the lungs belonged to a lizard." Upon which, repeating his oath of secrecy, the ugly hunchback left the nurse; and standing for some time apart, he considered whether it would be most prudent to inform the duke or avail himself of the information on his own account.

At length he determined that it would be better to possess half the kingdom for himself than the favor of the reigning prince; and so, taking fortune by the forelock, he ventured upon the following bold manœuvre: Making his way before the queen, he thus addressed her: "Knowing that your royal blood was ever faithful to its engagements, and relying upon the honor of your crown, I appear here to say to what creature these precious relics belonged, and claim in return your daughter and half of the kingdom." "Certainly, it is so," replied the queen; while all the barons and courtiers burst into a loud laugh as he pronounced them to be the lungs of a lizard. "Nay, let those laugh who win," cried the hunchback; "for I myself once brought up a lizard that grew as large as my back, until putting it one night to bed without its nightcap on, it caught such a bad cold, that before I had time to have it properly cured, it absolutely died of suffocation." The whole company upon this laughed still louder, saying, "Good! very good! was ever anything like it?" But the little hunchback continued: "It is, however, as I say; because, on dissecting my lizard, I found its lungs were made exactly the same as these." The queen replied, "Since fortune has so far favored you, I am bound to observe my engagement; and now, truly the hand of my daughter with half the kingdom is your own."

Mr. Hunchback was accordingly arrayed like a courtier, and exalted above all the barons of the land: there was no denying that he was the fair princess's future spouse. Sad, however, was the envy and heart-burning of the suitors to behold such a monster so well versed in the anatomy of lizards and entitled to the fair princess's hand. Truly they would have laid foul hands upon him and eaten him up alive, could they have found an opportunity, but he kept close to his princess's side. But what was the indignation of her nurse, when, expecting to behold the handsome duke, she saw this little wretch elevated in his place! Casting upon him the eye of a basilisk, though she ventured not to break out into open abuse, she muttered to herself, "O villain of a hunchback! by the holy cross of our Lord, I will make thee pay dearly for this!" Then, full of the most desperate thoughts, she proceeded to consult with her unhappy charge, who also viewed him with evident reluctance, and listened but too willingly to every possible means of dispatching him in preference to receiving him as her lord. But the glorious tidings having already gone abroad, there came a number of fresh hunchbacks, flocking to the royal festival of their companion, who performed a variety of admirable tricks, to the astonishment of all the court. This added not a little to the influence of the new prince, who seemed greatly pleased at the praises which they on all sides elicited. But to cut short the scene, which he thought began to trench a little upon his dignity, when the presumptuous hunchbacks approached him familiarly to receive their reward, their royal brother gave each of them a kick upon their humps, and ordered them to be taken down into the kitchen.

Now this unkind usage of his old friends was extremely grating to the gentle feelings of his princess; she therefore gave secret orders that these very facetious hunchbacks should be invited for another day, in order to receive the due recompense of their humorous tricks. In the meantime, under various pretexts, she contrived to keep her royal consort at a distance until the day appointed for the return of the hunchbacks arrived. They were directly introduced into the princess's chamber, where she opened upon their astonished eyes a variety of trunks filled with costly apparel; but, just as she was in the act of presenting some to them, the footsteps of her crooked spouse were heard actually ascending the staircase. There was no alternative but to thrust the little crooked fellows into the trunks, which was no sooner done than the royal hunchback stepped into the chamber. All was still as death; for had they made the least noise they would infallibly have been hanged, to satisfy the foolish jealousy of his highness. He remained with the princess some time, which placed the lives of his trembling subjects in the utmost jeopardy, as they were already beginning to gasp for breath. Still he stayed and stayed; and when at length, on his taking his leave, the princess hastened to open the trunks, what was her surprise and sorrow on finding that all her amusing guests were quite dead! After breathing harder and harder, they had gone into convulsions, and their feeble kicks had scarcely reached the ears of the royal spouses. Closing the trunks, however, she resolved to make the best of a bad business; and consulting with her nurse, they forthwith confided the whole affair to a faithful courtier, presenting him at the same time with a sum of money. With this he directly proceeded to purchase three large bags, exactly alike; and calling a stout porter, he gave them to him, saying, "Follow me;" and marched back as fast as he could, straight into the palace.

They first took one of the little deceased, and squeezing him till he came within the dimensions of the bag, the princess, addressing the porter, said, "Do you mark me? Carry this sack away, and throw it, just as it is, into the river. Here are ten ducats: but take heed how you open it, and when you come back you shall have twenty more." So the porter threw the burden on his shoulder, saying, "I wish I had more such jobs as these;" and after pitching it into the river, he hastened back as fast as he could. In the chamber he found the same identical burden lying there which he thought he had just disposed of, the second hunchback having assumed the place of the first. Testifying no little surprise, the lady said to him, "Do not be alarmed; but truly he is a sly villain, as you see, and delights to plague people. He will be sure to come back again if you do not throw him far enough, and sink him in the river; this time you must take better care." Perfectly satisfied with the ducats, the man took up his burden and again launched it into the deepest part of the river he could find, and staying to watch it fairly sink, he exclaimed in a joyful tone, "I think you are fairly gone at last;" for the night was now setting in, and he did not much relish another journey along the banks of the river. Taking a light, however, he returned into the chamber, and beheld a third sack ready prepared for him; and seizing it in no little anger, he bore it away. But as soon as he had made his way through the crowd, he determined at all hazards to know with what kind of a devil he had to deal; and opening the bag, he found an ugly little hunchback in it. "O thou cursed beast!" he cried, "I will try to end thee now;" and taking out a huge knife, he severed the head from the body. Then thrusting it into the sack, filled with stones and iron, he once more committed him to the river, and made his way back to the palace.

Now it so chanced that just at the entrance he met with the royal hunchback himself, returning doubtless from some mischievous expedition, and making the best of his way to pay another visit to his beloved princess. The porter had no sooner set his eyes upon him than he exclaimed in the utmost indignation, "Ah! villain hunchback! are you here before me again?" and seizing him with all the glorious strength of a porter by the beard, he bound him in a moment quite fast, and thrusting him into the sack, he said, "Three times you have made me return, and yet you are at it again; but we shall see who has the best of it." In this way he carried the royal hunchback along, who in vain asserted his title to majesty, and that he was just going on a visit to his queen, and endeavored to bribe his treacherous subject at any price. It was all in vain; he was thrown headlong into the river, while the porter proceeded back, not without some apprehension that he should have another journey. On mounting the staircase, however, and proceeding into the chamber, he had the satisfaction of beholding his labors completed, for no more hunchbacks were to be seen. "Yes, you have done," said the princess; "I do not think he will come back any more now. Here, take all these ducats, and fare you well!" The porter replied, "But he has returned a good many times, though; for I met him just now coming in at the gate; so I bound him fast and put him into the sack in spite of him, and then threw him again into the river. To be sure, he offered me a deal of money to let him go, and threatened and swore, and said he was the king; but it was all of no use: he was obliged to be drowned. So I think I have earned my wages well by four such journeys as these."

Upon hearing these tidings, the princess and her maids of honor were quite overjoyed; and lavishing the most liberal favors upon the porter for his lucky blunder, they bribed him to keep the matter secret. Thus by a single blunder the porter became a rich man, the lady was freed from an ugly brute of a husband, and the Duke of Milesi made happy in possessing the charms of the beautiful princess. Let the fate of the royal hunchback be a lesson, then, for those who are inclined, by fraudulent means, to advance themselves at the expense of others.

THE BARDI CIRCLE.

MUSIC rather than literature was the domain of the Bardi circle. And yet the classical Italian opera was, in its original inception, the attempt of a certain Florentine circle of scholars to reconstruct the old Greek tragedy. They were not musicians in the highest sense of the term, and had not Monteverde come to their rescue with true melodic genius, there would have been no opera such as has actually been developed.

This music reform of the sixteenth century was inaugurated by a distinguished coterie of music-loving noblemen of Florence (Medici Feste Musicale). They chose a cask and grapes as their symbol; hence their odd name. The prime movers were Giovanni Bardi, Count of Vernio, at whose house they met; Vincenzo Galilei (uncle of the famous Galileo); Pietro Strozzi; Jacopo Corsi; and the actual composers—Giulio Caccini and Jacopo Peri. The enthusiasm for Greek art was then the ruling passion of Italy. These amateurs set themselves the task of reconstructing the Athenian drama. Music had been an integral and essential element of the Greek tragedies, "and their greatest embellishment," as Aristotle remarked. The tragedy had its origin in the "dithyramb," a dance-song. Æschylus had been a composer; Sophocles was a practical musican, and in his portrait in the Painted Porch he was pictured as holding a cithara in his hands. The Greek tragic actors chanted their lines; their word for dramatic declamation was "emmeleia" (in tune); their choruses sang the odes to dance-steps. It is unnecessary here to enter into the birth of monody and the recitative in Florence; it is enough to record that Jacopo Peri, in his preface to "Euridice," stated that he had been convinced by a study of the ancients that "though their dramatic declamation may not have risen to song, it was yet musically colored." But in seeking to introduce the lost Greek tragic music, these restorers produced a new art form. Peri's "Dafne" was privately performed in 1597, and in 1600 the first opera ever to be publicly performed, Peri's "Euridice," was given at Florence in honor of the marriage of Marie de' Medici and Henry IV. of France. Peri simply "tried to give musical form to the ordinary inflections of the human voice." But what a magical transformation in the world of art and pleasure has ensued.

GABRIELLO CHIABRERA.

Chiabrera won the title of the Italian Pindar, because he was the first to introduce into his native tongue the elaborate metres and structure of the sublime lyrics of the Greek poet. His contemporaries regarded him as having attained the same lofty height, but with later critics his fame, like that of the French Ronsard, has suffered eclipse. His odes, in spite of their pomp and display, are felt to be chiefly pinchbeck and paste. Yet the author was a really learned man and dearly loved the Greek. Some of his less labored productions have a more genuine ring of true feeling.

Gabriello Chiabrera was a posthumous child, born at Savona, near Genoa, in 1552. He belonged to a patrician family, and from the age of nine was reared by his uncle at Rome, and instructed in the Jesuits' College. In a cardi-

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Young Farmers of the Nordfjord Country.

nal's household for many years he enjoyed the society of the learned. At last some insult provoked the scholar to revenge, and he was obliged to depart. Returning to his birth-place he devoted himself more intensely to his beloved Greeks until he felt inspired to imitate them. His skillful, if rather mechanical, reproduction of the ancient metres secured him immediate fame, and he was invited to many courts. Thus applauded, he became an industrious writer in all varieties of style, from pastoral and satirical to epic and tragic. His happy philosophical life was prolonged to his eighty-fifth year.

To His Mistress's Lips.

Sweet, thornless rose,
Surpassing those
With leaves at morning's beam dividing!
By Love's command,
Thy leaves expand
To show the treasure they were hiding.

Oh, tell me, flower,
When hour by hour
I doting gaze upon thy beauty,
Why thou the while
Dost only smile
On one whose purest love is duty!

Does pity give,
That I may live,
That smile, to show my anguish over?
Or, cruel coy,
Is it but joy
To see thy poor expiring lover?

What'er it be,
Or cruelty,
Or pity to the humblest, vilest;
Yet can I well
Thy praises tell,
If while I sing them thou but smilest.

When waters pass
Through springing grass,
With murmuring song their way beguiling;
And flowerets rear
Their blossoms near,—
Then do we say that Earth is smiling.

When in the wave
The Zephyrs lave
Their dancing feet with ceaseless motion,
And sands are gay
With glittering spray,—
Then do we talk of smiling Ocean.

When we behold
A vein of gold
O'erspread the sky at morn and even,
And Phœbus' light
Is broad and bright,—
Then do we say 'tis smiling Heaven.

Though Sea and Earth
May smile in mirth,
And joyous Heaven may return it;
Yet Earth and Sea
Smile not like thee,
And Heaven itself has yet to learn it.

EPITAPH ON CENI.

WEEP not, beloved friends! nor let the air
For me with sighs be troubled. Not from life
Have I been taken; this is genuine life,
And this alone, the life which now I live
In peace eternal; where desire and joy
Together move in fellowship without end.
Franceso Ceni after death enjoined
That thus his tomb should speak for him. And surely
Small cause there is for that fond wish of ours
Long to continue in this world,—a world
That keeps not faith, nor yet can point a hope
To good, whereof itself is destitute.

ALESSANDRO TASSONI.

Alessandro Tassoni was born at Modena in 1565. For several years he was secretary to Cardinal Colonna, and afterwards was in the service of Charles Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy. Filled with hatred of the Spanish rule which was stifling the genius of his countrymen, he endeavored to incite the duke to take the lead against the oppressors.

In the midst of the general sterility of the seventeenth century Tassoni exhibited exceptional ability. His heroic comic poem "La Secchia Rapita," "The Captured Bucket" is an admirable satire on the petty wars of the petty Italian states. The reference is to a raid made by the people of Modena on Bologna in 1325 (three centuries earlier), when a bucket was carried off as a trophy and afterwards suspended in the cathedral. Many of the allusions in the poem are now obscure, but, as a whole, it takes high rank among the burlesques, and has had many imitators. In other works Tassoni showed serious ability in philosophy and criticism. He died in 1635.

The Captured Bucket.

Meanwhile the Potta, where the battle droops,
Sends fresh detachments of his foremost troops.
Himself was mounted on a female mule,
Which, though a magistrate, he scarce could rule:
She bit, and winched, and such excursions made,
As if her legs a game at draughts had played;
At length, not minding whether wrong or right,
Full speed she ran amidst the thick o' the fight.
About this time La Grace received a wound,
And, much against his will, went off the ground.

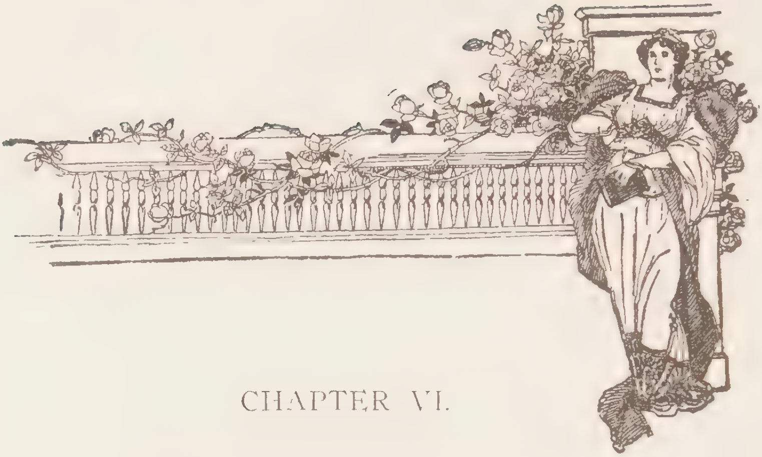
When the most ancient race of Boii saw
One captain prisoner made, and one withdraw;
They, who before had made a bold retreat,
Renounce their hands, and solely trust their feet.
Forwards the Potta urges with his spear,
And like some devil flashes in their rear.

Such quantities of blood the brook distained,
It many days both warm and red remained;
That brook which heretofore had scarce a name,
Baptized in blood, *Il Tepido* [the Warm] became.
Such crowds went reeking to the Elysian shore,
Charon complained there was no room for more.
All the day long, and all the following night,
The poor Bolonians prosecute their flight.
Three hundred horse, Manfredi at their head,
Fill every road and river with their dead:
So close the warlike youth oppressed their heels,
Returning day the city walls reveals.
The gate Saint Felix, opening soon, admits,
In one confusion, foreigners and cits;
So thick they crowd, the watch no difference knew;
In went the conquered and the conquerors too.
Far as an arrow's flight, and quick as thought,
Manfredi's men within the town were got:
Manfred, who ne'er left any thing to chance,
Halts at the gate, nor further would advance;
By drums and trumpets sounding from the walls,
The endangered troops he suddenly recalls.

Radaldo, Spinamont, Griffani fierce,
And other names too obstinate for verse,
Fainting with heat, and harassed with the chase,
Espied a well belonging to the place:
They thanked the gods with lifted hands and eyes;
Then hastily despatched to nether skies
The bone of discord, apple of the war,—
A bran new *bucket*, made of fatal fir.
Low was the water, and the well profound;
The pulley, dry and broke, went hobbling round;
The unlucky hemp, knotting, increased delay,
And all their hopes hung dangling in midway.
Some with still sighs the bucket's absence mourn,
Others, impatient, curse its slow return;
At length it weeping comes, as if it knew
The sanguinary work that was to ensue.
Greedy they all advance to seize their prey:
Radaldo's happy lips first pulled away.
Scarce had he drunk, when, lo! a numerous ring

Of adverse swords surround the ravished spring;
Rushing from every alley through the town,
"Kill! kill!" was all the cry, and "Knock 'em down!"
The Potta-men alarmed, with active feet
Regain their steeds, and leap into their seat;
Sipa, not liking much their threatening face,
Began to keep aloof, and slack their pace.
The bucket chanced to be at Griffon's nose:
His tip thus spoiled, away the water throws,
Cuts the retaining cord, and then applied
The vehicle to shield his near-hand side;
His off-hand grasps a sword, and, thus prepared,
Defies the world, and stands upon his guard:
Nimbly the men of Potta intervene,
And from the foe their brave companion screen. . . .

Clear of this scrape, Manfredi's squadrons join,
And treading back their steps, repass the Rhine.
Their captain, who no worthier spoils could show
Than this same bucket conquered from the foe,
Caused it in form of trophy to advance
Before the troops, sublime upon a lance:
To think how he in open day had scoured
Bolonia, and their virgin-spring deflowered;
To think how he had ravished from the place
An everlasting pledge of their disgrace;
Elate and glorying in his slit-deal prize,
Not victory seemed so noble in his eyes.
Straight from Samogia's plains he sends express
To Modena the news of his success;
And straight the town resolves in form to meet
The conquering army, and their general greet.



CHAPTER VI.

VINCENZO DA FILICAJA.

ITALIAN poetry had sunk into a tame artificial mannerism in the seventeenth century, yet the genuine poetic spirit was not lost, as the career of Filicaja testifies. It needed, however, the imminent crisis of Christendom to rouse the latent genius of this Pindar of modern Europe. Vincenzo da Filicaja was born at Florence in December, 1642, and educated at the University of Pisa. He was admitted to the best literary society of the times and devoted himself to their learned pursuits, after the death of a young lady to whom he was attached induced him to renounce the usual amatory strains. The siege and deliverance of Vienna in 1683 stirred his spirit to its utmost depths, and his impassioned feeling found vent in six noble odes. While these poems bear traces of the affectations then in vogue, they rise in parts to the loftiest heights of inspiration. Their fame spread through the Catholic courts of Europe. Christina, who had abdicated the throne of Sweden and was living in splendor at Rome, hastened to bestow her generosity on the poet thus revealed. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, Cosmo III., also gave him substantial rewards, placed him in important offices, and raised him to the rank of senator. After twenty years of affluence, Filicaja died at Florence in 1707. In his minor poems he sometimes attained the elegance of Petrarch, but his fame rests on the sublimity of his odes.

The Deliverance of Vienna.

(Translated by Lord Macaulay.)

The chords, the sacred chords of gold,
Strike, O Muse, in measure bold;
And frame a sparkling wreath of joyous songs
For that great God to whom revenge belongs.
Who shall resist his might,
Who marshals for the fight
Earthquake and thunder, hurricane and flame?
He smote the haughty race
Of unbelieving Thrace,
And turned their rage to fear, their pride to shame.
He looked in wrath from high,
Upon their vast array;
And, in the twinkling of an eye,
Tambour and trump and battle-cry,
And steeds and turbaned infantry,
Passed like a dream away.
Such power defends the mansions of the just:
But, like a city without walls,
The grandeur of the mortal falls
Who glories in his strength and makes not God his trust.

The proud blasphemers thought all earth their own;
They deemed that soon the whirlwind of their ire
Would sweep down tower and palace, dome and spire,
The Christian altars and the Augustan throne.
And soon, they cried, shall Austria bow
To the dust her lofty brow.
The princedoms of Almayne [Germany]
Shall wear the Phrygian chain;
In humbler waves shall vassal Tiber roll;
And Rome, a slave forlorn,
Her laurelled tresses shorn,
Shall feel our iron in her inmost soul.
Who shall bid the torrent stay?
Who shall bar the lightning's way?
Who arrest the advancing van
Of the fiery Ottoman?

As the curling smoke-wreaths fly
When fresh breezes clear the sky,
Passed away each swelling boast
Of the misbelieving host.
From the Hebrus rolling far
Came the murky cloud of war,
And in shower and tempest dread
Burst on Austria's 'fenceless head:
But not for vaunt or threat
Didst thou, O Lord, forget
The flock so dearly bought, and loved so well.

Even in the very hour
Of guilty pride and power
Full on the circumcised thy vengeance fell.
Then the fields were heaped with dead,
Then the streams with gore were red,
And every bird of prey, and every beast,
From wood and cavern thronged to thy great feast.

What terror seized the fiends obscene of Nile!
How wildly in his place of doom beneath,
Arabia's lying prophet gnashed his teeth,
And cursed his blighted hopes and wasted guile!
When, at the bidding of Thy sovereign might,
Flew on their destined path
Thy messengers of wrath,
Riding on storms and wrapped in deepest night
The Phthian mountains* saw,
And quaked with mystic awe:
The proud Sultana of the Straits †bowed down

Her jewelled neck and her embattled crown;
The miscreants, as they raised their eyes
Glaring defiance on Thy skies,
Saw adverse winds and clouds display
The terrors of their black array;
Saw each portentous star,
Whose fiery aspect turned of yore to flight
The iron Chariots of the Canaanite,‡
Gird its bright harness for a deadlier war.

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*Pelion and Ossa, mountains in Phthia, in Northern Greece.
†Constantinople.
‡"The stars in their courses fought against Sisera."—Judges v. 20.

Beneath Thy withering look
Their limbs with palsy shook;
Scattered on earth the Crescent banners lay;
Trembled with panic fear,
Sabre and targe and spear,
Through the proud armies of the rising day.
Faint was each heart, unnerved each hand;
And if they strove to charge or stand,
Their efforts were as vain
As his who, scared in feverish sleep
By evil dreams, essays to leap,
Then backward falls again.
With a crash of wild dismay
Their ten thousand ranks gave way;
Fast they broke and fast they fled;
Trampled, mangled, dying, dead,
Horse and horseman mingled lay;
Till the mountains of the slain
Raised the valleys to the plain.
Be all the glory to Thy name divine!
The swords were ours; the arm, O Lord, was Thine.

Therefore to Thee, beneath Whose footstool wait
The powers which erring men call Chance and Fate,
To Thee who hast laid low
The pride of Europe's foe,
And taught Byzantium's sullen lords to fear,
I pour my spirits out,
In a triumphant shout,
And call all ages and all lands to hear.
Thou Who evermore endurest,
Loftiest, mightiest, wisest, purest;
Thou, Whose will destroys or saves,
Dread of tyrants, hope of slaves,
The wreath of glory is from Thee,
And the red sword of victory.

There, where exulting Danube's flood
Runs stained with Islam's noblest blood

From that tremendous field,
There, where in mosque the tyrants met,
And from the crier's minaret
Unholy summons pealed,
Pure shrines and temples now shall be
Decked for a worship worthy Thee.
To Thee thy whole creation pays
With mystic sympathy its praise,
The air, the earth, the seas:
The day shines forth with livelier beam;
There is a smile upon the stream,
An anthem on the breeze.
Glory, they cry, to Him whose might
Hath turned the barbarous foe to flight,
Whose arm protects, with power divine,
The city of His favored line.
The caves, the woods, the rocks, repeat the sound;
The everlasting hills roll the long echoes round.

But if Thy rescued Church may dare
Still to besiege Thy throne with prayer
Sheathe not, we implore Thee, Lord,
Sheathe not Thy victorious sword.
Still Pannonia pines away,
Vassal of a double sway;
Still Thy servants groan in chains,
Still the race which hates Thee reigns.
Part the living from the dead;
Join the members to the head,
Snatch Thine own sheep from yon fell monster's hold:
Let one kind Shepherd rule one undivided fold.

To Italy.

Italia, O Italia! hapless thou,
Who didst the fatal gift of beauty gain,
A dowry fraught with never-ending pain,—
A seal of sorrow stamped upon thy brow:
O, were thy bravery more, or less thy charms!
Then should thy foes, they whom thy loveliness
Now lures afar to conquer and possess,

Adore thy beauty less, or dread thy arms!
No longer then should hostile torrents pour
  Adown the Alps; and Gallic troops be laved
In the red waters of the Po no more;
  Nor longer then, by foreign courage saved,
Barbarian succor should thy sons implore—
  Vanquished or victors, still by Goths enslaved.

FRANCESCO MAFFEI.

MARQUIS FRANCESCO MAFFEI (1675-1755) was an archæologist and historian, but is more notable for his position in the history of the drama, not only in Italy, but in Europe. He desired to see the Italian stage remodelled after the French theatre. With this view he studied the native stage thoroughly, and edited a "Teatro Italiano." In defence of the drama, again assailed by Catholic writers as by the early Christians and the English Puritans, he was led to take up arms against a friar, Frate Consina. This controversy drew the attention of the Continent to him and to his own tragedy, "Merope" (1713), written in the Greek style, but without the customary chorus. Voltaire wrote Maffei a flattering letter, in which he declared that the author had rescued the Italian stage from the harlequins. But afterwards the Frenchman composed a drama on the same subject with the same title, and characteristically disparaged the original. Maffei wrote his play in noble verse, but even in Italy this was reduced to prose; while love scenes and interludes were inserted to cater to the lower tastes of the audiences. Nevertheless, until Alfieri's day the Italians praised it as their tragedy *par excellence.* This opinion excited Alfieri, to quote his own words, "to the highest pitch of indignation and anger, at seeing Italy in such a state of theatrical misery and blindness;" and he wrote another "Merope," in which he sought to improve upon Maffei.

Maffei found the basis for his tragedy in Apollodorus, in the tale of Æpytus, who became Ægisthus in the drama. Ægisthus's father and two brothers have been killed by the tyrant Polyphontes, who has also usurped the throne of Messina. Merope, the widowed and orphaned mother, is kept in

Polyphontes's power in the palace. The tyrant forces her to consent to marry him, but she gives assent only after learning that her son Ægisthus is still alive. The child had been reared in secret by a faithful attendant. At the moment when Polyphontes is about to espouse the queen, Ægisthus seizes a sacrificial axe, used in the nuptial ceremonies, and slays the tyrant. Alfieri protested that Maffei had depicted Merope as a "babyish mamma," and sought to ennoble her into his own ideal of "the queen-mother of tragedy."

The Mother's Lament for her Lost Son.

Allow it to be false, yet canst thou think
'Twill suffer me to harbor thoughts of joy
Barely to know that my Cresphontes wanders?
Alone, an inexperienced, homely youth,
And unapprised of ways, customs and dangers,
Who has no place of rest, poor and without
All hospitable succor, what will he not
Suffer for food, and for a place to rest?
What want? how often to a stranger's table
Shall he approach? and humbly asking bread,
Perhaps be driven away—he, whose great father
Spread his rich table for such numbers. Then
Should he fall sick, as that he may too easy,
Whose care will he then be? low on the ground
When he shall languid lie, afflicted sore,
A draught of water none shall hand to him.
O Heavens, might I at least but travel with him,
I think that I should suffer all in peace.

METASTASIO.

Metastasio (1698-1782) was the Hellenized name of Pietro Trapassi, the talented son of a papal soldier who had become a grocer. The little Pietro's remarkable skill of improvisation attracted the attention of the learned Gian Vincenzo Gravina, who promptly adopted the youthful prodigy. Gravina not only instructed Metastasio in the art of the Italian drama as he himself understood it, but pledged his young protegé to devote himself to its serious study. On the death of his adoptive father Metastasio quickly spent the large fortune left him, and soon had poverty as a second stimulus to spur him on to redeem his promise. But, made timid by poverty, he turned for a while to law, and selected at Naples so stern a master of jurisprudence that he dared not openly woo the Muse. A splendid opportunity offered, however, in the viceroy's invitation to write a musical drama for the birthday celebration in honor of the escort of Emperor Charles VI. Having imposed a vow of secrecy on the composer, Metastasio produced the libretto for the opera, "Gli Orti Esperidi" (The Hesperides). The prima donna of the occasion, Marianna Bulgarelli, famous as "La Romanina," who had been the Venus of the opera, was so impressed by the genuine poetry of her words (an unheard-of thing) that she hunted out Metastasio and prevailed upon him to desert law for the opera. She practically adopted him, took him into her own home, and paved his way to fame. He took holy orders at Rome and was thenceforth known as Abbé Metastasio. He studied music and singing, and called the male soprano Farinelli "his twin-brother." Under such training he became able to make poetry and music twin handmaids, and for his day he attained the zenith of his art. He himself played the harpsichord—"like a seraph," as he used to say. He was associated with the best musical composers of the time, for all of whom he wrote libretti. His themes were taken from history, mythology and romance, and his wide knowledge of different ages and countries supplied rich variety of local imagery, as well as decoration and costume. The charm, grace, melody and sweetness of his verse led composers to overlook the lack of contrast and strong passion, and some of his libretti were set to music as many as thirty and forty times. Mozart's "Clemenza di Tito" (Clemency of Titus) is the solitary example of Metastasio's "dramma per musica" to be heard on the operatic stage to-day. It was first set to music by Caldara. Voltaire esteemed its poetry worthy to be ranked with that of Corneille and Racine. The delicacy and tenderness of Metastasio's muse is well felt in his "Ode to Spring." Metastasio enjoyed the patronage of both Maria Theresa and Joseph II., having in 1730 succeeded Apostolo Zeno as court-poet at Vienna, where his house became for fifty years a Mecca of musical pilgrims. In the latter part of his life he gave up theatrical composition, but taught the Austrian princesses Italian. He died at the age of eighty-four.

THE EMPEROR'S BRIDE.

(From the Drama of "Titus.")

THE scene represents the Roman Emperor Titus descending from the Capitol, preceded by Lictors, followed by the Prætors, and surrounded by a numerous crowd of people.

Chorus. O guardian gods! in whom we trust
To watch the Roman fate,
Preserve in Titus, brave and just,
The glory of the state!
For ever round our Cæsar's brows
The sacred laurel bloom;
In him, for whom we breathe our vows,
Preserve the weal of Rome!

Long may your glorious gift remain
Our happy times to adorn:
So shall our age the envy gain
Of ages yet unborn!

Publius. This day the Senate style thee, mighty Cæsar,
The Father of thy Country; never yet
More just in their decree.
Annius. Thou art not only
Thy country's father, but her guardian god:
And since thy virtues have already soared
Beyond mortality, receive the homage
We pay to Heaven! The Senate have decreed
To build a stately temple, where thy name
Shall stand enrolled among the powers divine,
And Tiber worship at the fane of Titus.
Publius. These treasures, gathered from the annual tribute
Of subject provinces, we dedicate
To effect this pious work: disdain not, Titus,
This public token of our grateful homage.
Titus. Romans! believe that every wish of Titus
Is centred in your love; but let not, therefore,
Your love, forgetful of its proper bounds,
Reflect disgrace on Titus, or yourselves.
Is there a name more dear, more tender to me,
Than father of my people? Yet even this
I rather seek to merit than obtain.
My soul would imitate the mighty gods
By virtuous deeds, but shudders at the thought
Of impious emulation. He who dares
To rank himself their equal forfeits all
His future title to their guardian care.
O fatal folly, when presumptuous pride
Forgets the weakness of mortality!
Yet think not I refuse your proffered treasures:
Their use alone be changed. Then hear my purpose,
Vesuvius, raging with unwonted fury,
Pours from her gaping jaws a lake of fire,
Shakes from firm earth, and spreads destruction round
The subject fields and cities; trembling fly
The pale inhabitants, while all who 'scape
The flaming ruin meagre want pursues.

Behold an object claims our thoughts! dispense
These treasures to relieve your suffering brethren;
Thus, Romans, thus your Temple build for Titus.
Annius. O truly great!
Publius. How poor were all rewards,
How poor were praise to such transcendent virtue!

Chorus. O guardian gods! in whom we trust
To watch the Roman fate;
Preserve in Titus, brave and just
The glory of the state!

Titus. Enough,—enough!—Sextus, my friend, draw near;
Depart not, Annius; all besides, retire.
Annius (*aside to Sextus.*) Now, Sextus, plead my cause.
Sextus. And could you, Sir,
Resign your beauteous queen?
Titus. Alas, my Sextus!
That moment, sure, was dreadful,—yet I thought ——
No more,—'tis past; the struggle's o'er! she's gone!
Thanks to the gods, I've gained the painful conquest!
'Tis just I now complete the task begun;
The greater part is done, the less remains.
Sextus. What more remains, my lord?
Titus. To take from Rome
The least suspicion that the hand of Titus
Shall e'er be joined in marriage to the queen.
Sextus. For this the queen's departure may suffice.
Titus. No, Sextus, once before she left our city,
And yet returned; twice have we met,—the third
May prove a fatal meeting; while my bed
Receives no other partner, all who know
My soul's affection may with show of reason
Declare the place reserved for Berenice.
Too deeply Rome abhors the name of queen,
But wishes on the imperial seat to view
A daughter of her own;—let Titus then
Fulfill the wish of Rome. Since love in vain
Formed my first choice, let friendship fix the second.
Sextus, to thee shall Cæsar's blood unite;
This day thy sister is my bride ——
Sextus. Servilia?

Titus. Servilia.
Annius (*aside*). Wretched Annius!
Sextus (*aside*). O ye gods!
Annius is lost.
Titus. Thou hear'st not; speak, my friend,—
What means this silence?
Sextus. Can I speak, my lord?
Thy goodness overwhelms my grateful mind,—
Fain would I ——
Annius (*aside*). Sextus suffers for his friend!
Titus. Declare thyself with freedom,—every wish
Shall find a grant.
Sextus. (*aside*). Be just, my soul, to Annius!
Annius (*aside*). Annius, be firm!
Sextus. O Titus! ——
Annius. Mighty Cæsar!
I know the heart of Sextus: from our infancy
A mutual tenderness has grown between us.
I read his thoughts; with modest estimation
He rates his worth, as disproportioned far
To such alliance, nor reflects that Cæsar
Ennobles whom he favors. Sacred Sir!
Pursue your purpose. Can a bride be found
More worthy of the empire or yourself?
Beauty and virtue in Servilia meet;
She seemed, whene'er I viewed her, born to reign;
And what I oft presaged your choice confirms.
Sextus (*aside*). Is this the voice of Annius? Do I
dream?
Titus. 'Tis well: thou, Annius, with despatchful care,
Convey the tidings to her. Come, my Sextus,
Cast every vain and cautious doubt aside;
Thou shalt with me so far partake of greatness,
I will exalt thee to such height of honor,
That little of the distance shall remain
At which the gods have placed thee now from Titus.
Sextus. Forbear, my lord! O moderate this goodness!
Lest Sextus, poor and bankrupt in his thanks,
Appear ungrateful for the gifts of Cæsar.
Titus. What wouldst thou leave me, friend, if thou
deni'st me
The glorious privilege of doing good?

This fruit the monarch boasts alone,
The only fruit that glads a throne:
All, all besides, is toil and pain,
Where slavery drags the galling chain.

Shall I my only joy forego?
No more my kind protection show
To those by fortune's frown pursued?
No more exalt each virtuous friend,
No more a bounteous hand extend,
To enrich the worthy and the good?

Annius (*alone*). Shall I repent?—Oh, no!—I've acted well,
As suits a generous lover; had I now
Deprived her of the throne, to insure her mine,
I might have loved myself, but not Servilia.
Lay by, my heart, thy wonted tenderness!
She who was late thy mistress is become
Thy sovereign; let thy passion, then, be changed
To distant homage! But, behold she's here!
O Heaven, methinks she ne'er before appeared
So beauteous in my eyes!

Enter Servilia.

Servilia. My life! my love!
Annius. Cease, cease, Servilia; for 'tis criminal
To call me still by those endearing names.
Servilia. And wherefore?
Annius. Cæsar has elected thee—
Oh, torture!—for the partner of his bed.
He bade me bring, myself,—I cannot bear it!—
The tidings to thee. O my breaking heart!
And I—I have been once —— I cannot speak!—
Empress, farewell!
Servilia. What can this mean? Yet stay,—
Servilia Cæsar's wife? Ah! why?
Annius. Because
Beauty and virtue never can be found
More worthy of the throne. My life!—O Heaven!
What would I dare to say? Permit me, Empress,
Permit me to retire.

Servilia. And wilt thou leave me
In this confusion? Speak,—relate at full
By what strange means,—declare each circumstance——
Annius. I'm lost, unless I go. My heart's best treasure!

My tongue its wonted themes pursue,
  Accustomed on thy name to dwell;
Then let my former love excuse
  What from my lips unwary fell.

I hoped that reason would suffice
  To calm the emotions love might raise:
But, ah! unguarded fond surprise
  Each secret I would hide betrays. [*Exit.*

Servilia (*alone*). Shall I be wife to Cæsar? in one moment
Shake off my former chains? consign to oblivion
Such wondrous faith? Ah, no! from me the throne
Can never merit such a sacrifice!
Fear it not, Annius,—it shall never be!

Thee long I've loved, and still I'll love;
Thou wert the first, and thou shalt prove
  The last dear object of my flame:
The love which first our breast inspires,
When free from guilt, such strength acquires,
  It lasts till death consumes our frame.

CHAPTER VII.

ITALIAN PLAYWRIGHTS.

Genuine comedy, as distinguished from buffoonery, was introduced on the Italian stage in the eighteenth century by Carlo Goldoni (1707–1793). This "immortal comedian" of the Venetians was hailed by Voltaire as "the Italian Molière." In a letter to Goldoni himself the sage of Ferney declared, "Painter and son of Nature, I would entitle your comedies, 'Italy liberated from the Goths.'" It was indeed owing to Goldoni's persistent spirit and genial art that the Italian theatre became released from the bondage of the artificial and pantomime performances which in his youth passed for plays. The old-style *Commedie dell' arte*, or *a soggeto*, then held the boards. These pieces were mere sketches, acted by inferior actors in masks, who improvised and invented the greater part of the entertainment. The stock-characters, drawn from various Italian localities, comprised "the lean and slippered Pantaloon," Il Dottore (the Doctor), Brighella and Arlecchino (Harlequin), this last-named fool wearing a patchwork suit idealized in modern pantomime. Goldoni strove to reform this rude art. "I had no rivals to combat," he afterward remarked; "I had only prejudices to surmount." But he found these prejudices very difficult to conquer. His first play without masks proved an unmitigated failure in the popular estimation. Besides, Goldoni found it hard to get actors capable enough to perform anything outside of the old masked buffoonery. Even at the height of his fame he was bitterly attacked by the champions of the Commedia dell' arte—especially by Count Carlo Gozzi, who wrote fantastic farragoes for the mob, and went so far as to attack Goldoni personally in his plays. Besides all this, Goldoni was obliged to bear the annoyances of his actors' complaints. They quarreled with him for presuming to dictate to them what they should do; for they had previously been accustomed to dictate to the playwrights. Goldoni has depicted these early trials in his "Memoirs," which he wrote at Versailles in his old age. Gibbon found these memoirs "more amusing than his very comedies."

Goldoni was well fitted by experience to effect this reform of the native Italian comedy. His youthful pastimes and study approximate almost exactly to those described by Goethe in his account of the childhood of Wilhelm Meister. Goldoni's grandfather was an extravagant lover of the play, and was continually giving private performances of dramas and operas under the roof of the family villa. The little Goldoni had a puppet-show for his sole delectation. Thus, despite the subsequent bankruptcy of the family and his own professional studies (those for the priesthood being interrupted by his writing of an ill-timed satire), Carlo Goldoni had a passion for the stage from his boyhood to the last day of his life. Goethe himself expressed amazement at Goldoni's mastery of stagecraft. It is not strange, therefore, that Goldoni did not follow up the law career before him, although at one time chancellor to a Podesta, and at another in the service of a Venetian ambassador. His remarkable facility for dramatic composition is evidenced in the fact that he wrote one hundred and fifty comedies. On a wager he once wrote sixteen comedies in a year, among them being two of his cleverest pieces.

He began with an ill-fated tragedy, "Amasalunta," which he burned in the room of a Milanese inn, whither he had gone for that very purpose. He then attempted the melodrama, influenced by Metastasio's example and fame. His first work of this kind was "The Venetian Gondolier," written for the troupe of actors kept by a prince of charlatans, the quack Buonafede, called the "Anonimo." This *intermezzo cantabile* was happily received at Milan. Although his first unmasked play was a failure, his second scored a palpable hit. Goldoni was gifted with a fertile invention. In his plays he dealt with almost every phase of domestic life, and sketched the majority of human passions. His power of characterization is external, not internal like Molière's. He possessed scarcely any of Molière's psychology, and was not intellectually the Frenchman's peer. But his power of reproducing the scenes and surface individualities of every-day life has seldom, if ever, been surpassed. He utilized all his own experiences, as in "L'Amant Militaire" (The Military Lover), a reminiscence of the war of Don Carlos. His comedies do not depend, like the Spanish plays, on the intrigue of the plot; but the plots, in his case, turn rather upon the individualities of the dramatis personæ. He could justly boast of being the founder in Italy of the comedy of character.

Goldoni's most popular comedies are "La Locandiera" (The Hostess), played in America by Elenora Duse; "La Pamela," based on Richardson's novel, in the title rôle of which Ristori has achieved a reputation; and "Le Bourru Bienfaisant" (The Beneficent Bear), written in French for the wedding fête of Marie Antoinette and the Dauphin (Louis XVI.), at Versailles. "The Hostess" is a witty little coquette, who keeps an inn, and flirts with her amusing lodgers to the distraction of everybody. "The Beneficent Bear"—Geronte—is a gruff, blundering, old fellow, who is a curious personification of stupidity and good humor. Marriage on the sly is the motive of this plot, as well as of "The Curious Mishap," founded on a real episode, the scene of which is the Hague. Philibert, a Dutch merchant prince, is outwitted by his daughter Giannina and a poor French lieutenant, into actually hastening their marriage against his will. He gives the lieutenant a purse of money, under a mistaken idea that he is thus abetting another marriage which he is anxious to see consummated. Other comedies by Goldoni are "The Fan," with its many types of character; "The Woman of Tact," who becomes a chambermaid in order to win the love of the young man of the family; "The Ostentatious Miser;" and "The Father of the Family," in which convent-life is satirized in the chaperonage of an aunt. Goldoni also satirized the state-protected institution of gambling and the mediæval survival —*cavaliere sirvente* or *cicisbeo.*

His satire was not bitter, and yet was most keen. In "Pamela" it is amusing to note that Goldoni saw fit to humor Italian conventions by making Richardson's plebeian maid-servant turn out to be the daughter of a Scotch peer under attainder. Paolo Ferrari, a modern Italian comedian, has written a play on "Goldoni and his Comedies."

Robert Browning has paid a fine tribute to this brilliant dramatist.

> Goldoni,—good, gay, sunniest of souls,—
> Glassing half Venice in that verse of thine,—
>
> . . . .
>
> There throng the People: how they come and go,
> Lisp the soft language, flaunt the bright garb, see—
> On piazza, calle, under portico,
> And over bridge! Dear King of Comedy,
> Be honored! Thou that didst love Venice so,
> Venice, and we who love her, all love thee!

The Beneficent Bear.

(Act II., scene 4.)

Angelica (*aside*). What have I to do with Signor Dorval? I can go away.

Dorval. Mademoiselle Angelica!

Ang. Sir?

Dor. Have you seen your uncle? Has he told you nothing?

Ang. I saw him this morning, sir.

Dor. Before he went out of the house?

Ang. Yes, sir.

Dor. Has he returned?

Ang. No, sir.

Dor. (*aside*). Good. She knows nothing of it.

Ang. Excuse me, sir. Is there anything new in which I am concerned?

Dor. Your uncle takes much interest in you.

Ang. (*with modesty*). He is very kind.

Dor. (*seriously*). He thinks often of you.

Ang. It is fortunate for me.

Dor. He thinks of marrying you. (*Angelica blushes.*) What say you to it? Would you like to be married?

Ang. I depend on my uncle.

Dor. Shall I say anything more to you on the subject?

Ang. (*with a little curiosity*). But—as you please, sir.

Dor. The choice of a husband is already made.

Ang. (*aside*). O heavens! I tremble.

Dor. (*aside*). She seems to be pleased.

Ang. (*trembling*). Sir, I am curious to know—

Dor. What, Mademoiselle?

Ang. Do you know who is intended for me?

Dor. Yes, and you know him too.

Ang. (*with joy*). I know him too?

Dor. Certainly, you know him.

Ang. May I, sir, have the boldness—

Dor. Speak, Mademoiselle.

Ang. To ask the name of the young man?

Dor. The name of the young man?

Ang. Yes, if you know him.

Dor. Suppose he were not so young?

Ang. (*aside, with agitation*). Good heavens!

Dor. You are sensible—you depend on your uncle—

Ang. (*trembling*). Do you think, sir, my uncle would sacrifice me?

Dor. What do you mean by sacrificing you?

Ang. Mean—without the consent of my heart. My uncle is so good—but who could have advised him—who could have proposed this match? (*With temper.*)

Dor. (*a little hurt*). But this match—Mademoiselle—suppose it were I.

Ang. (*with joy*). You, sir? Heaven grant it!

Dor. (*pleased*). Heaven grant it!

Ang. Yes, I know you; I know you are reasonable. You are sensible; I can trust you. If you have given my uncle this advice, if you have proposed this match, I hope you will now find some means of making him change his plan.

Dor. (*aside*). Eh! this is not so bad. (*To Angelica.*) Mademoiselle—

Ang. (*distressed*). Signor?

Dor. (*with feeling*). Is your heart engaged?

Ang. Ah, sir—

Dor. I understand you.

Ang. Have pity on me!

Dor. (*aside*). I said so, I foresaw right; it is fortunate for me I am not in love—yet I began to perceive some little symptoms of it.

Ang. But you do not tell me, sir.

Dor. But, Mademoiselle—

Ang. You have perhaps some particular interest in the person they wish me to marry?

Dor. A little.

Ang. I tell you I shall hate him.

Dor. (*aside*). Poor girl! I am pleased with her sincerity.

Ang. Come, have compassion; be generous.

Dor. Yes, I will be so, I promise you; I will speak to your uncle in your favor, and will do all I can to make you happy.

Ang. (*with joy and transport*). Oh, how dear a man you are! You are my benefactor, my father. (*Takes his hand.*)

Dor. My dear girl! [*Enter Geronte.*

Geronte (*with animation*). Excellent, excellent! Courage, my children, I am delighted with you. (*Angelica retires, mortified; Dorval smiles.*) How! does my presence alarm you? I do not condemn this proper show of affection. You have done well, Dorval, to inform her. Come, my niece, embrace your future husband.

Ang. (*in consternation*). What do I hear?

Dor. (*aside and smiling*). Now I am unmasked.

Ger. (*to Angelica, with warmth*). What scene is this? Your modesty is misplaced. When I am not present, you are near enough to each other; when I come in, you go far apart. Come here. (*To Dorval, with anger.*) And do you too come here.

Dor. (*laughing*). Softly, my friend.

Ger. Why do you laugh? Do you feel your happiness? I am very willing you should laugh, but do not put me in a passion; do you hear, you laughing gentleman? Come here and listen to me.

Dor. But listen yourself.

Ger. (*to Angelica, and endeavoring to take her hand*). Come near, both of you.

Ang. (*weeping*). My uncle!

Ger. Weeping! What's the matter, my child? I believe you are making a jest of me. (*Takes her hand, and draws her forward; then turns to Dorval.*) You shall escape me no more.

Dor. At least let me speak.

Ger. No, no!

Ang. My dear uncle—

Ger. (*with warmth*). No, no. (*He becomes serious.*) I have been to my notary's, and have arranged everything; he has taken a note of it in my presence, and will soon bring the contract here for us to subscribe.

Dor. But will you listen to me?

Ger. No, no. As to her fortune, my brother had the weakness to leave it in the hands of his son; this will no doubt cause some obstacle on his part, but it will not embarrass me. Every one who has transactions with him suffers. The fortune cannot be lost, and in any event I will be responsible for it.

Ang. (*aside*). I can bear this no longer.

Dor. (*embarrassed*). All proceeds well, but—

Ger. But what?

Dor. The young lady may have something to say in this matter. (*Looking at Angelica.*)

Ang. (*hastily and trembling*). I, sir?

Ger. I should like to know if she can say anything against what I do, what I order, and what I wish. My wishes, my orders, and what I do, are all for her good. Do you understand me?

Dor. Then I must speak myself.

Ger. What have you to say?

Dor. That I am very sorry, but this marriage cannot take place.

Ger. Not take place! (*Angelica retreats frightened; Dorval steps back.*) (*To Dorval.*) You have given me your word of honor.

Dor. Yes, on condition—

Ger. (*turning to Angelica*). It must then be this impertinent. If I could believe it! if I had any reason to suspect it! (*Threatens her.*)

Dor. (*seriously*). No, sir, you are mistaken.

Ger. (*to Dorval. Angelica makes her escape*). It is you, then, who refuse? So you abuse my friendship and affection for you!

Dor. (*raising his voice*). But hear reason—

Ger. What reason? what reason? There is no reason. I am a man of honor, and if you are so, too, it shall be done at once. (*Turning round, he calls*) Angelica!

Dor. What possesses the man? He will resort to violence on the spot. (*Runs off.*)

Ger. (*alone*). Where is she gone? Angelica! Hallo! who's there? Piccardo! Martuccia! Pietro! Cortese!—But I'll find her. It is you I want. (*Turns round and, not seeing Dorval, remains motionless.*) What! he treat me so! (*Calls*) Dorval! my friend! Dorval—Dorval! my friend! Oh, shameful—ungrateful! Hallo! Is no one there? Piccardo! [*Enter Piccardo.*

Piccardo. Here, sir.

Ger. You rascal! Why don't you answer?

Pic. Pardon me, sir, here I am.

Ger. Shameful! I called you ten times.

Pic. I am sorry, but—

Ger. Ten times! It is scandalous.

Pic. (*aside and angry*). He is in a fury now.

Ger. Have you seen Dorval?

Pic. Yes, sir.

Ger. Where is he?

Pic. He is gone.

Ger. How is he gone?

Pic. (*roughly*). He is gone as other people go.

Ger. Ah, insolent! do you answer your master in this manner? (*Threatens him.*)

Pic. (*very angrily*). Give me my discharge, sir.

Ger. Your discharge—worthless fellow! (*Makes him retreat. Piccardo falls between the chair and the table. Geronte runs and helps him up.*)

Pic. Oh! (*He shows much pain.*)

Ger. Are you hurt? Are you hurt?

Pic. Very much hurt; you have crippled me.

Ger. Oh, I am sorry! Can you walk?

Pic. (*still angry*). I believe so, sir. (*He tries, and walks badly.*)

Ger. (*sharply*). Go on.

Pic. Do you drive me away, sir?

Ger. (*warmly*). No. Go to your wife's house, that you may be taken care of. (*Pulls out his purse and offers him money.*) Take this to get cured.

Pic. (*aside, with tenderness*). What a master!

Ger. Take it. (*Giving him money.*)

Pic (*with modesty*). No, sir, I hope it will be nothing.

Ger. Take it, I tell you.

Pic. (*still refusing it*). Sir—

Ger. (*very warmly*). What! you refuse my money? Do you refuse it from pride, or spite, or hatred? Do you believe I did it on purpose? Take this money. Take it. Come, don't put me in a passion.

Pic. Do not get angry, sir. I thank you for all your kindness. (*Takes the money.*)

Ger. Go quickly.

Pic. Yes, sir. (*Walks badly.*)

Ger. Go slowly.

Pic. Yes, sir.

Ger. Wait, wait; take my cane.

Pic. Sir—

Ger. Take it, I tell you! I wish you to do it.

Pic. (*takes the cane*). What goodness! [*Exit.*

[*Enter Martuccia.*

Ger. It is the first time in my life that—Plague on my temper! (*Taking long strides.*) It is Dorval who put me in a passion.

Martuccia. Do you wish to dine, sir?

Ger. May the devil take you! (*Runs out and shuts himself in his room.*)

Mar. Well, well! He is in a rage: I can do nothing for Angelica to-day; Valerio can go away.

GIUSEPPE PARINI.

Parini's reputation depends upon a single work in blank verse, by which he recalled Italian poetry, long divided between affected grandeur and feeble sentimentality, to real life and playful irony. Born at Bosisio in 1729, he was educated at Milan and became a tutor in noble families. A volume of early poems procured for him enrolment among the Arcadians. But he turned from them when he began to use his intimate knowledge of aristocratic life in satire. "Il Mattino," The Morning, gives ironical advice to a young nobleman how to begin the day. The success of this venture led to its continuation in three parts—Noon, Evening and Night—thus completing the day—"Il Giorno." Meanwhile the cultivated author had become a professor of rhetoric and editor of an official gazette. When Napoleon entered Milan he was made for a brief period a magistrate. He died in 1799, after suffering from lameness, blindness and poverty.

A NOBLE LORD'S MORNING.

ALREADY do the gentle valets hear
Thy tinkling summons, and with zealous speed
Haste to unclose the barriers that exclude
The garish day,—yet soft and warily,
Lest the rude sun perchance offend thy sight.

But now, behold, thy natty page appears,
Anxious to learn what beverage thou wouldst sip.
If that thy stomach need the sweet ferment,
Restorative of heat, and to the powers
Digestive so propitious,—choose, I pray,
The tawny chocolate, on thee bestowed
By the black Carib of the plumèd crown.
Or should the hypochondria vex my lord,
Or round his tapering limbs the encroaching flesh
Unwelcome gather, let his lip prefer
The roasted berry's juice, that Mocha sends,—
Mocha, that of a thousand ships is proud.
'Twas fate decreed that from the ancient world
Adventurers should sail, and o'er the main,
'Gainst storm and doubt, and famine and despair,
Should have achieved discovery and conquest;—
'Twas fate ordained that Cortes should despise
The blood of sable man, and through it wade,
O'erturning kingdoms and their generous kings,
That worlds, till then unknown, their fruits and flowers
Should cater to thy palate, gem of heroes!
But Heaven forfend, that, at this very hour
To coffee and to breakfast dedicate,
Some menial indiscreet should chance admit
The tailor,—who, alas! is not contented
To have with thee divided his rich stuffs,
And now with infinite politeness comes,
Handing his bill. Ahimè! unlucky!
The wholesome liquor turns to gall and spleen,
And doth at home, abroad, at play or park,
Disorganize thy bowels for the day.

But let no portal e'er be closed on him
Who sways thy toes, professor of the dance.

He at his entrance stands firm on the threshold:
Up mount his shoulders, and down sinks his neck,
Like a tortoise, while with graceful bow
His lip salutes his hat's extremity.
Nor less be thy divine access denied
To the sweet modulator of thy voice,
Or him for whom the harmonious string vibrates,
Waked into music by his skillful bow.
But, above all, let *him* not fail to join
The chosen synod of my lord's levee,
Professor of the idiom exquisite:
He, who from Seine, the mother of the Graces,
Comes generous, laden with celestial sounds,
To grace the lips of nauseous Italy.
Lo! at his bidding, our Italian words,
Dismembered, yield the place unto their foe;
And at his harmony ineffable,
Lo! in thy patriot bosom rises strong
Hate and disgust of that ignoble tongue,
Which in Valchiusa* to the echoes told
The lament and the praise of hopeless love.
Ah! wretched bard, who knew not yet to mix
The Gallic graces with thy rude discourse;
That so to delicate spirits thou mightst be
Not grating as thou art and barbarous!

Fast with this pleasant choir flits on the morn,
Unvexed by tedium or vacuity,
While 'twixt the light sips of the fragrant cup
Is pleasantly discussed,—What name shall bear,
Next season, the theatric palm away?
And is it true that Frine [Phryne] has returned,—
She that has sent a thousand dull *Milords,*
Naked and gulled, unto the banks of Thames?
Or comes the dancer, gay Narcissus, back
(Terror of gentle husbands), to bestow
Fresh trouble to their hearts, and honors to their heads?

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*Vaucluse, celebrated by Petrarch.

VITTORIO ALFIERI.

ALFIERI, beyond dispute the greatest tragedian of the Italian drama, has been styled the Shakespeare of Italy. Without Shakespeare's abundant and rich ornamentation of verse, copiousness of by-play and extravagance of fancy, Alfieri possessed the supreme gift of tragic concentration. His style is severe and plain, he never indulges in a *coup de théâtre*, he confines his plot and cast to the direst exigencies of the theme; and yet he carries his tragedies through with such a passionate sweep of energy that Italian audiences sit spell-bound under their sway. His theme, too, is almost invariably that of heroic patriotism. When he began to write his tragedies he proclaimed himself in "Della tirannide" ("Of Tyranny") as an uncompromising advocate of liberty in politics, morals and literature. He thus became recognized by the Italian people as a patriot inspired by the dream of a united Italy. In choosing his plots he always had this heroic motive in view: "A liberty-breathing tragedy;" he described one of his works in a phrase which may be applied to practically all of them. Even his "Merope," a drama of maternal love, ends with the assassination of a usurping tyrant. Some of his tragedies have been styled "dialogues on liberty." As he banished the rabble of superfluous characters from the stage, so he was not particular concerning the actual characters chosen, so that there was a tyrant to slay and a patriot-hero to kill him.

And yet it is impossible not to detect a progressive development in his dramas toward that ideal of tragedy in his own mind. His tragedies are by no means uniform in merit, but they reveal a steady growth in his expression of a definite tragic ideal. Nor did he hesitate to criticize some of his own tragedies in most candid fashion, thus forestalling the German critic, Schlegel, who savagely attacked the Alfierian theatre. The truth is that Alfieri became a tragedian partly by accident, that he had not been properly educated for the great rôle he was to play, and that when he started he was almost entirely ignorant of both the ancient Greek and the contemporary French stage.

Vittorio Alfieri (1749–1803) was the scion of a noble family, as Maffei had been, and had at first not deigned to stoop to literature. He spoke Lombard Italian, instead of the literary Tuscan, when he did not speak French. Inheriting a fine fortune he gave himself up for many years to the love of horses, travel and mistresses. This curious trio dominated his life to the end, and led to several scandals, a notorious duel, and a restless wandering life from Italy to Sweden. But by a fortunate chance Alfieri found the noblest inspiration of his life in a volume of Plutarch's "Lives." This worthy old biographer, whom Shakespeare found such a mine of treasure, seems also to have awakened Alfieri's true tragic spirit and ambition. And so, one day, while sitting by the bedside of a sick mistress, he whiled away the time by sketching the scene for a play in which Photinus, a woman ignorantly named by him Lachesis, and Cleopatra were the personages. A year later his first drama of "Cleopatra" was produced amid great applause at the Teatro Carignano, Turin. Alfieri awoke the next morning, like another Byron, to find himself famous. But with this somewhat unexpected fame came an embarrassing predicament: Alfieri suddenly realized with full force the scantiness of his equipment. With the characteristic energy of his impulsive nature he rushed forthwith to Florence to overcome his Lombardisms and Gallicisms at the well of Tuscan undefiled.

Alfieri studied carefully the previous dramas of Gravina (Metastasio's adoptive-father), Maffei, and Conti. Antonio Conti (1677–1749) had visited England and brought back to Italy an ardent admiration of Shakespeare. Conti had thus taken a step beyond Maffei. From Roman history Conti had chosen the heroic themes of "Giunio Bruto" (Lucius Junius Brutus), "Marco Bruto," "Cesare," and "Druso." Alfieri strove to improve on Maffei's "Merope," that celebrated classic of the Italian stage of that day. Alfieri also profited by Conti's hint as to themes. By his more capable hand were reshaped the great tragedies of "The First Brutus," "The Second Brutus" (the tragedy of Julius Cæsar), "Antony and Cleopatra," "Virginia," "Octavia," and—as well—the Greek tragedies of "Agis," "Sophonisba," "Myrrha," "Philip," "Polynices," "Antigone," "Alcestis" (after Euripides), "Agamemnon," "Orestes," and "Timoleon." Other tragedies were, "Rosmunda," the plot of which was more than customarily of his own invention; "Abel," a curious biblical "musical tragedy;" "Saul," his masterpiece; "The Conspiracy of the Pazzi" and "Don Garcia," two Medicean episodes; and "Mary Stuart," in which he gives the Queen of Scots a suspicious, violent temper. All of these tragedies have been admirably translated by Edgar A. Bowring, with full historical introductions.

It will be seen that Alfieri entered upon the Shakespearean province in two of his Roman dramas. In Alfieri's "Cleopatra," Egypt's queen does not, however, die of the bite of a poisonous asp at the false report of Antony's death. Antony confronts her and curses her for her treachery. Octavius seizes her to drag at his chariot wheels in Rome, and she dies by that inevitable Italian dagger. In "The Second Brutus" Alfieri adopts the exploded scandal that Brutus was a son of Julius Cæsar.* In this drama Alfieri introduced the character of Cicero—very extraneously, as the dramatist himself afterward admitted.

In the tragedy of "The First Brutus" the overthrow of Tarquinius Superbus is related. Alfieri dedicated this drama to George Washington, "whose name alone," he explained, "can stand on the title page of a tragedy of the deliverer of Rome." In "Sophonisba" Scipio Africanus, the conqueror of Carthage, was brought upon the stage; the scene being laid during the second Punic war. "Myrrha" is founded on

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* This scandal arose from a misinterpretation of a passage in Suetonius.

Ovid's tale of the guilty love of a maid for her father. In "The Conspiracy of the Pazzi" Alfieri takes for his hero, Raymond Pazzi, who, with his father Guglielmo, heads the conspiracy against Lorenzo and Julian de' Medici. Raymond is shown as the husband of Bianca, a sister of the Florentine tyrants, who is called upon to divide her heart and fears between her husband and her brothers. Raymond kills Julian, but stabs himself on being seized in Bianca's presence by Lorenzo's guards. Salviati, Archbishop of Pisa, is represented as one of the conspirators in this "liberty-breathing tragedy." In "Don Garcia" the hero is a later de' Medici, who perishes with a brother as the victim of a third brother's intrigues. Murder, craft, deceit—all the Italian vices of the Medici figure in this gloomy tragedy of family villainy and fratricide.

"Saul" is, however, Alfieri's masterpiece. It is founded upon the Biblical history, and has for its dramatis personæ King Saul, with the curse of madness already upon him; Jonathan, David, and his wife Michal, the evil Abner and Ahimelech the priest. The tragedy opens with the appearance of David at Gilboa, a fugitive fleeing from the wrath of Saul. But Saul, and not David, is the central figure of the impressive work. David represents throughout simply the compassionate mercy of God. The divine judgment is embodied in the stern priest Ahimelech, who warns Saul of the woes to come. In the second and third acts the dramatist reveals the mentally sinking monarch of Israel attracted to a trust in David by the latter's sincerity and pity, and yet overinfluenced, after all, by Abner's evil counsels. In the third act David plays upon his harp and sings a series of lyrics, varied to suit the different emotions appealed to. Saul is won over by the divine strains, when David unfortunately strikes up a warlike psalm, and Saul turns suddenly upon him to kill him. The half-crazed king now adopts Abner's policy of waiting battle, and is surprised by the Philistines. Saul will not flee. He will die facing them as a king. As the Philistines rush into his tent with blazing torches and upraised swords, Saul falls on his sword and expires. Even Schlegel has praised the Oriental splendor achieved by Alfieri in this tragedy and "the lyrical sublimity in which the troubled mind of Saul gives utterance to itself." Saul perishes a victim to his own remorse and terror, haunted by the spectres of his guilty soul. Alfieri's severe style fitted perfectly this patriarchal theme. "Saul" has been declared not unworthy a place beside the "Prometheus" of Æschylus.

Alfieri cannot be dismissed, however, without special notice of his "Abel." In this tragedy of Cain's murder of his brother, the dramatist introduces not only Adam and Eve, and Cain and Abel, but also Lucifer, Bel, Mammon, Ashtaroth, Sin, Envy, Death, choruses of Angels and Demons, and even the Voice of God! The tragedy opens in hell! Alfieri had the choruses use recitatives, and he styled the work a melo-tragedy. He thought he had invented a new art-form between the tragedy and the opera.

Of Alfieri's other poetical works, it only needs to be added that he wrote six comedies (none remarkable), some robust sonnets, and a few odes hardly equal to their subjects, among which was that of "America Liberata."

DAVID SOOTHES SAUL'S MADNESS.

(From the tragedy of "Saul," Act iii. scene 4.)

Jonathan. Ah come, beloved father; to thy thoughts
Allow a little respite: the pure air
Will bring thee some refreshment; come and sit
A little while among thy children now.
Saul. What are those words I hear?
Michal. Beloved father!
Saul. Who, who are ye? Who speaks of pure air here?
This? 'tis a thick impenetrable gloom;
A land of darkness and the shades of death—
O see! Come nearer me; dost thou observe it?
A fatal wreath of blood surrounds the sun.
Heardst thou the singing of ill-omen'd birds?
The vocal air resounds with loud laments
That smite my ears, compelling me to weep.—
But what? Ye, ye weep also.
Jon. Mighty God
Of Israel, dost Thou thus Thy face avert

From Saul the king? Is he, Thy servant once,
Abandoned to the adversary thus?
Michal. Father, thy much-loved daughter is beside thee:
If thou art cheerful, she is also cheerful;
She, if thou weepest, weeps. But, wherefore now
Should we shed tears? For joy hath reappeared.
Saul. David thou meanest. Ah! Why doth not David
Also embrace me with my other children?
David. O father! I have been restrained by fear
Of importuning thee. Ah! why canst thou
Not read my heart? I evermore am thine.
Saul. Thou lovest then—the house of Saul?
David. I love it?
O Heavens! Dear as the apple of mine eye
To me is Jonathan; I neither know
Nor heed a peril in the world for thee;
Let my wife, if she can, say with what love,
And how much love, I love her.
Saul. Yet thyself
Thou mightily dost prize.
David. I prize myself?
No despicable soldier in the camp,
In court thy son-in-law, I deem myself;
And nothing, nothing in the sight of God.
Saul. Incessantly to me of God thou speakest;
Yet thou well knowest that the crafty rage,
Cruel, tremendous, of perfidious priests,
Has for a long time severed me from God.
Dost thou thus name Him to insult me?
David. I
Name Him, to give Him glory. Why dost thou
Believe that He no longer is with thee?
He doth not dwell with him who loves Him not:
But doth He ever fail to succor him
Who doth invoke Him, and who hath reposed
In Him implicit trust? He to the throne
Appointed thee; and on that throne He keeps thee:
And if in Him, in Him exclusively
Thou dost confide, He's thine, and thou art His.
Saul. Who speaks of Heaven? Is he in snowy vest
Enrobed who thus his sacred lip unseals?
Let's see him—No: thou art a warrior: thou

Graspest the sword: approach; and let me see,
If David thus or Samuel doth accost me.—
What sword is this? 'Tis not the same, methinks,
Which I, with my own hands, on thee bestow'd.
David. This is the sword that my poor sling acquired.
The sword that over me in Elah hung
Threatening my life; in fierce Goliath's hands
I saw it flash a horrid glare of death
Before my eyes: he grasped it: but it bears
Not mine, but his coagulated blood.
Saul. Was not that sword, a consecrated thing,
In Nob, within the tabernacle hung?
Was it not wrapped within the mystic ephod,
And thus from all unhallowed eyes concealed?
Devoted to the Lord of hosts forever?
David. 'Tis true; but—
Saul. Whence didst thou obtain it then?
Who dared to give it? who?
David. I will explain.
Powerless and fugitive to Nob I came:
Wherefore I fled, thou knowest. Every path
Was crowded with unhappy wretches; I,
Defenceless, found myself at every step
Within the jaws of death. With humble brow
I kneel'd within the tabernacle, where
God's Spirit doth descend: and there, these arms
(Which if a living man might to his side
Refit them, David surely was that man)
Myself demanded of the priest.
Saul. And he?
David. Gave them to me.
Saul. He was?
David. Ahimelech.
Saul. Perfidious traitor! Vile!—Where is the altar?
O rage! Ah, all are miscreants! traitors all!
The foes of God; are ye his ministers?
Black souls in vestments white!—Where is the axe?
Where is the altar? let him be destroyed.
Where is the victim? I will slay him.
Michal. Father!
Jon. O Heav'ns! What mean these words? Where dost thou fly?

Be pacified, I pray thee: there are not
Or altars here, or victims: in the priests
Respect that God who hears thee evermore.
Saul. Who thus restrains me? Who resists me thus?
Who forces me to sit?
Jon. My father—
David. Thou,
Great God of Israel, do Thou succor him!
Thy servant kneels to Thee, and this implores.
Saul. I am bereft of peace; the sun, my kingdom,
My children, and my power of thought, all, all
Are taken with me! Ah, unhappy Saul!
Who doth console thee? who is now the guide,
The prop of thy bewildered feebleness?
Thy children are all mute, are harsh and cruel.
And of the doting and infirm old man
They only wish the death: and nought attracts
My children, but the fatal diadem,
Which now is twined around thy hoary head.
Wrest it at once: and at the same time sever
From this now tremulous decaying form
Your father's palsied head.—Ah, wretched state!
Better were death. I wish for death.
Michal. O father!
We all desire thy life: we each of us
Would die ourselves, to rescue thee from death.
Jon. Now, since in tears his fury is dissolved,
Brother, do thou, to recompose his soul,
Exert thy voice. So many times already
Hast thou enthralled him with celestial songs
To calm oblivion.
Michal. Yes, thou seest now,
The breathing in his panting breast subsides;
His looks, just now so savage, swim in tears:
Now is the time to lend him thy assistance.
David. May God in mercy speak to him through me.—

Omnipotent, eternal, infinite,
Thou, who dost govern each created thing;
Thou, who from nothing mad'st me by Thy might,
Blest with a soul that dares to Thee take wing;
Thou, who canst pierce the abyss of endless night,

And all its mysteries into daylight bring;
The universe doth tremble at Thy nod,
And sinners prostrate own the outstretched arm of God.

Oft on the gorgeous blazing wings ere now
Of thousand cherubim wert Thou revealed;
Oft did Thy pure divinity endow
Thy people's shepherd in the martial field:
To him a stream of eloquence wert Thou;
Thou wert his sword, his wisdom and his shield:
From Thy bright throne, O God, bestow one ray
To cleave the gathering clouds that intercept the day.

In tears of darkness we——

Saul. Hear I the voice
Of David? From a mortal lethargy
It seems to wake me, and displays to me
The cheering radiance of my early years.

David. Who comes, who comes, unseen, yet heard?
A sable cloud of dust appeared,
Chased by the eastern blast.—
But it has burst; and from its womb
A thousand brandished swords illume
The track through which it passed.
Saul, as a tower, his forehead rears,
His head a flaming circlet wears.
The earth beneath his feet
Echoes with tramp of horse and men:
The sea, the sky, the hills, the plain,
The warlike sounds repeat.

In awful majesty doth Saul appear;
Horsemen and chariots from before him fly:
Chilled by his presence is each heart with fear;
And god-like terrors lighten in his eye.

Ye sons of Ammon, late so proud,
Where now the scorn, the insults loud,
Ye raised against our host?
Your corpses more than fill the plain;
The ample harvest of your slain
Invalidates your boast.

See what it is thus to depend
On gods unable to defend.—
But wherefore from afar
Hear I another trumpet sound?
'Tis Saul's:—he levels with the ground
All Edom's sons of war.

Thus Moab, Zobah, by his arms laid low,
With impious Amalek, united fall:
Saul, like a stream fed by dissolving snow,
Defeats, disperses, overwhelms them all.

Saul. This is the voice of my departed years,
That from the tomb to glory now recalls me.
I live again in my victorious youth,
When I hear this—What do I say? Alas!
Should cries of war be now addressed to me?
Oblivion, indolence, and peace, invite
The old man to themselves.
David. Let peace be sung.—

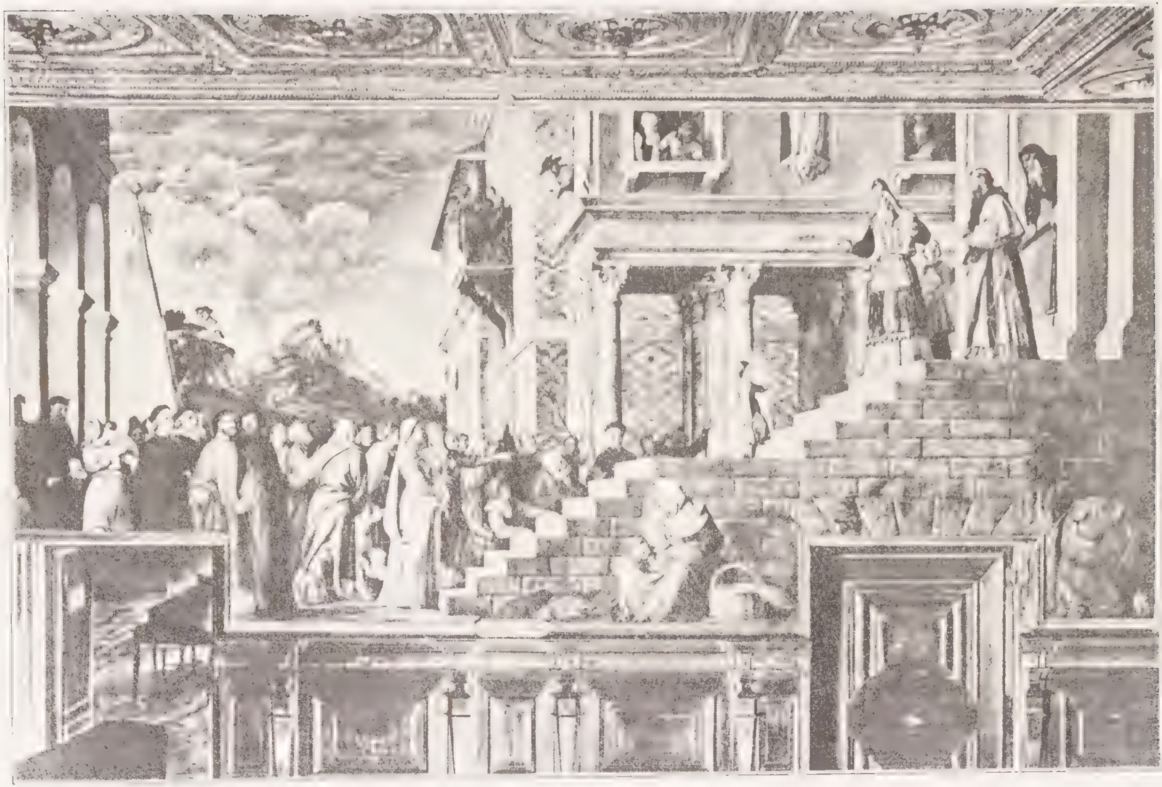
Weary and thirsty, see he lies
Beside his native stream;
God's champion, whose past victories
Wake many a glorious dream.

The sighed-for laurel's evergreen
Doth screen his head from heat;
His children, all around him seen,
His sighs and smiles repeat.

They weep and smile, then smile and weep,
With sympathy endued;
And still a strict accordance keep
To every varying mood.

One daughter's gentle hand unfits
His crested helm and sword;
His consort fond beside him sits,
Embracing her loved lord.

The other doth clear water bring
From the pure ambient flood,
To cleanse his stately brows, where cling
Commingled dust and blood.



Presentation in the Temple.—Titian.

A cloud of odorous flowers she spreads,
  Which breathe their perfumes near;
And on his honor'd hand she sheds
  The duteous filial tear.

But why sits one apart reclined,
  In pensive mood alone?
Alas, she mourns that others find
  A task, while she has none.

But diff'rent thoughts, with eager haste,
  Attract the band of boys;
Till his turn comes to be embraced,
  One son himself employs
To make the blood-encrusted blade
  From spot and blemish clear:
With envy fired, another said:
  "When shall I poise that spear?

"That pond'rous lance when shall I wield,
  That now defies my strength?"
Another grasps the blazoned shield,
  And stalks behind its length.

Then tears of sweet surprise,
From forth the swimming eyes
  Of Saul are seen to roll:
For of his blooming race,
So full of royal grace,
  He knows that he's the soul.

The pleasure how entire,
How happy is the sire,
Whose waking thoughts inspire
  Affections so sincere!
But now the day is o'er;
The zephyrs breathe no more;
And sleep's soft powers restore
  The monarch we revere.

Saul. Happy the father of a race like this!
O peace of mind, how precious are thy gifts!
Through all my veins balsamic sweetness flows.

THE DEATH OF SAUL.

Abner. O hapless king! Now whither dost thou fly?
This is a dreadful night.
Saul. But, why this battle?
Abner. The foe assailed us unawares: we are
Wholly discomfited.
Saul. Discomfited?
And liv'st thou, traitor!
Abner. I? I live to save thee.
Hither perchance Philistia's hordes are streaming:
We are compelled to shun the first attack:
Meanwhile the day will dawn. Thee will I lead,
With my few followers, to yonder slopes.
Saul. Shall I then live, while all my people fall?
Abner. Ah, come! Alas! the tumult grows: approaches.
Saul. My children—Jonathan—do they too fly?
Do they abandon me?
Abner. O Heavens! Thy children,—
No, no; they fled not—ill-starred progeny!
Saul. I understand thee: they are all destroyed.
Michal. Alas! My brothers!
Abner. Thou no more hast sons.
Saul. What now remains for me?—Thou, thou alone,
But not for me, remainest.—In my heart
Have I been long time finally resolved:
And now the hour is come. This, Abner, is
The last of my commands. My daughter now
Guide to some place of safety.
Michal. Father, no;
Around thee will I twine myself: the foe
Will never aim a sword against a woman.
Saul. O daughter! say no more: compel me not
To weep. A conquered king should never weep.
Save her, O Abner, go: but, if she fall
Within the foeman's hands, say not, O no,
That she's the child of Saul; but rather tell them
That she is David's wife; they will respect her.
Go; fly.
Abner. She shall, I swear to thee, be safe,
If I can aught avail; but thou meantime.

Michal. My father—ah!—I will not, will not leave thee.
Saul. I will it: and I yet am king. But see,
The armed bands approach. Fly, Abner, fly:
Drag her by force with thee, if it be needful.
Michal. O father!—and forever?
Saul (*alone*). O my children!
I was a father. See thyself alone,
O king; of thy so many friends and servants,
Not one remains. Inexorable God,
Is Thy retributory wrath appeased?—
But, thou remain'st to me, O sword: now come,
My faithful servant in extremity.—
Hark, hark! the howlings of the haughty victors:
The flashing of their burning torches glare
Before my eyes already, and I see
Their swords by thousands.—O thou vile Philistia,
Me thou shalt find, but like a king, here—dead!

As he falls transfixed on his own sword, the victorious Philistines come up with blazing torches and bloody swords, and rush with loud cries towards him.

BRUTUS AND CÆSAR.

(From the tragedy of "The Second Brutus," Act V., Scenes 1 and 2.)

Senators enter the Curia of Pompey and in succession take their places.

Cassius. It seems to me this meeting will be small;
Much smaller than the last.
Brutus. Provided that
The hearts of the remainder be but firm,
'Tis all we want.
Cas. Dost thou, O Brutus, hear
How the unquiet people, with their cries,
Already make the firmament resound?
Bru. Their cries they vary at each new event:
Leave them; e'en they perchance to-day may help us.
Cas. I never saw thee calm as thou art now,
And so secure.
Bru. The danger's near.
Cas. O Brutus!
Brutus, I yield to thee alone.
Bru. Great Pompey,

Who breathes in sculptured marble here, and seems
Now to preside o'er our few partisans.
Makes me secure as to the coming danger.
Cas. Behold, the tyrant's lictors now draw nigh.
Bru. Casca and Cimber, where?
Cas. They fiercely have
Forestalled by violence the post of danger:
They closely follow Cæsar.
Bru. Hast thou thought
Of hindering the impious Antony?
Cas. Yes; Fulvius and Macrinus will at length
Keep him engaged at distance from the senate;
If it be also needful to obstruct him,
This will they do by force.
Bru. Now all stands well.
Let each one take his place.—Farewell, O Cassius!
We from each other separate as slaves;
Soon, as free men, I hope, shall we embrace,
Or dying.—First shalt thou be witness here
To the last efforts of a son; and then
To the last efforts of a citizen.
Cas. O Brutus! on thy nod depends each weapon.

Enter Cæsar, preceded by the Lictors, who afterwards leave him; Casca, Cimber, and many others follow him. All rise at the entrance of Cæsar and continue standing till he has taken his seat.

Cæsar. What can this mean? Scarce half the senate here,
Though the appointed hour be past? But I
Beyond my duty have delayed my coming.—
Ye conscript fathers, I lament that thus
I have detained you. But yet, what can be
The cause that takes from me so many of you? [*All are silent.*
Bru. Does no one answer?—The demanded cause
Is known to all of us.—Is it not, Cæsar,
Fully divulged to thee by this our silence?—
But, wouldst thou hear it?—Those whom thou seest here,
Terror collected; those whom thou seest not,
Terror dispersed.
Cæs. I am not unaccustomed
To the intemperate harangues of Brutus;
As to the gen'rous clemency of Cæsar

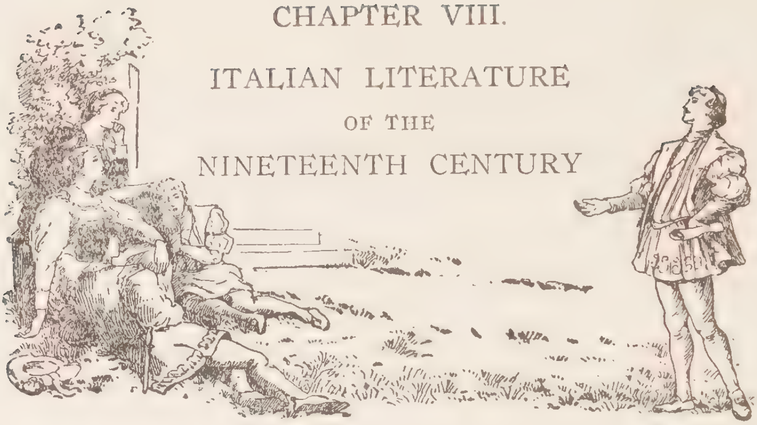
Thou art not unaccustomed.—But in vain;
For here I came not to dispute.
Bru. Nor we
Thee idly to offend.—Those fathers surely
Were ill-advised who vanished from the senate
On such a joyful day: and ill act those,
Who in the senate now stand mute.—Myself,
Fully apprised of the high sentiments
Which Cæsar purposes to utter to us,
Can scarce restrain the impulses of joy;
And feel an eager wish to dissipate
The false alarm of others.—Ah! no, now
Cæsar doth not within his bosom cherish
Against his country any guilty purpose;
Ah, no! that gen'rous clemency of his,
With which to-day he has upbraided Brutus,
And which in future he should not exert
Tow'rds me, to trembling and afflicted Rome
He hath directed all of it already.
To-day, I swear to you, great Cæsar adds
A new one, and the most sublime of all,
To his so many triumphs; hence he here
Presents himself, the victor of himself,
And of the envy of his adversaries.
Yes, noble fathers, this I swear to you;
Cæsar to-day assembles you to this
His glorious triumph: he once more would be
The equal of his fellow citizens;
This will he be spontaneously: and hence,
'Mid all the men that have been in the world,
There never was, nor will be, Cæsar's equal.
Cæs. I might, O Brutus, interrupt thy speech.
Bru. Nor let it seem to you rash arrogance
That I, when scarce a prætor, thus should dare
Anticipate the words of the dictator.
For Brutus now and the illustrious Cæsar
Are but one person.—I behold your brows
Arched with amazement: to the senators
My language is obscure; but speedily,
With but one single word, the mystery
Will I explain.—I am the son of Cæsar.
[*A universal cry of astonishment.*

Bru. Yes; I am born from him; and in this fact
No little pride I feel; since this day Cæsar
Becomes, from a perpetual dictator,
Perpetual and first of citizens. [*A universal cry of joy.*
Cæs. Yes, Brutus is my son; I told myself
Erewhile to him this secret. Yes, the boldness,
The eloquence, impetuosity,
I know not what of superhuman force
That breathes in his discourse, made on my heart
A deep impression: ardent, and aspiring,
My genuine son, is Brutus. Hence, O Romans,
I choose him, far more worthy than myself,
To do for you that service after me,
Which now no longer lies within my power:
I have decided to transfer to him
My whole authority; in him have I
Establish'd it: in him will ye have Cæsar.
Bru. I stand secure: not Brutus' enemies,
The most embitter'd and implacable,
Much less his friends then, ever will believe him
Of this e'er capable; ah no!—To me,
Cæsar, O Romans, yields his pow'r: he would
Imply by this, that Cæsar abdicates,
At the entreaties of myself, his son,
His pow'r unjust, and now replaces Rome
In liberty forever. [*A universal cry of joy.*
Cæs. 'Tis enough.
Thou as my son, and younger than myself,
Shouldest keep silence in my presence.—Now,
Cæsar, O fathers, speaks.—I have resolved
Irrevocably in my secret thoughts
To go against the Parthians. And to-morrow
I march 'gainst Asia with my faithful legions:
There have I long been summon'd, and by force
Dragg'd onward, by the unavengėd shade
Of Crassus. Antony I leave to Rome;
In him let Rome behold a second Cæsar:
Let Cassius, Cimber, Casca, now return
To their allotted provinces: my side
Brutus shall never quit. When I have slain
The enemies of Rome, I will return
And to my enemies submit myself:

Then, at her will, whichever she likes best,
Rome shall possess me as her citizen,
As her dictator, or discard me quite. [*Universal silence.*
Bru. These words which we have heard, were certainly
Not accents of a Roman, of my father,
Or e'en of Cæsar; but the harsh commands
Of a despotic king.—Ah! father, yet
Hear me once more; behold my tears, and hear
The entreaties of a son and citizen.
Hear me; all Rome by my mouth speaks to thee.
Behold that Brutus, whom no man e'er saw
Hitherto weep or supplicate; behold him
Prostrate before thee. Wouldst thou be to Brutus,
And not to Rome, a father?
Cæs. I will not
Listen to prayers which are a public insult.
Rise, and be mute.—He dares to call me tyrant;
But I am not one: if I were, had I
Myself permitted him to offer me
Such gross indignities before all Rome?—
What the dictator in his mind hath fix'd,
Should all be executed. Thus command
The interests of Rome; and ev'ry man
Who doubts now, or refuses to obey me,
Is enemy of Rome; to her rebellious,
He is an impious traitor.
Bru. Then let all
Of us now, as true citizens should do,
Obey dictators thus! [*He branishes his dagger.*
Cimber. Die, tyrant, die.
[*All rush forward with daggers.*
Cas. And let me smite him also.
Cæs. Traitors.
Bru. Ah!
And must I be the only one to spare him?
Some Senators. Die, let the tyrant die.
Other Senators, flying. O day of horrors!
Cæs. Son,—and thou too?—I die. [*He falls.*
Bru. O Rome! O father!
Cim. But, at the cries of the pale fugitives,
The people flock already in a crowd.
Cas. Let them come in: the tyrant is no more.

CHAPTER VIII.

ITALIAN LITERATURE
OF THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY



UGO FOSCOLO.

THE Letters of Jacopo Ortis, which has been styled the Italian "Sorrows of Young Werther," was the first notable work of Ugo Foscolo (1777-1827). Jacopo was no mere sentimental swain, but a patriot with whose love-pangs was mingled grief for the misfortunes of his country. Foscolo, although a native of the isle of Zante, with Greek blood in his veins, and the pride of Greek ancestry, was also of Venetian descent, and in spirit an ardent Italian. Upon the fall of the oligarchic Republic of Venice, he addressed an ode to Bonaparte as the liberator. When that general, instead of making Venice a free republic, turned her over to Austria by the treaty of Campo Formo (October 17, 1797), Foscolo was painfully shocked. Nevertheless he did not entirely abandon hope of redress for his country from France. He became a volunteer in the French army, and was present at both the battle of Trebbia and the defence of Genoa under Masséna. While recovering from a wound, he put into shape his "Jacopo Ortis," the hero of which embodies the mental sufferings and suicide of an ardent Italian patriot. The character is said to have had an actual original in a young student at the University of Padua, while a true love disappointment of Foscolo's formed the basis of the love-tragedy in the romance.

In 1808 Foscolo was made Professor in the University of Pavia, but when he delivered an address to the students, bidding them seek in their studies an inspiration to patriotism, his independence provoked Napoleon to abolish all the chairs of eloquence in the Italian Universities. His tragedy of Ajax increased the emperor's dislike, and forced him to remove from Milan to Florence. On the restoration of Austrian dominion Foscolo retired to Switzerland, and later to England, where for a time he enjoyed high social distinction, and promoted the study of Italian literature by lectures and reviews. Yet he was reduced to poverty, and even committed to prison. When released, he had lost his friends. He died near London, after eleven years' residence in England. In 1871 his remains were carried back in honor to Florence, and buried in the Church of San Croce, beside the monuments of Machiavelli Alfieri, Galileo, and other great Italians. Foscolo was worthy of this tribute as a classic author, an inspirer of a new movement in his country's literature, and a prophet of Italian unity.

The most famous of his poems is "I Sepolcri" (The Sepulchres), in which he rebuked the Milanese for allowing the remains of Guiseppe Parini, author of the mock-heroic poem, "The Day," to be interred in a common burial ground with robbers. The leading idea of the poem, however, was to seek refuge from a degenerate present in a glorious past. Foscolo translated into Italian Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" after he had, while serving with the French, traversed much of the ground gone over by Yorick.

GREAT MEN'S MONUMENTS.

(From "The Sepulchres.")

THE aspiring soul is fired to lofty deeds
By great men's monuments,—and they make fair
And holy to the pilgrim's eye the earth
That has received their trust. When I beheld
The spot where sleeps enshrined that noble genius,
Who, humbling the proud scepters of earth's kings,
Stripped thence the illusive wreaths, and showed the nations
What tears and blood defiled them,—when I saw
His mausoleum, who upreared in Rome
A new Olympus to the Deity,—
And his, who 'neath heaven's azure canopy
Saw worlds unnumbered roll, and suns unmoved

Irradiate countless systems,—treading first
For Albion's son, who soared on wings sublime,
The shining pathways of the firmament,—
"Oh, blest art thou, Etruria's Queen," I cried,
"For thy pure airs, so redolent of life,
And the fresh streams thy mountain summits pour
In homage at thy feet! In thy blue sky
The glad moon walks,—and robes with silver light
Thy vintage-smiling hills; and valleys fair,
Studded with domes and olive-groves, send up
To heaven the incense of a thousand flowers.
Thou, Florence, first didst hear the song divine
That cheered the Ghibelline's indignant flight.
And thou the kindred and sweet language gav'st
To him, the chosen of Calliope,
Who Love with purest veil adorning,—Love,
That went unrobed in elder Greece and Rome,—
Restored him to a heavenly Venus' lap.
Yet far more blest, that in thy fane repose
Italia's buried glories!—all perchance,
She e'er may boast! Since o'er the barrier frail
Of Alpine rocks the overwhelming tide of Fate
Hath swept in mighty wreck her arms, her wealth,
Altars and country,—and, save memory,—all!"
Where from past fame springs hope of future deeds
In daring minds, for Italy enslaved,
Draw we our auspices. Around these tombs,
In thought entranced, Alfieri wandered oft,—
Indignant at his country, hither strayed
O'er Arno's desert plain, and looked abroad
With silent longing on the field and sky:
And when no living aspect soothed his grief,
Turned to the voiceless dead; while on his brow
There sat the paleness, with the hope of death.
With them he dwells forever; here his bones
Murmur a patriot's love. Oh, truly speaks
A god from his abode of pious rest!
The same which fired of old, in Grecian bosoms,
Hatred of Persian foes at Marathon,
Where Athens consecrates her heroes gone.

SILVIO PELLICO.

Many famous men have suffered imprisonment, but rarely has their confinement been a direct cause of their fame. Silvio Pellico ranks high among the few who owe celebrity to their prisons. Born of wealthy parents at Suluzzo in Piedmont in 1789, he was well educated, and early devoted himself to literature. As a young man he enjoyed the friendship of Monti and Foscolo, and delighted all Italy with his tragedy of "Francesca da Rimini." But in his desire for the freedom of his country, he joined the Carbonari, and thereby became a victim of Austrian despotism. Arrested in October, 1820, he was put in prison at Milan, but was soon removed to the state prison at Venice. His trial in February, 1822, resulted in a sentence to death, but this was commuted to incarceration for fifteen years in the dungeons of Spielberg. In 1830, when the prisoner was almost reduced to death, he was discharged by the emperor's command. Pellico withdrew to Turin and resumed his literary pursuits. Among his tragedies is one on Sir Thomas More. But his unique work is "My Prisons," which has charmed every reader by its unaffected style, its tender pathos, and its Christian charity. He died in 1854 at the villa of Marchesa Barolo, to whom he had been librarian.

The Jailer's Daughter.

(From "My Prisons.")

As it was not always so easy an affair to get a reinforcement of paper, I was in the habit of committing my rough draughts to my table, or the wrapping-paper in which I received fruit and other articles. At times I would give away my dinner to the under-jailer, telling him that I had no appetite, and then requesting from him the favor of a sheet of paper. This was, however, only in certain exigencies, when my little table was full of writing, and I had not yet determined on clearing it away. I was often very hungry, and though the jailer had money of mine in his possession, I did not ask him to bring me anything to eat, partly lest he should suspect I had given away my dinner, and partly that the under-jailer might not find out that I had said what was not true when I assured him of my loss of appetite. In the evening I regaled myself with some strong coffee, and I entreated that it might be made by the little *Sioa* Zanze [affectionate abbreviation of Signora Angiola]. This was the jailer's daughter, who, if she could escape the lynx-eye of her sour mamma, was good enough to make it exceedingly good; so good, indeed, that, what with the emptiness of my stomach, it produced a kind of convulsion, which kept me awake the whole of the night.

In this state of gentle inebriation, I felt my intellectual faculties strangely invigorated; wrote poetry, philosophized, and prayed till morning with feelings of real pleasure. I then became completely exhausted, threw myself upon my bed, and, spite of the gnats that were continually sucking my blood, I slept an hour or two in profound rest.

I can hardly describe the peculiar and pleasing exaltation of mind which continued for nights together, and I left no means untried to secure the same means of continuing it. With this view I still refused to touch a mouthful of dinner, even when I was in no want of paper, merely in order to obtain my magic beverage for the evening.

How fortunate I thought myself when I succeeded; not unfrequently the coffee was not made by the gentle Angiola; and it was always vile stuff from her mother's hands. In this last case, I was sadly put out of humor, for instead of the electrical effect on my nerves, it made me wretched, weak, and hungry; I threw myself down to sleep, but was unable to close an eye. Upon these occasions I complained bitterly to Angiola, the jailer's daughter, and one day, as if she had been in fault, I scolded her so sharply that the poor girl began to weep, sobbing out, "Indeed, sir, I never deceived anybody, and yet everybody calls me a deceitful little minx."

"Everybody! Oh then, I see I am not the only one driven to distraction by your vile slops."

"I do not mean to say that, sir. Ah, if you only knew; if I dared to tell you all that my poor, wretched heart——"

"Well, don't cry so! What is all this ado? I beg your pardon, you see, if I scolded you. Indeed, I believe you would not, you could not, make me such vile stuff as this."

"Dear me! I am not crying about that, sir."

"You are not!" and I felt my self-love not a little mortified, though I forced a smile. "Are you crying, then, because I scolded you, and yet not about the coffee?"

"Yes, indeed, sir!"

"Ah! then, who called you a little deceitful one before?"

"*He* did, sir."

"*He* did; and who is *he?*"

"My lover, sir;" and she hid her face in her little hands. Afterwards she ingenuously intrusted to my keeping, and I could not well betray her, a little serio-comic sort of pastoral romance, which really interested me.

From that day forth, I know not why, I became the adviser and confidant of this young girl, who returned and conversed with me for hours. She at first said, "You are so good, sir, that I feel just the same when I am here as if I were your own daughter."

"That is a very poor compliment," replied I, dropping her hand; "I am hardly yet thirty-two, and you look upon me as if I were an old father."

"No, no, not so; I mean as a brother, to be sure;" and she insisted upon taking hold of my hand with an air of the most innocent confidence and affection.

I am glad, thought I to myself, that you are no beauty; else, alas, this innocent sort of fooling might chance to disconcert me; at other times I thought it is lucky, too, she is so young, there could never be any danger of becoming attached to girls of her years. At other times, however, I felt a little uneasy, thinking I was mistaken in having pronounced her rather plain, whereas her whole shape and features were by no means wanting in proportion or expression. If she were not quite so pale, I said, and her face free from those marks, she might really pass for a beauty. It is impossible, in fact, not to find some charm in the presence and in the looks and voice of a young girl full of vivacity and affection. I had taken not the least pains to acquire her good-will; yet was I as dear to her as either a father or a brother, whichever title I preferred. And why? Only because she had read "Francesca da Rimini" and "Eufemio," and my poems, she said, had made her weep so often; then, besides, I was a solitary prisoner, without having, as she observed, either robbed or murdered anybody.

In short, when I had become attached to poor Maddalene, without once seeing her, how was it likely that I could remain indifferent to the sisterly assiduity and attentions, to the thousand pleasing little compliments, and to the most delicious cups of coffee of this young Venetian girl, my gentle little jailer? I should be trying to impose on myself, were I to attribute to my own prudence the fact of my not having fallen in love with Angiola. I did not do so, simply from the circumstance of her having already a lover of her own choosing, to whom she was desperately, unalterably attached. Heaven help me! if it had not been thus I should have found myself in a very *critical* position, indeed, for an author, with so little to keep alive his attention. The sentiment I felt for her was not, then, what is called love. I wished to see her happy, and that she might be united to the lover of her choice; I was not jealous, nor had I the remotest idea she could ever select me as the object of her regard. Still, when I heard my prison-door open, my heart began to beat in the hope it was my Angiola; and if she appeared not, I experienced a peculiar kind of vexation; when she really came my heart throbbed yet more violently, from a feeling of pure joy. Her parents, who had begun to entertain a good opinion of me, and were aware of her passionate regard for another, offered no opposition to the visits she thus made me, permitting her almost invariably to bring me my coffee in the morning, and not unfrequently in the evening.

There was altogether a simplicity and an affectionateness in her every word, look, and gesture, which were really captivating. She would say, "I am excessively attached to another, and yet I take such delight in being near you! When I am not in *his* company, I like being nowhere so well as here." (Here was another compliment.)

"And don't you know why?" inquired I.

"I do not."

"I will tell you, then. It is because I permit you to talk about your lover."

"That is a good guess; yet still I think it is a good deal because I esteem you so very much!"

Poor girl! along with this pretty frankness she had that blessed sin of taking me always by the hand, and pressing it with all her heart, not perceiving that she at once pleased and disconcerted me by her affectionate manner. Thanks be to Heaven, that I can always recall this excellent little girl to mind without the least tinge of remorse.

ALESSANDRO MANZONI.

THE Romantic School in Italian literature was founded by Alessandro Manzoni (1785-1873). His great masterpiece, "I Promessi Sposi" (The Betrothed Lovers), was inspired by the romances of Sir Walter Scott, but the magnanimous Scott placed it before even his own novels and styled it an ideal romance. Manzoni was descended from the fierce feudal lords of Valsassina, and was thus an appropriate comrade with the mighty magician of "Waverly." But his mother belonged to the Beccaria family, which has some note in literature. "I Promessi Sposi" is not merely an historical novel or picture of the past. The author explores the innermost recesses of the human heart, and draws thence the most subtle motives for the movements of his characters. The ecclesiastical bias, due to his early training by the Barnabites, and the French coloring, due to his frequenting of Madame Condorcet's salon, are also visible in the atmosphere of Manzoni's love-story. The scene is laid in Milan and the neighborhood of Como and the Italian lakes early in the seventeenth century. Renzo and his affianced Lucia are two simple, noble-spirited peasants, but around them Manzoni has woven a plot which involves the vices and virtues, customs and manners of that age. Renzo is cruelly victimized by Don Rodrigo, whom he eventually forgives. Lucia is assaulted by the stony-hearted Innominato in his castle. There is a friar, Fra Cristoforo, who has devoted himself to a life of holiness in penitence for one impulsive crime of his youth, and who does his utmost to rescue the sweet lovers from the devil's snares around them. Federigo Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, is also a character of saintly beauty. A weak priest is introduced in Abbondio. Don Rodrigo falls a victim to the plague which ravages Milan and its vicinity in 1630. Manzoni gives a powerful description of this plague, which emulates the work of the great historian Thucydides, the poet Lucretius, and the novelists Boccaccio and Defoe. From use of the original memoirs, he was enabled to paint the terrible picture in the most vivid, breathing colors. Later on he wrote as a sequel to his romance the story of the "Colonna Infame" (The Column of Infamy), a monument erected on the site of the dwelling of a Milanese suspected of having spread this plague by means of poison. The people of Milan had been unable to comprehend the true significance of the plague, and a rumor was circulated by certain miscreants to the effect that it was due to secret poison rubbed on the walls of the houses. The angry mob pulled down the house of the unfortunate man accused of being the arch-conspirator in the crime. Manzoni proved, in his historical study, how utterly idle the scandal was, and traced its origin and development. Critics have complained somewhat of the excessive ideality of Manzoni's romance, but in such of its characters as Agnese he has displayed a pleasant and humorous realism. His great work he revised most laboriously in accordance with the Tuscan idiom.

Manzoni also enriched Italian literature, if not the Italian stage, with two tragedies—"Il Conte di Carmagnole" and "Adelchi." The latter treats of the expedition of Charlemagne against the last of the Longobardian chiefs (772-774). Under the veil of the Lombard domination in Italy Manzoni gave his view of the existing Austrian domination. He also warned Italy to hope for no foreign rescuer. In "The Count of Carmagnola" he depicted a picturesque Venetian Condottiero of the fourteenth century. Manzoni's literary motto was "True history, true morals." In these he believed lies the widest and the eternal source of the beautiful. His realism was of this type, idealized by noble sentiment.

Manzoni in early life had been a follower of Voltaire, but was brought back to Catholicism by his wife, the beautiful daughter of a Genevese banker. This new religious experience enriched Catholic poetry, for Manzoni was inspired to compose a series of "Inni" (Hymns) for the various Christian festivals. He thus celebrated "The Resurrection," "The Name of Mary," "The Nativity," "The Passion," and "Pentecost." But even in these sacred poems, the poet did not fail to manifest his aspirations for social progress. For instance, in "The Nativity" he sings a sublime vision of a Christian democracy, and in "The Resurrection" he chants the triumph of innocence over oppression. He thus became, in his lyrics, a champion of the purest and most sublime morality. His most famous ode is that called "Cinque Maggio" (The Fifth of May) on the death of Napoleon.

Manzoni stands in marked contrast with his great contemporary, the pessimist Leopardi. Manzoni was always serene and had faith in the divine government of the world. After the publication of his great novel, in 1822, and its sequel, he wrote but little. His wife died in 1833, and though he married again, he outlived his second wife and most of his children, dying at Milan at the age of eighty-eight. His funeral was attended with all the manifestations of natural grief, and Verdi wrote a noble *Requiem* in his honor. Manzoni's private character was in perfect accord with the best utterances of his genius. Though his poetry is celebrated for its lofty fervor, it is as a prose-writer, and especially as the author of "I Promessi Sposi," that he has attained his unique place in the literature of Italy and the world.

THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON.

(From "The Fifth of May." Napoleon died May 5, 1821.)

HE was.—As motionless, as lay,
First mingled with the dead,
The relics of the senseless clay,
Whence such a soul had fled,—
The Earth astounded holds her breath,
Struck with the tidings of his death:
  She pauses the last hour to see
Of the dread Man of Destiny;

Nor knows she when another tread,
Like that of the once mighty dead,
Shall such a foot-print leave impressed
As his, in blood, upon her breast.

I saw him blazing on his throne,
Yet hailed him not: by restless fate
Hurled from the giddy summit down,
Resume again his lofty state:
Saw him at last forever fall,
Still mute amid the shouts of all:
  Free from base flattery, when he rose;
From baser outrage, when he fell:
Now his career has reached its close;
My voice is raised the truth to tell,
And o'er its exiled urn will try
To pour a strain that shall not die.

From Alps to Pyramids were thrown
His bolts, from Scylla to the Don,
From Manzanares to the Rhine,
From sea to sea, unerring hurled;
And ere the flash had ceased to shine,
Burst on their aim,—and shook the world.
  Was this true glory? The high doom
Must be pronounced by times to come:
For us we bow before His throne,
Who willed, in gifting mortal clay
With such a spirit, to display
A grander impress of his own.

His was the stormy, fierce delight
To dare adventure's boldest scheme;
The soul of fire that burned for might,
And could of naught but empire dream;
And his the indomitable will
That dream of empire to fulfill,
  And to a greatness to attain
'Twere madness to have hoped to gain:

All these were his; nor these alone;
Flight, victory, exile, and the throne;
Twice in the dust by thousands trod,
Twice on the altar as a god.

Two ages stood in arms arrayed,
Contending which should victor be:
He spake: his mandate they obeyed,
And bowed to hear their destiny.
He stepped between them, to assume
The mastery and pronounce their doom;
Then vanished, and inactive wore
Life's remnant out on that lone shore.
What envy did his palmy state,
What pity his reverses move,
Object of unrelenting hate,
And unextinguishable love!

The Interrupted Wedding.

(From "The Betrothed.")

Don Abbondio [the priest] was sitting in an old armchair, wrapped in a dilapidated dressing-gown, with an ancient cap on his head, which made a frame all round his face. By the faint light of a small lamp the two thick white tufts of hair which projected from under the cap, his bushy white eyebrows, moustache, and pointed beard all seemed, on his brown and wrinkled face, like bushes covered with snow on a rocky hillside seen by moonlight.

"Ah! ah!" was his salutation, as he took off his spectacles and put them into the book he was reading.

"Your Reverence will say we are late in coming," said Tonio, bowing, as did Gervaso, but more awkwardly.

"Certainly it is late—late in every way. Do you know that I am ill?"

"Oh! I am very sorry, sir!"

"You surely must have heard that I am ill, and don't know when I can see any one. . . But why have you brought that—that fellow with you?"

"Oh! just for company, like, sir!"

"Very good—now let us see."

"There are twenty-five new *berlinghe,* sir—those with Saint Ambrose on horseback on them," said Tonio, drawing a folded paper from his pocket.

"Let us see," returned Abbondio, and taking the paper, he put on his spectacles, unfolded it, took out the silver pieces, turned them over and over, counted them and found them correct.

"Now, your Reverence, will you kindly give me my Teckla's necklace?"

"Quite right," replied Don Abbondio; and going to a cupboard, he unlocked it, and having first looked round, as if to keep away any spectators, opened one side, stood in front of the open door, so that no one could see in, put in his head to look for the pledge, and his arm to take it out, and, having extracted it, locked the cupboard, unwrapped the paper, said interrogatively, "All right?" wrapped it up again and handed it over to Tonio.

"Now," said the latter, "would you please let me have a little black and white, sir?"

"This, too!" exclaimed Don Abbondio; "they are up to every trick! Eh! how suspicious the world has grown! Can't you trust me?"

"How, your Reverence, not trust you? You do me wrong! But as my name is down on your book, on the debtor side, . . . and you have already had the trouble of writing it once, so . . . in case anything were to happen, you know . . ."

"All right, all right," interrupted Don Abbondio, and, grumbling to himself, he opened the table drawer, took out pen, paper and inkstand, and began to write, repeating the words loud as he set them down. Meanwhile, Tonio, and, at a sign from him, Gervaso, placed themselves in front of the table, so as to prevent the writer from seeing the door, and, as if in mere idleness, began to move their feet about noisily on the floor, in order to serve as a signal to those outside, and, at the same time, to deaden the sound of their footsteps. Don Abbondio, intent on his work, noticed nothing. Renzo and Lucia, hearing the signal, entered on tiptoe, holding their breath, and stood close behind the two brothers. Meanwhile, Don Abbondio, who had finished writing, read over the document attentively, without raising his eyes from the paper, folded it and saying, "Will you be satisfied now?" took off his spectacles with one hand, and held out the sheet to Tonio with the other. Tonio, while stretching out his hand to take it, stepped back on one side, and Gervaso, at a sign from him, on the other, and between the two appeared Renzo and Lucia. Don Abbondio saw them, started, was dumfoundered, became furious, thought it over, and came to a resolution, all in the time that Renzo took in uttering these words: "Your Reverence, in the presence of these witnesses, this is my wife!" His lips had not yet ceased moving when Don Abbondio let fall the receipt, which he was holding in his left hand, raised the lamp and seizing the table-cloth with his right hand, dragged it violently towards him, throwing book, papers and inkstand to the ground, and, springing between the chair and table, approached Lucia. The poor girl, with her sweet voice all trembling, had only just been able to say "That is . . ." when Don Abbondio rudely flung the table-cloth over her head, and immediately dropping the lamp which he held in his other hand, used the latter to wrap it tightly round her face, nearly suffocating her, while he roared at the top of his voice, like a wounded bull, "Perpetua! Perpetua! treason! help!" When the light was out the priest let go his hold of the girl, went groping about for the door leading into an inner room, and, having found it, entered and locked himself in, still shouting, "Perpetua! treason! help! get out of this house! get out of this house!" In the other room all was confusion; Renzo, trying to catch the priest, and waving his hands about as though he had been playing at blindman's buff, had reached the door and kept knocking, crying out, "Open! open! don't make a noise!" Lucia called Renzo in a feeble voice, and said supplicatingly, "Let us go! do let us go!" Tonio was down on his hands and knees, feeling about the floor to find his receipt, while Gervaso jumped about and yelled like one possessed, trying to get out by the door leading to the stairs.

In the midst of this confusion we cannot refrain from a momentary reflection. Renzo, raising a noise by night in another man's house, which he had surreptitiously entered, and keeping its owner besieged in an inner room, has every appearance of being an oppressor,—yet, after all, when you come to look at it, he was the oppressed. Don Abbondio, surprised, put to flight, frightened out of his wits while quietly attending to his own business, would seem to be the victim; and yet in reality, it was he who did the wrong. So goes the world, as it often happens; at least, so it used to go in the seventeenth century.

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS

IN PART VI.

FOREST OF COLUMNS—CORDOVA, SPAIN.

For three hundred years Cordova was the capital of Mohammedan Spain. For the exaltation of their faith, the Moors erected many mosques, one of the most beautiful being built in Cordova. It was not the work of any one Calif but was enlarged and beautified by many. This labyrinth of pillars—for this picture shows but a few of them—has stood for more than nine hundred years and may easily endure for as many more.

LION COURT—ALHAMBRA.

Granada was the most beautiful city of the Moors, and the Alhambra might well be called the citadel or the acropolis of Granada. The Moors were wonderful builders—nor builders alone; for they understood how to adorn their buildings with the most elaborate mosaics, intricate carvings and astonishing metal decoration. This fountain, beneath which lions look out, is very famous and stands in the midst of a very pleasing and effective court.

HEIDELBERG.

The University of Heidelberg has made the old town celebrated in modern times. Here we see the ancient castle, built in feudal ages. Situated upon a high hill, it could easily be defended in times of danger. Below on the plain lies the city. Probably the play "Old Heidelberg," presented in America by Mansfield and later by lesser artists, has made this German university center familiar to those who have neither seen it or known its history.

STUDENTS FENCING—HEIDELBERG.

Dueling, while not now so common in European universities as formerly, has long been general. Here we see students being instructed in the art of fencing—always in Germany a popular pastime.

THE DUCAL PALACE—VENICE.

Upon the site of this Palace there stood in early days a fortified stronghold. Gradually this was remodeled into a palace. Several times the structure was partially destroyed by fire and each time it has been enlarged. As it stands today it represents the architectural ideas of at least four centuries. The façades on the courtyard and the Giants' Stairway belong to the early Renaissance. The paintings of noted artists adorn the interior.

MOSQUE AND COURT OF ORANGES—CORDOVA.

This exterior view gives a very fair idea of Moorish arches, low and broad, which have become a familiar feature in modern buildings. From Spain Moorish architecture was brought into Mexico, thence to California, where it is today largely employed both for public and private buildings.

GALLERY OF GRAND PATIO—SPAIN.

Here again the skill of Moorish decorators is displayed. Many features of this style of interior decoration has been and is today being applied in modern structures.

SISTINE MADONNA—RAPHAEL.

Many feel this to be the most wonderful painting in the world. This at least is true, that beyond it Raphael could not go. Whereas in the Madonna of the Chair one sees the tenderness and love of mother for child holding first claim upon the beholder, the force of this picture is wholly different. No longer is the physical, but the *spiritual,* emphasized. The mother comes forward on the clouds, offering the Child to the world. No longer is the expression one of contentment, but here the mother already feels the trials that await him. Pope Sixtus kneels on one side, trying to understand the vision; St. Catherine, however, is so dazed by the light that she turns away her face. It has been said that the painting was originally finished without the cherubs, but that Raphael added them after finding two little boys intently gazing at the picture.

GIOTTO'S CAMPANILE—FLORENCE.

In his late years, Giotto was commissioned to construct a bell-tower for the great cathedral—the Duomo—of Florence. It is one of the most beautiful specimens of architecture in the world. For a description of it, refer to texts.

"In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's tower,
The lily of Florence blossoming in stone."

ST. MARK'S—VENICE.

In 828 the supposed body of St. Mark was surreptitiously brought into Venice, to the great joy of the citizens. They shortly set to work to build a cathedral worthy of him they forthwith made their patron saint. The cathedral as it stands today shows plainly the influence of Byzantine architecture—the domes resemble those of the East. Visitors love this substantial landmark of the Middle Ages and always go to feed the doves that flock around its many sheltering roofs.

YOUNG FARMERS OF THE NORDFJORD COUNTRY.

From this picture one may gain a fair idea of the average country cottage in this far northern land. The roof is plainly covered over with sod, out of which grass and shrubs are growing. Beneath the sod and above the wooden rafters of the house are thick sheets of birch bark which form the roof. The chinks are filled with clay and altogether this makes a snug dwelling for the bitterly cold winter weather of Scandinavia.

PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE—TITIAN.

Many artists have given us an interpretation of this subject—the presentation of the child Mary in the temple. In the early Middle Ages, after it became the custom to think of Christ as divine and his mother as a virgin, many legends grew up to the effect that from childhood Mary had the gift of knowledge, that her earliest years had marked her as one apart from others, etc. Her mother, Anne, having no children, vowed as did Samuel's mother, to dedicate one that might be given her to the service of God. So when but a little child Mary was dedicated in the presence of the priest. Whereas other children would have needed the assuring hand of a parent, Mary is here shown walking confidently up the long flight of stairs alone. The detail in this picture is wonderful. Note for example, the old woman resting by her basket of eggs by the side of the stairway. See how all the numerous passersby turn to watch the little girl, who is surrounded by a bright light.